

Little Nemo in Slumberland



WAGGLES in WONDERLAND.



1.—I felt like anything but a hero, as my young master and myself went flying down the hillside.



2.—But when something hit us and my young master left me I saved myself by catching the rope.



3.—Which was soon yanked out of my mouth by a runaway horse.



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COUSINS

4.—The rope stopped the horse and saved the children, but not me.



5.—I landed all alone in a snowbank at the foot of the hill.



6.—From which I was rescued by the children, who hailed me as a sweet tiny hero.

MONKEY SHINES OF MARSELEEN



I.



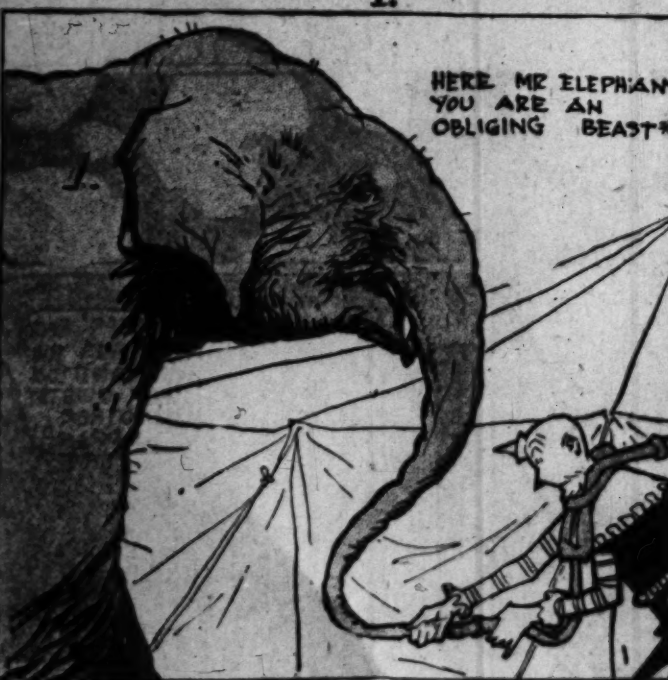
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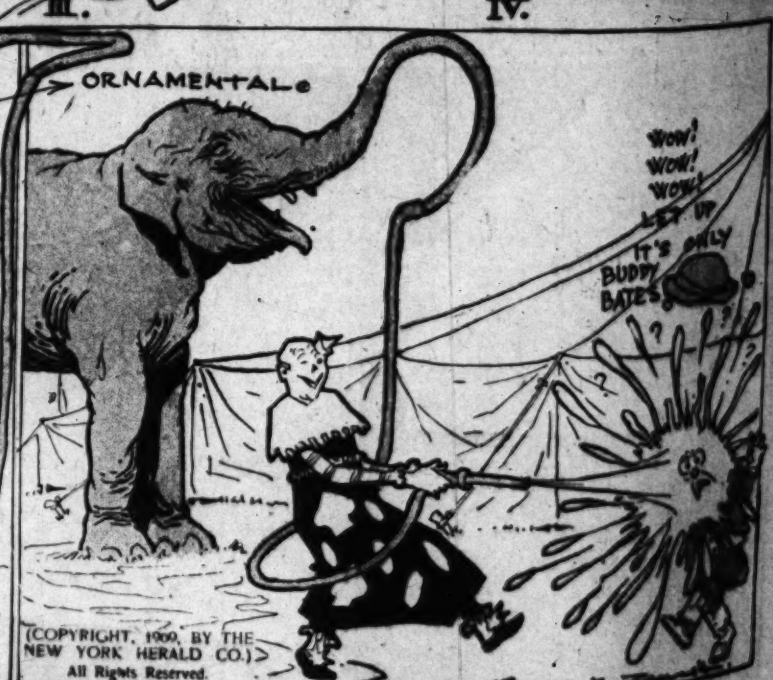
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VI.



VII.



VIII.

AND



I KNOW I NEED TO MY LITTLE ANG IF BOBBIE BE GOOD WHILE MAMA ARE AWAY HE HAS THIS OLD SKIRT WAG HAN



SELL EM TO HIM—
OOEE-E!

HERE QUICK BOY GIVE YUH DOLLAR THIRTEEN FER EH

THE TERRORS OF THE TINY TADS.



1.—What is the matter with the Tads? Why are they standing here? Why do they look so frightened? There is nothing they need fear.



2.—Oh, yes, there is, of course there is! Run, run, oh, Taddies, do! This bad Rhinocerostrich has his wicked eye on you.



3.—"We'll get a gun," the Taddies cry, "and load it full of lead. And we will shoot that creature in his ugly looking head."



4.—But when they see the monster come they drop their little gun. And, loudly crying out for help, they turn around and run.



5.—It's lucky a Gaselephant has chanced to be near by; It's lucky that his ears are big and he has heard the cry.



6.—"You shall not hurt those boys" says he; "you shall not pass this way." "Oh, isn't he Gaselephant?" a Tad is heard to say.

ANGELIC • ANGELINA



I KNOW I NEEDN'T SPEAK TO MY LITTLE ANGELINA, BUT IF BOBBIE'LL BE REAL GOOD WHILE MAMA & PAPA ARE AWAY, HE MAY SELL THIS OLD SKIRT TO THE RAG MAN.



THREE CENTS FER IT, ONLY—



3 CENTS HUH? HERE BOBBIE, GIT ALL O' PAPA'S BEST CLOTHES N



ALL O' MAMA'S



SELL EM TO ME—

HERE QUICK BOY! GIVE YUH DOLLAR THIRTEEN FER EM!



LATER!

OOH! MA! SOLD ALL O' YOUR BEST CLOTHES N' ALL O' PAPA'S T' THE RAG MAN N' GOT A DOLLAR-THIRTEEN FER EM!

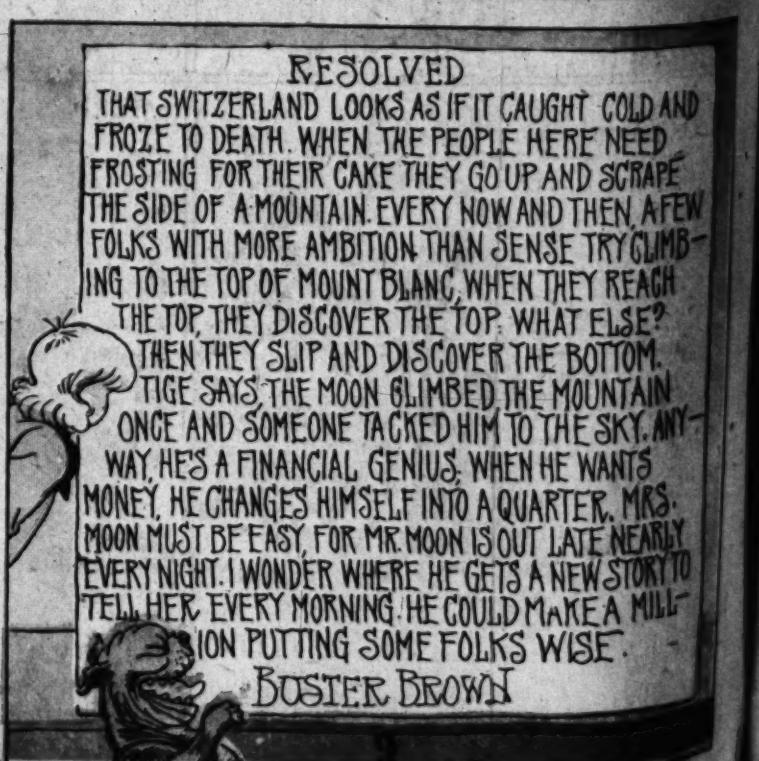
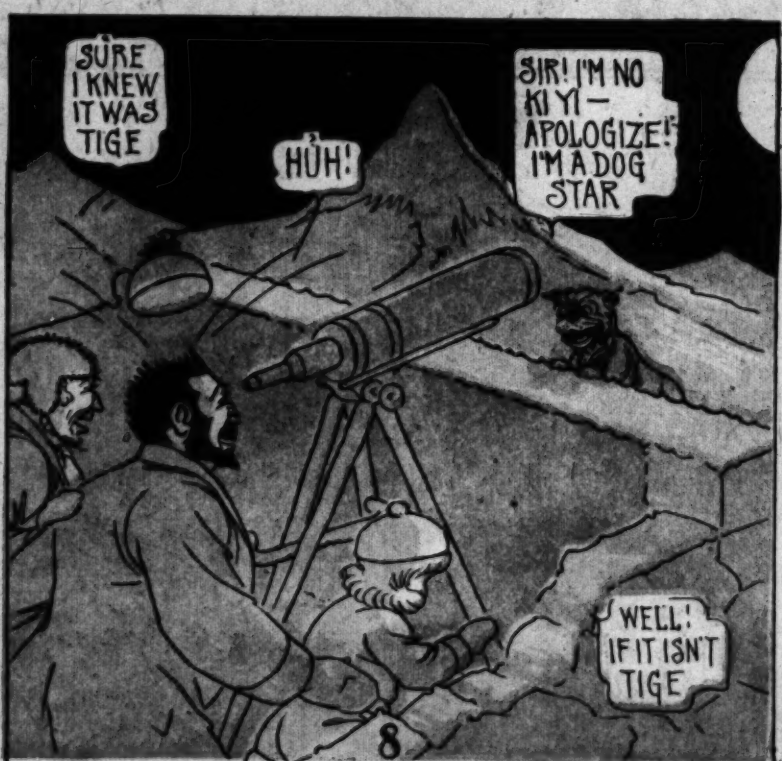
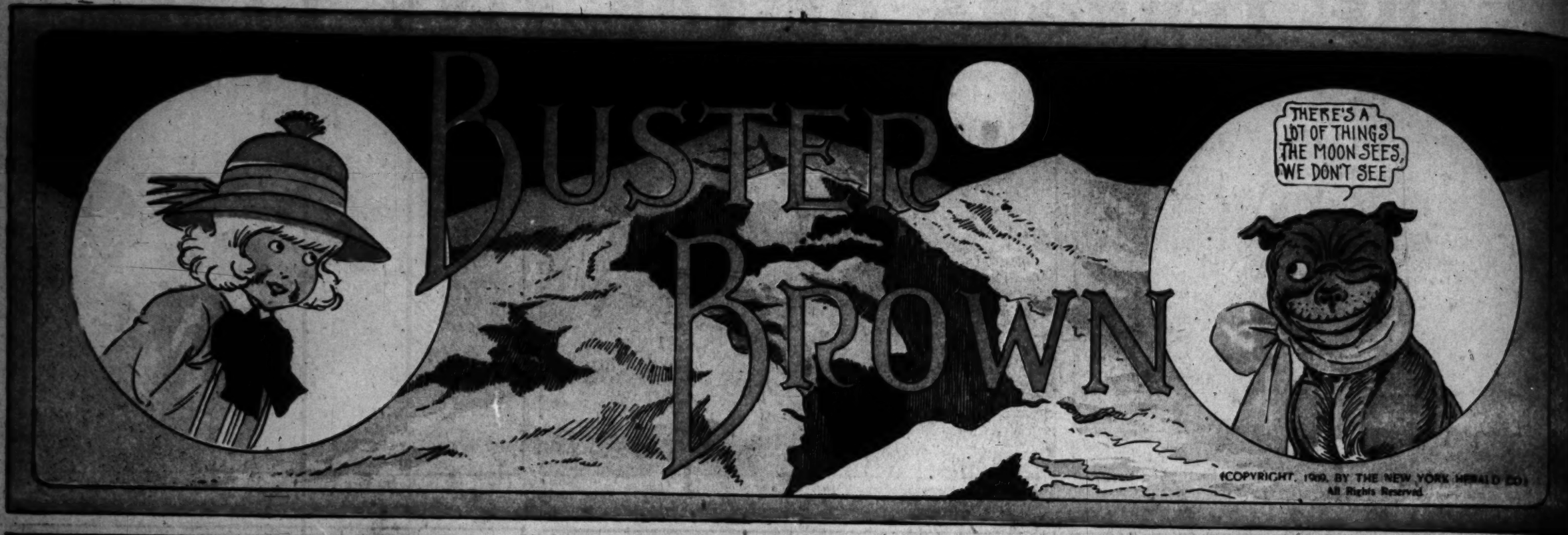


ALL O' YOURS N' ALL O' MAMA'S PAPA N' I GOT A WHOLE DOLLAR N' THIRTEEN CENTS PAPA—



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AND NOW SHE'S RIGHT UP TO BED WITHOUT YOUR SUPPER! AND THAT DOLLAR THIRTEEN GOES STRAIGHT INTO LITTLE ANGELINA'S SAVING BANK! I'LL TEACH YOU!



FASHIONABLE NECKWEAR

Dainty Style

For a Liner Shirt

The Tailored Style

HAXISX

Wild Double Ruffle

PERHAPS there is no fashion that has been so completely identified with one person as the Elizabethan ruff. There are many well-known styles which are remembered, even though generations have passed since they have been in use, but they are not traced to any one person. Take, for instance, the style of the hoopskirt. We know of course, that it was introduced into Paris by one of the well-known beauties of the day, but who this beauty was and why she chose such a monstrous exaggeration the world has forgotten.

Then, again, there is the fashion of the trailing skirt. All skirts at some time were probably built ankle length—that seems to be the natural conclusion. Who was it, then, decreed that skirts should trail upon the ground? It seems a waste of material!

Not every one appears to know that the ruff which encircles the throat and stands stiffly round the face is unquestionably associated with Queen Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, and it shows no signs of losing its identity. Queen

Elizabeth preferred very high collars—the higher the better—and this was because her neck was yellow and bony; in fact, very far from beautiful. Be that as it may, the fashion has, to a certain extent, returned during our generation, although for so long it has been unused. The old-time ruffs were of lace or net stiffly starched; now, however, they are of softer materials—tulle, chiffon, silk and satin—and the ruffles are usually placed upon a foundation which tightly encircles the throat.

The most typical ruff of the kind that is shown today is made upon a basis of black velvet, which is embroidered in bright silk and edged with a golden braid. At the top of this is a ruche two inches wide and of three thicknesses, tightly pleated and standing up all round the face. It is quite a remarkable affair and one which, to some people, would be becoming.

Another ruff, much in the same style, although made in a slightly different way, is a band of satin encircling the throat and finished at each side by a ruche of net, edged with narrow black satin ribbon. This is very pretty when worn with an ordinary tailored suit.

Quite in the Elizabethan style, though slightly different in adaptation, is the collar with the biblike effect worn with a gray silk

shirtwaist. This is of soft gray silk with a ruche around the top, while at the base is a wide bias band which lies flat upon the shoulders, giving the effect of a guimpe, although it is really detachable.

A "ruche" which is not a ruche, but merely a band of soft moire ribbon finished with three small buttons and fastened at the side with a huge bow of ribbon, is worn by the girl with the hat. This is particularly effective, and is peculiar in that it gives the smart effect of the ruff without being a ruff at all.

A dainty affair, which might be worn with the finest of lingerie waists for afternoon calls or on some semi-dressy occasion, is that made of three widths of fine valenciennes lace and finished at the top with one row of lace backed with several rows of pleated chiffon. This is in white and is appropriate for a younger woman.

Two tailored stocks, that might be worn with a tailored shirt, are those of embroidered linen. One is finished top and bottom with a pleated ruffle of the same material. The other is curved rather on the Gibson order and has merely a ruche at the top. Both are extremely effective and would be very chic if adopted by the strictly tailored girl, who is, perhaps, the most typical of the genus Americana.



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UNDISCOVERED BEAUTIES

(COPYRIGHT 1925 BY THE NEW YORK HERALD CO.)

The
Factory
Beauty

HER HOROSCOPE.

By Minerva Meares.

THE girl whose face is pictured here was born May 27. A study of her face and horoscope shows her to be rather impractical, apt to be fickle, and she will pass through many unpleasant experiences. She is a Gemini girl, which nativity generally gives dark hair, good features and bright complexion. The full eyelids and level brows partake of the Oriental, of the dreamer rather than the doer, while the wistful eyes and delicate lips indicate the longing for the poetry of life, which comes under the Gemini sign. This natal day gives a happy nature, but a carelessness in discrimination as to associates which is apt to be detrimental to her chances of success in life. This is carried out by the weakness of the chin and the upturned corners of the mouth. Strength of character is wanting in this pretty face, and she will need to be very careful, for beauty linked with weakness is likely to be, of all gifts, the most pitiously tragic. She is attracted by people of money and position rather than of the intellectual type; respects worldly possessions, and, according to the birth sign, should acquire the last through marriage. She will tell the truth unless a fit happens to suit her better, in which case she will fib gracefully and most convincingly. She is prone to judge people by the external appearance, and as she is demonstrative in her affection she suffers disappointment through the fancied neglect of those she loves. She will be fairly safe, however, in marrying one born in the sign of Virgo—that is, born between August 23 and September 23, or in the sign of Aquarius, which governs from January 20 to February 19.

HER LIFE.

"Ah, Beauty, siren, fair, enchanting, good, sweet, silent, rhetoric of persuading eyes, dumb eloquence, whose power doth move the blood more than the words of wisdom of the wise."

SHE sits in the third row, the third chair from the end. That is where the superintendent placed her this morning. Heretofore she has been in the dark corner by the door, but this means promotion and her eyes dance with elation as her fingers fly performing their allotted task.

The whirl and roar of machinery mingle with the sound of traffic from the street, above which the overseer shouts his hurry calls to the worker who flares for a moment to slacken the pace that is set.

It is a pretty picture, the nimble fingers, the rounded, youthful forms of the young girls as they bend over their work. Almost children they seem, but the overseer at your elbow assures you that "Every one is fourteen," and holds out a grimy bunch of working papers.

You have reached the third chair in the third row and its occupant lifts her eyes to yours. You draw a quick breath of amazement. Many of the girls you have passed have been pretty. But whence came this girl, this child of amazing beauty? Masses of soft brown hair wave back from the broad, low forehead; liquid brown eyes, half shy, half dancing with merriment; roseleaf skin; ripe, red, pouting lips; tapering, delicate fingers—what capricious fate sent these to their daily toil?

She is stitching the buttonholes of a nearly finished waist. The electric machine works steadily as she guides the cut cloth. She has finished one, another, another, then another. You grow dizzy watching. The lint from the soft waist has gathered on her fingers, it has gathered about her nostrils and eyes and at the corners of her mouth, but she takes no heed. Another, another, another; that waist is finished. You sigh with relief. But while one hand tooses the waist aside the other hand picks up a successor and inserts it in the machine, which has never stopped.

She is very young, this little human blossom, barely fifteen. The soft rounded cheek, the swelling curves of the lissome form half concealed by the ill-fitting

clothing, are those of budding womanhood. She has been working but a few weeks. The father had said she must work, she was fourteen now, and there were many others to care for. So she sought the superintendent. Something in the appealing glance of the big brown eyes, in the winsome face, held him. She was green, but they were very busy. So she found a place at the darkest machine of all, to her intense delight. Her hands fairly flew those first hours. Just before noon the "boss" spoke to her, something akin to admiration in his eye. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining.

"You're quick," he observed approvingly, and she flushed with pleasure. The noon whistle blew. Her back ached, but she ran home gayly to tell them. She was to get one dollar and a half a week just to begin! She climbed the five flights of dirty stairs which led to the three rooms she called "home." In the largest, a combination of kitchen, parlor and sleeping room, she found the three children of school age, already at dinner. A huge dish of macaroni and gravy stood in the centre of the uncovered table. Back by the stove her mother sat, nursing the thickest baby. Two other small children played on the floor. Radiant

with her news she told her mother.

"Yes," said the woman, stolidly, removing the child from her breast. "then hurry so you get back."

Silently she hurried her dinner. When the whistle blew she was in her place. No windows had been opened during the noon hour, and the room, filled with steam and the lint from the fabrics, was oppressive. She rose and opened a window, lowering it from the top. An angry hiss ran around the room. A girl at the next table left her place and closed the window. The girl in the chair next to her coughed and put her handkerchief to her mouth. When she withdrew it it held a red speck. The newcomer looked at her in wonder. Did it hurt to cough like that? How very thin she was. You could see the veins on her forehead and her cheek bones. And she could not be very old!

The girl next to her spoke.

"You'll do it after a while," she said. "It's the dust."

It was very cold when she went home. After the hot room the wind pierced her thin jacket. Her father nodded as she came in.

"It is good," he said, gently. Her head ached terribly, but she ate some of the rye bread and herring

and crept in upon the mattress she shared with two younger girls.

That was three weeks ago. Now she is used to the hot room; she has been promoted; she is earning ten dollars. She is used to the lint that floats about, thickening her tongue, irritating her nostrils, she is no longer frightened when she coughs. "It's the dust," her seat mate said, "the dust." Only she is not that sometimes on her seat mate's handkerchief there is more than dust. At night she is very tired. She is becoming quicker; she is no longer a "green" hand, and perhaps ere long she may earn three dollars a week and be contented.

And when you go away you still see her. Not in the hot room; she is now in her delicate loveliness—when the years have passed, or three, perhaps—when the eyes have dulled, the soft bloom faded, the lips strengthened into lines which betoken suffering and endurance, when the cough brings a crimson to her lips, when she would notice a faded herring?

A charming portrait study of a department store beauty, painted from life by Mrs. G. G. Wadsworth, will be published next Sunday.



Twenty-Eighth Year.

PER ANNUM, \$9.00; Per Month, 75 Cents; or 25 Cents a Week.

THE WEATHER.

BRIEF REPORT.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy with showers; light southwest wind.

KILL W

Illustrated
Los Angeles
Sunday Times

TWELFTH YEAR.

PER ANNUM, \$3.50.

PICTURESQUE



A G

many more would have been and possibly killed. The train the freight were fortunate to leave their train before the escaped injury. The passenger Bremen, L. was shoveling coal and did the danger ahead until it was to warn Engineer H. B. C. Continued on Thirteenth

THE WEATHER.
BEST REPORT.
FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Partly cloudy; light southwest wind.

AGONY.
**KILLED IN
WRECK**

TAFT TALKS TO NEGROES.
Says They, Themselves, Must Settle Race Question by Becoming Indispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA.

**CARRY GIRLS
DOWN LADDER.**

Young Women Students Rescued from Burning Dormitory in Michigan.

[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
FRANKFORT (Mich.) Jan. 17.—A number of young women students narrowly escaped being burned to death early today when the dormitory of Benzonia College at Benzonia, Mich., burned to the ground. Students who slept on the third floor were rescued with ladders.

WELL FIXED.

**WOMAN GIVES
OUT DIAMONDS.**

USES GEMS FOR PRIZES AT HER CARD PARTIES.

Kansas City Society Dame Has Mine of Precious Stones in Arkansas—Negro Boy, Who Sold Her "Pebble" for Nickel, Shows Her Value of Her Land.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

KANSAS CITY (Mo.) Jan. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mrs. George D. Hope, of No. 1233 Linwood boulevard, has so many diamonds that she gives them to her guests as prizes at card parties.

Several Kansas City society favorites are already wearing them. Mrs. Hope is a favored personage, however, for she gets her diamonds from her own mines, for which she was recently made a princely offer. Mrs. Hope's husband, who is a lumberman, owns thousands of acres of land in Arkansas. Seven years ago he sold to his wife 3000 acres from which the timber had been cut.

Mrs. Hope went to view her new possessions, and while watching the construction of a logging road across her property, was accosted by a little negro boy, who wanted to sell a "pebble" for a nickel. She bought the "pebble" and told the boy she would give 10 cents apiece for more. He brought her six.

Two years later, John W. Huddleston, a farmer near Murfreesboro, Ark., found diamonds on his property, which is near Mrs. Hope's land. Mrs. Hope then sent the pebbles purchased from the negro boy to a New York lapidist, who pronounced them diamonds.

Since then Mrs. Hope has found nearly 200 diamonds on her property. They range from one-quarter of a carat to five carats in size. The gems came largely from the crest of a hill that appears to be an extinct volcano. "Several millionaires in the East are wearing diamonds from my mine," said Mrs. Hope, "so I guess they are real."

A syndicate recently tried to purchase Mrs. Hope's mine, but she refused to part with it. A diamond mine near her property was recently capitalized at three-quarters of a million dollars.

TRIED TO BRIBE MINISTERS.

Pittsburgh Clergyman Says He Was Offered Money to "Boost" Candidate from His Pulpit.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
PITTSBURGH, Jan. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The fight for the Republican nomination for Mayor of Pittsburgh has become so warm that scandals of many kinds are coming to light daily. The star scandal was unearthed here today when a newspaper announced that Rev. O. S. Sims of the Rodman-street Baptist Church, Rev. J. W. Webb of Antioch Baptist Church, Rev. W. H. Benderson of St. John's Baptist Church, Rev. D. Scott of Trinity Baptist Church, and Rev. A. W. Fuller of the Second Baptist Church, were offered \$100 each to "boost" W. A. Magee, one of the candidates, from their pulpits. According to Fuller, all save himself agreed to do this.

The entire five ministers are said to have been called into the office of William A. Roberts, a corporation man, and a friend of Magee's, on last Wednesday, and offered \$100 each for letters which had been written them by Steel, another candidate, and in addition to that, were to publicly endorse Magee from the pulpit. To this, according to Rev. Fuller, and two witnesses, who had been placed outside the door, all but himself agreed, and when he protested he was threatened with foreclosure of a mortgage on his home.

The publication of this story in Pittsburgh today caused great consternation, while those accused deny. Rev. Fuller says he is ready to prove his statements in court.

PROSPECTOR'S CHANCE NOW.

Many Claims Filed on Rich Concession Recently Held by Col. Greene in Mexico.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]
CHIHUAHUA (Mex.) Jan. 17.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Many rich mining claims situated upon the three million-acre tract of mineral land in the States of Chihuahua and Sonora, embraced in the concession held by Col. W. C. Greene, and associates, and which was declared forfeited by the Federal government on January 12, are being filed upon by prospectors. This great mineral territory contains several mines which have passed into the hands of Mexicans since their abandonment by the Greene syndicate.

Illustrated Weekly Magazine.

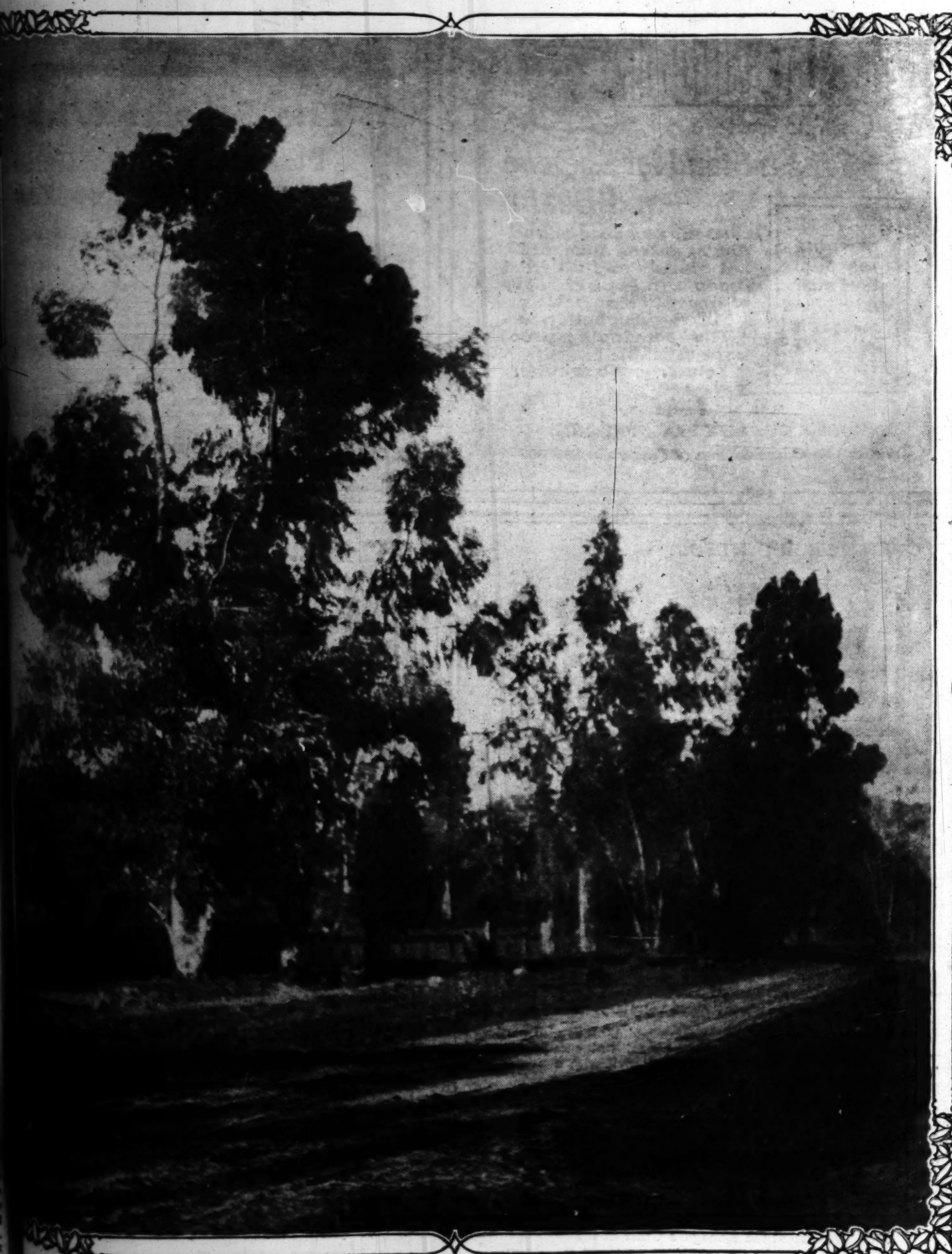
Los Angeles Sunday Times

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January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST

ESTABLISHED DEC. 1, 1907

California in tone and color. Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, the slopes, the valleys and the plains. Devoted to the development of the country, the exploitation of its marvelous natural resources and to the word-painting of its wonders and beauties. The contents embrace a wide range of good reading matter: Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles, thoughtful and picturesque editorial, brilliant correspondence, poetry, pictures and bright miscellany.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Persons submitting matter for publication in The Times Magazine should invariably retain copies of their manuscripts. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available for the return of others is not guaranteed.

Los Angeles
Sunday Times
MAGAZINE

Vol. 13. | Volume Began Jan. 3, 1909. | No. 8.
Volume Ends June 27, 1909.

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PROLIX PREACHING.

A MAGAZINE writer has been comparing preaching as it is today with what it was in the past. Now let it be confessed that the pulpit contains at this time no Bonanerges like Henry Ward Beecher of Brooklyn, nor perhaps one like Dr. Thompson, who for many years occupied a New York pulpit. But in spite of this experience will pretty generally agree that the average sermon of this latest year of grace is quite up to that of fifty years ago in all elements of excellence. It is less doctrinal but more practical, less polemical but contains more of the rationale of religion, less filled with problematic views of the life to come, but more concerned with the well-ascertained duties of the life that now is. It is not as a rule so long, but it is more "catchy," lively, and intelligible.

All these comparative qualities of the preaching of the two eras we consider to be in the direction of great effectiveness, and therefore of greater excellence for the hearer.

Certainly the sermons heard in present-day pulpits are shorter than those of half a century ago, which were longer than those of a century ago. They have to be. "Old Mortality" the hero makes the test of religion to listen to a godly sermon. Judged by that standard, ours would be a "wicked and perverse generation." The congregation now which will endure a discourse of one hour is a rare one, and the preacher who can command attention that length of time is as rare as a unicorn. Fifty years ago nothing was thought of a pulpitman who could not talk forty-five to sixty minutes. Now a little is thought of the one who cannot pack all he has to say in about half the time.

This seems to us to be the greatest improvement preaching has achieved in fifty years. When Horace

Greeley of City he had noon for of real v how many sum by t have been to the mo was in th laborer, to the w was indee In fact, hortation times a w interesting must be a may have preacher than four an hour a being calle are of the hour is mo one who h minutes is pulpit orate pleased if t livery. One gales was Church. minutes, h utes.

Is there a much is g preacher res found thou The Gospel late the str The longest the time. T hour the hie fifty years. thought. I The other c minutes each Newspaper ground as th even fifteen soon lose his umn which t thought, fact a discourse pastor who w tor to "blue- most useful i We do not cil. Many of Another gre pared with th polemic discus There is no Bible. There Christ. No w life to come i congregation cans and Ph are rank beat ity are not edic Paul stood be theology. He and judgment the preacher h son and conve struction in th better if all pr discuss matte way, reach the and teach doct flavers and tho These are the as the sermons tical as the te pulpit will be changes in the years, by which than the one of

Girl Braving the Great Kills pul afternoon, on a the water in 190 swam around in minutes. When extremely cold, "It's all right Her teeth did beach. A few days a the water in the be the first State the new year. Y left her home at she waited a few said they would not appear she thirty yards from half an hour. Miss Wilcox w when snow was

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which has ne
this little h
ounded cheek
n half concealed by the m-fitting, other small children played on the floor. Radiant

bly, but she ate some of the rye bread and berries will be published next Sunday.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in this country.

Foreign. Recent Japanese paper of Yokohama, editorial to Ambassador "not to an- on."

Three children were shoveling coal and

many more would have been and possibly killed. The train the freight were fortunate to leave their train before the escaped injury.

The passenger Steamer, L. was shoveling coal and

when snow was

THE WEATHER
REPORT
For Los Angeles and
vicinity:
January 17, 1909.
Light southwest

KILLED IN WRECKS

AGONY.
Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Rise Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

EARTHQUAKE SURVIVORS COME TO AMERICA.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

67

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897
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It is not as a rule so long, but it is more "catchy," lively.
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The sermons heard in present-day pulpits
are more than those of half a century ago, which were
more than those of a century ago. They have to be
"Mortality" the more makes the test of religion
in a willingness to sit "four hours on a wet hill-
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sermon of one hour is a rare one, and the preacher
must command attention that length of time is as
fifty years ago nothing was thought of a pul-
pit sermon that could not talk forty-five to sixty minutes.
It is thought of the one who cannot pack all he
has to say in about half the time.
The greatest improvement
has been achieved in fifty years. When Horace

Greeley crossed the continent and stopped at Salt Lake
City he heard Brigham Young speak on Sunday after-
noon for two hours. The great editor, who found little
of real value in the discourse, took the trouble to learn
how many persons were in the audience, multiplied the
sum by two and got the absolute time he considered to
have been wasted, reduced it to working days and that
to the money value of the time, assuming that each one
was in the average worth the wages of a good day
laborer. He brought the head of the church into debt
to the world by a round sum. And Brigham Young
was indeed a great man intellectually.

In fact, wide as the field for instruction and for ex-
hortation is, the man who can preach two or three
times a week for even half an hour each time, and be
interesting, must be one of many intellectual gifts. He
must be a diligent cultivator, too, of all the talent he
may have. "Old Mortality" would have thought a
preacher was "loafing on his job" who preached less
than four hours. The pastor who discoursed less than
an hour a century ago would have been in danger of
being called to account for not earning his salary. We
are of the opinion that the man who preaches half an
hour is more sure of an audience at this time than the
one who holds forth twice that period. Indeed, thirty
minutes is about the limit permitted to the average
pulpit orator, and the congregation is much better
pleased if the sermon takes only twenty minutes in deliv-
ery. One of the most successful pastors of Los An-
geles was the late Rev. Elias Birdsall of St. Paul's
Church. His sermons were seldom as long as twenty
minutes, his usual discourse taking up only fifteen min-
utes.

Is there anything lost in this? It is our opinion that
much is gained, spiritually as well as otherwise. The
preacher referred to just now was noted for the pro-
found thought he packed into his little discourses.
The Gospels contain much food for thought. They re-
late the striking events in the active life of the Lord.
The longest may be read in an hour, the shortest in half
the time. The Acts pack into what may be read in an
hour the history of the founding of the church covering
fifty years. The Epistle to the Romans is a mine of
thought. It can be read in less than half an hour.
The other epistles may be delivered in five to fifteen
minutes each.

Newspapers treat of subjects which cover as much
ground as the ordinary sermon. The writer who took
even fifteen minutes to make his argument clear would
soon lose his job. Many such writers pack into a col-
umn which may be read in five minutes as much real
thought, fact and argument as many preachers get into
a discourse occupying twenty to thirty minutes. The
pastor who would submit his manuscript to a good edi-
tor to "blue-pencil" would be the most popular and the
most useful in the city.

We do not mean that all preachers need the blue pen-
cil. Many of them pack thought into very few words.

Another great excellence of modern preaching com-
pared with that of half a century ago is the absence of
polemic discussion and of abstruse doctrinal statement.
There is no set discourse on the divine nature in the
Bible. There is no formal discussion of the divinity of
Christ. No writer in the Book has a word to say of the
life to come in any way of detail. The average Sunday
congregation is heterogeneous. There are both Publi-
cans and Pharisees in the pews. There are some who
are rank heathen. The esoteric doctrines of Christian-
ity are not edifying to the publicans and sinners. When
Paul stood before Felix he did not read a treatise on
theology. He reasoned of "temperance, righteousness
and judgment to come," and the Governor trembled. If
the preacher had found him at a more convenient sea-
son and converted him, there would have followed in-
struction in the Christian doctrine. It would be much
better if all preachers in their public discourses would
discuss matters of more general interest, in a broader
way, reach the conscience and the heart of the people,
and teach doctrine in classes composed entirely of be-
lievers and those already intent on leading a new life.

These are the tendencies of the modern pulpit. Short
as the sermons are, we think they will be shorter; prac-
tical as the teaching is, it will be more so. And the
pulpit will be all the more effective for these further
changes in the way the movement has been for fifty
years, by which the sermon of today does more good
than the one of the past.

Girl Takes First 1909 Swim.

Braving the cold, Helen Wilcox, a teacher in the
Great Kills public school, Staten Island, New York's
afternoon, on a wager she would be the first to enter the
water in 1909, went to the beach at Annandale and
swam around in the icy water for more than twenty
minutes. When admiring friends asked if she was not
extremely cold, she stopped and talked with them.

"It's all right when you're used to it," said the girl.
Her teeth did not even chatter as she stood on the
beach.

A few days ago friends dared Miss Wilcox to go into
the water in the winter. She promptly bet she would
be the first Staten Island woman to go in the water in the
new year. Yesterday, in summer bathing garb, she
left her home at 4 p.m. and went to the beach. There
she waited a few minutes for two girl friends who had
said they would go in the water with her. As they did
not appear she ran into the icy cold bay. She swam
thirty yards from the beach and was in the water almost
half an hour.

Miss Wilcox went into the water in last February,
when snow was on the ground, and was not inconven-

Sermons in Song.

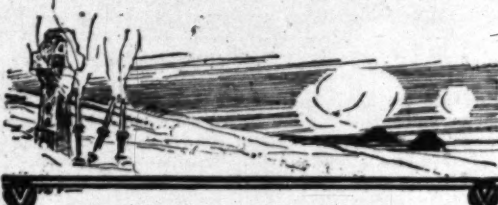


The Curse of Jotham
By Wilbur D Nesbit
"And upon them came the curse of Jotham
the son of Jerubbaal."—[The Book of Judges,
ix, 57.]
And thus have you lied, and so have
you lied,
And thus have you wrought me
wrong—
And I curse you now by the truth de-
nied
That shall cut like a hissing thong;
By the hope you crushed, by the faith
you broke,
By the grief that you rendered
worse,
It shall drift in your eyes in the altar
smoke
Till you cower beneath my curse.

I have dreamed of this in the darkened days
And brooded in wrath at night,
I have fought with your lies in the gloomy ways
When wrestling to gain my right;
With a curse that is keen as a serpent's tooth
I swear you shall bend to me—
As deathless and great as the sleepless truth
This curse that I make shall be.

Though a man go down to the house of death
Revenge is a living thing
That will pulse its way as an outblown breath
Where the stars in their courses swing,
That will follow far past the dying suns
Through the orbits devised of old
Till it reach the place of the faithless ones
Where the planets have long grown cold.

And thus have you lied, and so have you lied—
My spirit can bide and wait
With the faith you broke and the truth denied,
Till it find you before the gate.
And there in the glow of a light sublime
In a vast, eternal place
I shall tear all the truth from the page of time
And shall fling it against your face.



[Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.]

SANTA MONICA HILLS.

Oh, the joy of the hills at dawn,
On the airy wind-swept peaks,
When the strife is o'er twixt the sun and the mist,
The soft gray mist that twirls and whirls
And wreathes itself into wondrous curls,
As the brave old sun with his powerful rays,
Disperses the haze.

Oh, the heat of the hills at noon,
On peaks in the midday glare,
When the sun is king over all of the land,
The fertile land, which his ardent fire
Blights, in the heat of his fierce desire,
As aloft in the sky, his mighty power
Proclaims the hour.

Oh, the hush of the hills at eve,
In the twilight's purple glow!
When the strife is o'er twixt the sun and the mist,
The rosy mist that lovingly hides
The brown rocks of the gray hillsides,
As the vanquished sun sinks out of sight—

Now we found out what snow is really for. It is to
look at through the windows, while sitting before a two-
by-four pine log spitting cheerful sparks indiscrimi-
nately up the chimney and out at you. It is fully as
picturesque and beautiful glimpsed through the windows
of a warm dining-room between muffins and coffee.
Peace comes with night.

GENE STURTEVANT.

Caught Three Tons of Moths.

The authorities in Saxony are waging a successful war
against the caterpillar plague by means of a trap, which
consists of two large electric searchlights or reflectors
and a number of powerful suction fans. At night two
great streams of light are thrown from the reflectors
against the wooded sides of a mountain half a mile
distant. The moths, from whose eggs caterpillars de-
velop, follow along the brilliant bars of light until the
reflectors are reached, and there the powerful currents of
air swirl them down into a receptacle. On the first
night no less than three tons of moths were caught.
It seems quite probable that swarms in this country
could be cleared of the winged pests in the same man-
ner.—[Popular Mechanics.]

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
A MAGAZINE OF THE SOUTHWEST
ESTABLISHED DEC. 5, 1897

Los Angeles Sunday Times
MAGAZINE
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FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERD'S WATCH.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

plates a twelve-story, steel frame,
proof structure, besides a roof gar-
and two basements. The classic fac-
will be treated in granite.

the Japanese army, which was largely performed by Prince Yamagata, and I asked him to tell me something about it. He replied:

"In the feudal times the imperial army consisted of about 40,000 families of Shizuoka, or the followers of the daimyos, who were the feudal lords. Each daimyo had as many retainers as his finances would permit, allowing two or three men to the family, the army of that day had possibly as many as 1,000,000 men. This was not only the soldiers, but the surgeons, treasurers and other officials. It was in 1871 that the system of conscription was introduced and the reorganization of the army began. It was first started in a few provinces and thence extended throughout the empire. The conscription scheme was to organize a standing army of 300,000 men, comprising six army corps. This was not feasible at the start, and a small army of 40,000 was created. That was about 1873. At that time, however, officers were brought in to train the soldiers, and for several years they were our chief instructors along the lines of modern warfare.

"Then, after a careful investigation of the armies of Europe it was decided that the German system was better suited to our needs. We then introduced German officers, and our tactics of today are based upon those of Germany. In 1883 the army was reorganized and increased to 200,000, and in 1896, after the Russo-Japanese war, it was again reorganized and brought up to 300,000. On a war footing it is now considerably larger than that."

"What does Your Highness think of the German system of military training?"

"I consider it superior to any other," replied Prince Yamagata. "It seems to me perfect, and I do not see how it could be improved upon."

"Is it not that system turn the man into a machine which makes him useless in times of emergency, when he has to act for himself? I have always thought of the German soldier."

"The German is a very able soldier," replied Marshal Yamagata. "The German army, though not as good as ours, it would be had it had practice in actual war, is a very well-trained and efficient one."

Drill Soldiers.

"When I talk with Prince Yamagata, I have visited many of the schools to see the material which Japan was working up into her soldiers of the future. Everywhere in the empire is now undergoing military drill. The provision that all the schools shall be equipped with guns and knapsacks, and the pupils are regularly drilled by an army officer. Every school has its drill ground, and rain or shine the boys march along with their guns on their shoulders and knapsacks on their backs. They are taken to see military maneuvers, and officers are especially anxious to explain what is going on. The children are proud that it is their duty to fight and die for their country, and they have school songs in honor of the Emperor of Japan. Almost every school teacher has been ordered to go through the regular training of the ordinary soldier, and are then disbanded.

"An instance of the patriotism of the school children, during the war with Russia subscriptions were made up by them to purchase a warship for the Emperor. Every little one gave his pennies, denying himself candy and toys, and the whole amounted to many thousands of yen."

Every Japanese a Soldier.

"It is now, every Japanese is a soldier. Service in the army is universal and compulsory. Every boy is expected to enter the army at 17, although he is not required to perform active service until he is 20. He then serves on and on until he is 40. At the Emperor's call, he is sent to the field, although there are some exemptions. The only son of an individual over 60 years of age may stay at home, and there are certain exceptions as to Japanese living in foreign countries. There are a few young men of the army who have to serve only one year in the army, after which they may be enrolled as non-commissioned officers. Such men, however, must possess an education equal to that of the graduates of the middle schools.

"The service expected of every man is at regular intervals from the ages of 20 to 40, and this service is not the greater body of the people may be made available for active war at any time. The number of trained and partially trained men available at the beginning of the Russian war was about 600,000. This was not the struggle went on; and when the war was completed, notwithstanding the heavy losses, Japan had more than 500,000 men in the field. I am told that Japan could now be massed without trouble, and that within a short time an army of not less than 1,000,000 could be called forth.

"In addition to the many soldiers here, there is now a garrison in Formosa, and there are 30,000 or 40,000 men in Korea, constituting a permanent force of occupation for that country.

"From this it will be seen that the Japanese are a nation of fighters, and that in a war with them the whole nation must be taken into account. Every man, woman and child is a patriot, and every one esteems it a glory to serve his country. During the war with Russia, the Japanese worked almost day and night to add to the strength of the army, and they frequently expressed their regret that they could not go to the field. I had a talk the other day with an American professor who has been teaching in the Japanese schools at Shizuoka, one of the most important cities between Tokio and Osaka, during which he gave me an instance illustrating the war spirit among the schoolgirls. Said he:

"I was in one of our girls' schools. The American

teacher was discussing the war situation. Some bad news had arrived that morning, and the teacher said she feared Japan would finally be defeated. Upon this, one little Japanese girl burst out: 'Oh, no. Japan will never be defeated, for when the men are all killed we girls will take the guns and fight for the Emperor.'"

Japan's War Fund.

"At the time of the war Japan had a serious problem to face," continued the professor. "She had her standing army of 600,000 men, who were all sent to the field. Then the reserves were called out, numbering hundreds of thousands more. All of these came from the ranks of industry. They were taken from the farms and factories, from the workshops and gardens. The population here is comparatively small, and it was a question how the war could go on and the factories not stop and the fields not lie uncultivated. This question was solved by the people jumping in and sacrificing themselves without pay. The men in the mills worked overtime to make up the loss of the force which had been called off to war. In many cases their overtime wages were given to the families of the soldiers. The farmers, clerks and mechanics combined together to till the lands left vacant. Often they worked at night and sometimes together in gangs. The children worked after school hours to help the families of soldiers, and in some places farms were let out free to soldiers' families and capital was subscribed for them. In one village the families of the men absent at the war were given the monopoly of selling matches and soap, and in others they had like privileges. Many landlords remitted rent to such people, and the doctors treated their sick without charge. A relief association with a capital of \$1,000,000 was then formed to support the widows and orphans of soldiers. The Red Cross Society, which was so efficient in the hospitals and on the field, was supported by all the people. That society has a million members, and one in every forty-five of the Japanese population belongs to it and has pledged himself to pay \$1.50 for ten years toward its maintenance. The Japanese Red Cross Society was organized with the idea of paying the country's debt by helping its soldiers, and it has done an enormous good."

"The money raised for the war, while some of it came from abroad, was largely supplied at home. The action of the people in this regard shows that the Emperor can call on his subjects for the last sen in their pockets at the time of any national struggle. Every one subscribed to the bonds, and they were made of such small denominations, with the payments so graduated, that the poorest man could invest. One could take a bond on the payment of \$2.50 of our money. When they were offered the people rushed by the thousands to buy them. Jinriksha men and factory hands carried their savings to the bank and men who were working for 30 cents a day put all their little hoards into government securities, and that largely from patriotism and their reverence and love for the Emperor."

[Copyright, 1909, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Stamps for Funeral.

Trading stamps good for a complete funeral and a monument are offered by Richard Respass, founder of a colony just outside Baltimore, and who has purchased 150 acres of land for a cemetery adjoining the city.

When the customer has obtained enough stamps with her dress goods, her spring bonnet, her lace shoes, her stockings and other things she buys she will be entitled to a ride in a funeral car to this cemetery, where she will be nicely buried, with a monument over her grave.

Of course, no real live one wants to be buried, but Respass says his experience is that some day people will be buried whether they like it or not, and they might as well get ready for it in an economical way.—[Baltimore correspondence Philadelphia North American.]

"Don Juan" a Good Pleader.

For the second time in a single term of court Byron's "Don Juan" has saved Martin Schleyer from a term in prison. Schleyer walked out of the courtroom in Kenosha, Wis., a free man late Friday night after a jury had decided he was insane when he shot Herman Koehler, alleged to have been the affinity of his wife.

A similar verdict freed Schleyer when he was tried recently on the charge of shooting his wife. At both trials his attorney read to the jury parts of Byron's "Don Juan," and on both occasions the verses so stirred the jurors that they brought in favorable verdicts.—[Chicago Dispatch to the New York World.]

A Clear Explanation.

A southern Congressman recently went into a barber shop in a small Tennessee town to get a hair-cut. The barber, after the usual flow of conversation, completed the job, and, turning to his customer, asked: "Tennessee or Georgia?"

Somewhat mystified by the singular question, but determined not to show his ignorance, the Congressman replied: "Georgia."

The barber then proceeded to brush his hair "dry."—[The Bohemian.]

American Architects "Blasphemous?"

A foreign observer, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, recently found in New York evidences of beauty suggestive of Venice. What particularly impresses Prof. Ferrero is the "barbaric hugeness" of the city and its "architectural blasphemy," solemn styles of old religious architecture being adapted to the profane uses of business. He notes the incongruity of vaulted cathedral roofs covering dining halls, banks, and shops "wearing the august crown which Agrippa and Michael Angelo placed upon two of the most sacred edifices of Europe," and vaudeville theaters masquerading as Mussulman mosques.—[New York World.]

No Place for Tramps.

HOW SWITZERLAND HAS SOLVED PROBLEM OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

From Nineteenth Century.

IN Switzerland there is a strong feeling that any man who is out of work must be helped to find work, and this not so much for his own sake as for the sake of the whole community—to guard against his being a cause of expense to it instead of being a source of income.

There is, however, an equally strong feeling that when the work is found the man must if necessary for his own sake as well as the sake of the community be made to do it; to do it well, too.

No toleration is shown to the loafer, for he is regarded as one who wishes to prey on his fellows and take money out of the common purse while putting none into it. On the other hand, what can be done is done, and gladly, to guard decent men from all danger of becoming loafers through mischance or misfortune.

In this country a man may deliberately throw up one job and without ever making any effort to find another remain for months in the ranks of the unemployed, steadily deteriorating all the time into an unemployable. Meanwhile no one has the right to say him yea or nay unless he applies for poor relief.

In Switzerland, however, it is otherwise. There is no resorting to workhouses as to hotels there; no wandering around the countryside extorting alms while pretending to look for work. For begging is a crime and so is vagrancy; and in some cantons the police receive a special fee for every beggar or vagrant they arrest.

If a man is out of work there, he must try to find work, for if he does not the authorities of the district where he has a settlement will find it for him, and of a kind perhaps not at all to his tastes—tiring and badly paid. He cannot refuse to do it, for if he does he may be packed off straight to a penal workhouse, an institution where military discipline prevails and where every inmate is made to work to the full extent of his strength, receiving in return board and lodging with wages of from a penny to threepence a day.

When once he is there, there he must stay until the authorities decree that he shall depart; for as a penal workhouse is practically a prison he cannot take his own discharge, and the police are always on the alert to prevent his running away. No matter how long his sojourn lasts, however, it does not cost the community a single penny; for in Switzerland these penal institutions are self-supporting. Some of them, indeed, are said to be a regular source of income to the cantons to which they belong.

There is no classing of the unemployed by casualty or misfortune with the unemployed by laziness or misconduct there; no meting out to them of the same measure. On the contrary, considerable trouble is taken to distinguish between the two classes, so that each may be dealt with according to its merits. The man who is out of work through his own fault and because he does not wish to be in work is treated as a criminal and sent as a prisoner to a penal institution; while the man who is out of work in spite of his earnest endeavor to be in work is helped without being subjected to humiliation.

It is much more easy there, however, than it is here, it must be admitted, to distinguish between unemployed and unemployed, as there every workman has his papers, i. e., documents which are given to him by the authorities of the district where he has his settlement and which contain full information as to where and by whom he has been employed in the course of his life.

Then relief in kind stations, i. e., casual wards, organized on philanthropic lines, are now maintained in every part of industrial Switzerland for the exclusive use of the respectable unemployed, and drunkards, criminals and loafers are never allowed to cross the threshold of these places. No one is admitted to a Swiss relief in kind station unless his papers show that he has been in regular work within the previous three months and out of work at least five days, unless they show that neither the police nor his own district authorities have any reason for looking on him askance. He who is admitted, however, is made welcome and is treated with consideration as a respectable man whom misfortune has befallen.

Let men but relax their efforts and show signs of a willingness to remain without it, and they are at once thrown on their own resources. The police, who are in close coöperation with the station officials, always keep a sharp watch on the unemployed, especially on such as are sojourning in these refuges, and if they find them refusing work when it is offered under reasonable conditions or accepting it and losing through carelessness, laziness or any other fault of their own, or lounging by the wayside or in public houses instead of betaking themselves where they have been told there is a chance of a job the fact is made on their papers a note which prevents their ever again crossing the threshold of any station. At the end of three months from the day they leave work they forfeit in any case their right to go to any station, as by the law that prevails in these institutions, it is only men who have been in regular employment during the previous three months who are eligible for admission.

Besides these stations, there are in Zurich, Berne, Basle, Geneva, Neuchatel and St. Gall Herberge zur Heimat, i. e., home inns, where workmen, if without lodging, may stay with their wives and children for a time at very small expense or even in some cases gratis. There are also in the chief industrial centers Warmetuben (warm rooms) provided either by the authorities or by some private society where the unemployed may pass their days while waiting for work.

A 500-Foot Meteor.

GOVERNMENT SCIENTIST REPORTS
ITS FALL IN ARIZONA.

EXPLOSION BLASTED A CRATER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE WIDE AND 600 FEET DEEP—BY FAR GREATEST PHENOMENON OF KIND KNOWN TO SCIENCE—POUNDED ROCK TO POWDER, FUSED SAND INTO GLASS, TURNED ITS OWN IRON INTO DIAMONDS, AND, EXPLODING AS IT FELL, HURLED ITS OWN FRAGMENTS TO DISTANCE OF EIGHT MILES AWAY. JUST STUDIED BY SMITHSONIAN EXPEDITION TO SOUTHWEST.

By a Special Contributor.

THAT a gigantic meteorite, perhaps 500 feet in diameter, once fell in our Arizona desert, tearing out a round hole three-quarters of a mile across and over 600 feet deep, is announced as a probability by Dr. George P. Merrill, head curator of geology in the National Museum. Under a grant from the Smithsonian Institution he has examined the region thus apparently struck by such tremendous iron projectile hurled from the heavens, and a summary of the results of his expedition was the other day presented to the agents of the institution by its secretary, Charles D. Walcott.

Nowhere else on earth has science ever found evidence of such awful havoc wrought by a missile hurled from our neighboring heavenly bodies. Indeed, that these neighbors are equipped to make such terrible assaults upon us comes as a surprise to the reading public. Im-

walls, profoundly shattered, surrounding on every side a broad, deep pit accessible only by the steepest of trails, barren of all but the scantiest of vegetable life and gashed by torrential action, present a picture which, when one reflects on its probable origin, is never to be forgotten.

Old settlers have ever been satisfied in their belief that this crater was caused by volcanic action. But the fact that no other volcanoes were near this region and the further fact that its sedimentary rocks have not been disturbed by any upheaval caused geologists to indulge in no little speculation as to the source. That a great meteorite might have been the cause was considered some thirteen years ago, but abandoned for insufficient evidence. But lately Daniel M. Barranger, a well-known mining engineer, and Benjamin C. Tilghman, an expert on projectiles, who had held to the belief that a giant meteorite caused the great depression, proceeded to sink shafts in and about the crater with a view of locating the fallen body and of exploiting it as a source of meteoric nickel, iron and platinum. As a result of their borings they became satisfied that a great meteor produced the crater and it was their report to this effect that led Dr. Merrill to investigate.

The great hole measures 3950 feet across, from east to west; 3850 feet, from north to south, and the depth is now about 600 feet from crest to rim. It was considerably deeper at one time. The crater rim rises to from 120 to 160 feet above the surrounding plain. The floor of the crater is a nearly level plain of over 300 acres.

Dr. Merrill saw that the crater could not have been

ments have been found scattered far and wide on the surrounding plain, one large piece being discovered as far as eight miles eastward and another being found twenty miles to the southward. The other fragments of this material has been carried away by violent winds. But it is not unlikely that the ground at the place where the meteorite fell was so hot that the ground was thick with ice and snow that checked its speed. A few feet of light snow will check lead bullets from a modern rifle without abating it. The twenty-ton meteorite was found in soft soil and but a few feet below the surface, while the 15½-ton Williamette meteorite was found scarcely buried in a primeval forest. But these other great meteorites might have arrived in a direction following earth in her course, while the vast Arizona meteorite might have come in the opposite direction and thus at a much more terrific velocity.

Diamonds Found in the Fragments.

These fragments of the exploded projectile weighed anywhere from 1013 pounds to less than a gram, that of the maximum weight given being now in the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago. The National Museum, Washington, has two weighing, respectively 900 and 746 pounds. Some fragments have been found to contain small colorless octahedral diamonds, yellow and black particles having the hardness of diamonds.

The great projectile appears to have come from a direction a little north of west, though dropped nearly perpendicularly from an angle perhaps not less than seventy degrees. This is indicated by the greater turning of the eastern walls of the crater and the greater distance to which the debris was thrown on that side.

The great hole is of the same form as those produced by heavy projectiles moving at high velocity, according to Mr. Tilghman, the projectile expert above mentioned. All signs which might be expected of the impact of a great projectile he finds present. Dr. Merrill



The crater wall.



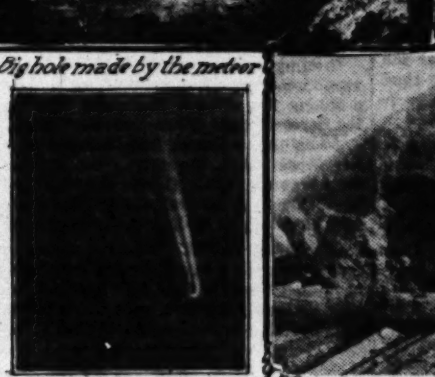
Shower of meteors.



View inside the big hole



Material thrown into plain



Big hole made by the meteor



World's biggest meteorite, the Cape

agination at once sets to work to picture the awful results which would have followed had this enormous mass—with a diameter nearly as great as the Washington Monument is high—fallen upon some great city, mashing to powder hundreds of thousands of unsuspecting mortals within the immediate area of impact and maiming others for miles around. But the mind disturbed by such fancies finds solace in the fact that a barren, desert spot, probably uninhabited by man at the time, was selected as the target for these experiments in interplanetary bombardment.

Region Where It Fell.

This spot where the great meteorite struck lies down in Coconino county, Western Central Arizona, some twenty miles out in the desert, westward of the Navajo reservation and a few miles from Cañon Diablo—Cañon of the Devil.

The region, a southeastern continuation of the beautiful "painted desert," is a great stretch of elevated and nearly level plain of gray sand, lying upon a floor of buff limestone and capped here and there by flat-topped mesas of red sandstone, the whole making a grand picture when the sun is low in the heavens.

Looking south from the Santa Fe Railroad the traveler sees, rising above the level of this plain, the form of a low hill. Indeed, it is called Coon Mountain or Coon Butte. But venturing nearer he finds it to be a crater rim composed of loose fragments of materials of all sizes, from microscopic dust to blocks weighing hundreds of tons. Mounting to the summit of the rim he looks down upon a scene which can best be described in Dr. Merrill's own words:

A Weird Scene.

"The view from this point, particularly about sundown or by moonlight, is weird and impressive in the extreme. The inwardly steep and even overhanging

formed by any volcanic action, since all evidence of the disturbance was near the surface. The surrounding plain consisted of some 300 feet of limestone, under which was about 500 feet of sandstone. This had been so thoroughly shattered by some powerful blow from above that quartz particles in the sandstone had been in part fused into glass. Since the high degree of temperature necessary for this melting of quartz had not disturbed the sandstone further beneath, it was seen that the heat could not have come from below.

Like Flour Poured Out of Barrel.

The masses of limestone and underlying sandstone once beneath the sand of the plain, were thrown as high as 300 feet above their original resting-place. These formed the crater rim, some of them weighing thousands of tons. Part of this debris spread out, in gradually diminishing quantities for distances varying from a quarter of a mile to as high as three and a half miles. One block of stone, ten feet high, was hurled a half-mile beyond those forming the crater rim. On nearly all sides powdered rock was thrown out and all the material thus deposited upon the once level plain appears to have been in the air at the same moment. The sharp and tremendously powerful blow of the falling body powdered the sandstone to the consistency of white flour down to a depth of 500 feet below the crater bottom. In some places the stone had been fused into glass resembling that sometimes formed when lightning strikes sand.

The appearance of the powdered rock outside the crater indicates that it welled out of the big hole like flour poured out of a vast barrel.

But what became of the tremendous meteorite which made this awful splash? Dr. Merrill regards it as possible that the great heat developed by its impact with the earth may have dissipated its mass. Its iron frag-

says that the sand grains were crushed by a shock "such as might possibly be imparted by an explosion of dynamite."

Its Probable Size.

How big was the great meteorite? According to Dr. Tilghman, a 500-foot projectile would produce a crater of this size in rocks as brittle as those of this locality. Dr. Merrill suggests that if a meteorite of this size fell upon the spot at a speed of 10 miles per second, the impact upon the moist soil would produce steam with an enormous explosive power, a result quantities of debris, including even fragments of the meteorite itself, would be thrown back above the crater rim and scattered widely over the plain, as in this case. This explosive action seems to have occurred some little time after the meteor came to rest. Possibly this was thrown out such of the meteorite mass as was not converted into vapor by the heat generated at the moment of striking the earth. What little remained within the crater has perhaps been destroyed by oxidation. Some remains of the meteorite may yet be below the crater floor, however, the methods of boring are not such as would reveal them if present. It is possible, however, that the meteorite may have been considerably smaller in diameter than 500 feet, and that the outburst of vapor caused its enormous expansion in passing from a solid to a gaseous condition would have served to tear away the rock and increase the diameter of the resulting crater.

Vastly Bigger Than the Biggest.

No known meteorite can compare in size with the one which produced this crater, according to Dr. Merrill. The next largest known is the great "Cape York" meteorite, which was brought from Greenland and weighs 37½ tons. Then come the "Barringer" meteorite, which weighs 15½ tons, and the "Williamette," of 15½ tons.

The deepest that any other meteorite has been known to penetrate is eleven feet. This was a 660-pound stone that fell in Kayabinya, Hungary. It produced an impact crater, illustrating almost perfectly what is supposed to have happened in Arizona. Peary's great 37½-ton iron meteorite was found on a bed of boulders and was found only partially covered. But it is not unlikely that the ground at the place where the meteorite fell was so hot that the ground was thick with ice and snow that checked its speed. A few feet of light snow will check lead bullets from a modern rifle without abating it. The twenty-ton meteorite was found in soft soil and but a few feet below the surface, while the 15½-ton Williamette meteorite was found scarcely buried in a primeval forest. But these other great meteorites might have arrived in a direction following earth in her course, while the vast Arizona meteorite might have come in the opposite direction and thus at a much more terrific velocity.

Thus a meteorite with a velocity of twenty-five miles per second, overtaking earth (which travels nineteen miles per second), would enter our atmosphere with an initial speed of but six miles per second, and the friction of the atmosphere would reduce this to about the speed of an ordinary falling body. But with the same velocity of twenty-five miles per second, should the meteorite meet the earth traveling in an opposite direction, its speed would be forty-four miles per second, or its own speed plus that of earth—nineteen miles per second. With such a velocity—forty-four miles per second—the meteorite's friction against earth's air cushion would be tremendous and in a few seconds of its passage through the latter would destroy large quantities of its material. In fact, our meteors are believed to be dark, cold masses until they enter our atmosphere, where friction sets them on fire.

Where Came It?

And whence came this colossal projectile? Dr. Merrill does not speculate upon this point, and we must leave the question to others. Laplace suggested that meteorites were thrown to earth by the volcanoes of the sun, but since those volcanoes appear to be no longer active astronomers and geologists alike refuse now to entertain this old theory.

Dr. Robert Ball suggested that they were fragments cast up by our own volcanoes in bygone ages; that, having gotten away from earth, they had taken up paths around the sun and that they have met earth again when these paths have intersected earth's orbit. But since the material of meteorites differ from any known earthly material this explanation was not accepted.

That they are portions of some lost satellite of earth or fragments thrown off by planets in collision are other explanations that have been offered. But science has simply given the problem up as a too-hard job. It is believed by some authorities, however, that comets are made of meteorites shining partly by reflected light from the sun and partly by the electric glow or fire evolved from them by the sun's heat.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

(Copyright, 1909, by John Elfreth Watkins.)

CHEER UP.

Cheer up, chappie; don't you fret.
Smile, for that's the way to get.
Not a bit of use to get
Blue.
Care's an easy thing to whip
If you give it blif for blif.
Try to keep your upper lip
Stiff.

Nothing like a grin and grit
To repel a hard attack.
Laugh at meanly luck and hit
Back.
Better than to lose your grip.
Nothing's apt to hurt you if
You can keep your upper lip
Stiff.

Worry never makes you score.
Hopelessness will never pay.
Always darkest just before
Day.
Your day's coming, take my tip.
Don't with fate get in a tiff.
Just you keep your upper lip
Stiff.

—[Chicago News.]

Longevity Among Jews.

Superficial scrutiny of the vital statistics yields the Jew a prominent position in the sanitary world. If longevity serves as an index of hygienic living. With an average length of life for all Christian people placed at 34 years 11 months (1900) the Jew may hope to reach 90 years 9 months.

Henville (1885), inquiring into the comparative duration of life and causes of death of Jews and Christians in Frankfurt, learned that one-fourth of the Jewish population was living beyond 71 years, while only one-fourth of their neighbors was living beyond the age of 50 years 10 months. Abbott claims that "they (i.e., Jews) are much less frequently the subjects of tubercular and acute epidemic diseases than any other race."

Why should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'sobriety of life.' The Jew drinks less than his 'even Christian'; he takes, as a rule, better care of his body; he marries earlier; he rears the children he has into the world with greater personal care; he is more thoughtful; he takes better care of himself." To the Jew has been added that through religious customs and hygienic tendencies became an inheritance. [Di- and Hygienic Gazette.]

For the purpose of the department, the Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in the country.

Foreign. Japan, Japanese paper of Yokohama, editorially to Ambassador, "When advising Americans 'not to go to the north,' the Japanese government is not to be taken seriously."

The train of many more would have been killed. The train was the freight was fortunate when it left its train before the crash. The passenger train, E. O. was shoveling coal and did not the dancer shied until it was too late.

any other meteorite has been known to be eleven feet. This was a 660-pound stone which fell in Konyhazy, Hungary. It produced an impact crater almost perfectly what is supposed to be the crater in Arizona. Peary's great 27½-ton iron meteorite was found only partially buried in a bed of boulders and was found only partially covered with ice and snow that checked its speed. But it is not unlikely that the ground at the place where it fell will check lead bullets from falling without abrading it. The twenty-ton meteorite was found in soft soil and but a few inches below the surface, while the 15½-ton Williamette meteorite was found scarcely buried in a primeval forest. But these other great meteorites might have arrived in this section following earth in her course, while the Arizona meteorite might have come in the same direction and thus at a much more terrific velocity. A meteorite with a velocity of twenty-five miles per second, overtaking earth (which travels nineteen miles per second) would enter our atmosphere with an initial speed of six miles per second, and the friction of the atmosphere would reduce this to about the speed of an ordinary falling body. But with the same velocity of twenty-five miles per second, should the meteorite enter the earth traveling in an opposite direction, it would be forty-four miles per second, or in other words it would enter our atmosphere at a speed of forty-four miles per second, and the friction of the atmosphere would destroy large quantities of it. In fact, our meteors are believed to be so small that they enter our atmosphere and burn up before they reach the ground.

How does this colossal projectile? Dr. Merriam has speculated upon this point, and we must remember that Laplace suggested that the volcanoes thrown to earth by the volcanoes of the earth. These volcanoes appear to be no longer active, and geologists alike refuse now to accept this theory.

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Some portions of some lost satellite of earth have been thrown off by planets in collision are the fragments that have been offered. But science gives the problem up as a too-hard job. Some authorities, however, that comets are fragments of meteorites shining partly by reflected light and partly by the electric glow or heat from them by the sun's heat.

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Smile at meekly luck and hit

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Longevity Among Jews.

A summary of the vital statistics yields the Jewish position in the sanitary world, if we serve as an index of hygienic living. With an average length of life for all Christian people placed at 46 years (1900) the Jew may hope to reach 60 years.

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Should this seeming vital superiority exist? According to Richardson, "the causes are simply summed up in the term 'sobriety of life.' The Jew drinks less wine; he takes, as a rule, better care of his children; he rears the children he has with more thoughtfulness; he takes better care of his health and he takes better care of himself." To these have been added that through religious customs and habits became an inheritance. [Di-

KILLED IN WRECKS.

Congress Not Cowardly. IT IS MERELY CAUTIOUS, SAYS THE HOTEL CLERK.

By a Special Contributor.

"I've been reading about the doings of Congress," said the Hotel Clerk of the St. Reckless. "Only there aren't any to speak of."

"It gets past me how you can fall for dry stuff like that," said the House Detective.

"There are too many like you, alas!" said the Hotel Clerk. "The greatest curse of this country, except eight or nine thousand other curses that any Socialist would be glad to tell you about, is that it's full of ignorant slant-heads like you, Larry, that are through with a daily paper when they've read the sporting page to see whether any of their friends got licked and then read the crime department to see if any other friends got pinched. But as for me, when I'm tired out by the cares that infest the day, just let me put my feet up on a heater and turn to the Washington specials, and before you'd hardly notice it, I'll be drifting off into a peaceful slumber that any babe might envy. Nothing gives me more real pleasure than spending an evening with Congress, and I know of nothing more restful to the mind. If it stays quiet and nobody comes in and wakes me up I can spend many a refreshing hour that way over the proceedings of the great law-giving body from which we derive so much wisdom and beneficial legislation that the Supreme Court knocks in the head as soon as it can get around to it. For Congress gives and the Supreme Court takes away, and thus the course of government takes its way, except, of course, when T. Roosevelt happens to be President."

"Yes, sir, Larry, I like to keep posted on Congress. There used to be an up-State member of the House that sent me all his printed speeches on the great economic topics of the day, such as the Panama Canal and the tariff and the bill to appropriate \$2,000,000 to make Mink Creek navigable at all seasons of the year, except from May to October, when it goes dry, and from December to March, when it is frozen up. They were great speeches, too, Larry, take it from me, with interruptions like this (laughter) or else this (continuous applause) stuck through them, like the studs in a dress shirt. I got to thinking that the Honorable Wilbur J. Sidewinder must be the greatest orator this country has produced since Daniel Webster, until one time when I happened to run up against him addressing the Rutland county Chautauqua and Live Stock Breeders' Association. He had one of those cream-separator mustaches, you know the kind that hangs down in thin drooping lines like those warnings for a low bridge that you see at railroad crossings, and his eyes were bright, quick orbs that looked something like a couple of steamed clams, and he seemed to have about one separate and distinct thought every change of the moon. After listening to him for a few minutes my heart went out in a great burst of pity to his private secretary and members of his immediate family. And I don't enthuse any more when I strike those continuous applause things, in a franked copy of his latest discourse, because I know now he must put 'em in with a patent button-hole machine."

"I notice a lot of people here lately have been sayin' Congress wuz cowardly," ventured the House Detective.

"That's a base libel," said the Hotel Clerk. "Congress is not cowardly, Larry. It's merely cautious, in the extreme. You take the House for example. There's a great cautious, deliberative body for you. About all the members of the House are afraid of is the President and the W.C.T.U. and Uncle Joe Cannon and the Committee on Rules and the Ways and Means Committee, and the general public, and each other and the opposition, and what the papers will say and what the papers won't say, and their constituents, and the canteen question and all other questions whatsoever, and the young fellows that are growing up back home with hankers for office, and the district, State and national organizations, and the first, second, third and fourth-class postmasters, and the local bosses and some other things like that. With those few exceptions, the members of the House are so courageous that they actually verge on the dare-devilish, and the Senators are even more so, being elected for a longer term and having nothing to distract them from the performance of their high and sacred duty, except to keep one eye at all times carefully on the home Legislature and the other on the nearest storm cellar. Those Senators are certainly the derring-do lads for you, Larry, make no mistake about it. Nick Carter had nothing on them when it comes to innate courage, but, as I say, they are cautious at times."

"To be sure, I wouldn't go so far as to say that Congress, for innate dash and total disregard of consequences, is quite up to the impetuous standard of an Old Maids' Home. I doubt even if it has quite as much of that reckless contempt for peril as characterizes a girl's high school, or marks the course and conduct of the inmates of the incurable ward of a hospital for paralytics. But this much I will say, that I regard Congress as being every bit as foolhardy and defiant of danger as the bold and hardy buccaneers of Wall street, and those same Wall-street parties are, I may add, about the gamiest buccaneers that ever did buccaneer-and-wine dancing on the lid of a serious situation. I suppose you know something of finance, Larry. When dread panic looms upon the horizon or crawls out of a crack in the wainscoting, what does Wall street do? Jumps on a chair and pulls her skirt up to her knees and shrieks for help. And when deposits begin to shrink and the populace takes its foot in its hand and lights out for the deep woods, with its spare change in its shoe, don't we find those fearless bankers and brokers and railroad promoters all standing bravely out in the open urging everybody to show renewed confidence by putting their savings right back into the banks, to replace the private accounts which the said bankers, brokers and railroad owners have care-

fully withdrawn previously and buried in the back yard. We sure do."

"And in its particular sphere Congress is just as game and gritty as Wall street, and just as much imbued with the same indomitable spirit which prompts it to never say die or anything else that is liable to bring on complications. Just look at what happened when the W.C.T.U. came along some time back and called upon Congress to abolish the canteen, which was an institution where a private soldier might go of an evening and sink his soul in the hideous debauchery of seven-up at 5 cents a corner, and 10 cents setback, meanwhile poisoning his system and destroying his better nature with as many as two long glasses of that accursed brew which is commonly known as lager beer, except in the spring of the year, when many refer to it as bock. The enlisted men thought pretty well of the canteen and the officers said that if it was a secret alliance with the devil, as stated, they couldn't figure how the silent partner was making much profit out of the business. But Congress took counsel with itself, looking at the proposition from both sides, which is an easy thing to do when you are sitting straddle of it, watching which way to jump—which is Congress's customary position in such cases; and Congress says to itself: 'These ladies have no votes, it is true, but many of them have husbands, and if we're any judges of human nature, which we must be or we wouldn't be here, those same husbands will vote the way their wives want them to vote or else go to the hospital. And, anyway, what rights has a guy who works for \$16 a month and his grub?'

"Being thus emboldened, the W.C.T.U. called on Congress to abolish its own little canteen down in the bowels of the Capitol. And the House passed the buck to the Senate, and the Senate passed the buck right back to the House in accordance with its usual courageous yet cautious custom, and that explains why, Larry, that a snug corner of the Capitol basement which was formerly quite popular is now comparatively deserted and also why so many members bring a hot-water bottle or a flat, dark half-pint flask labelled 'Cough Syrup' to their labors with them of a morning and leave it in the cloakroom in the care of a trusted attendant that had taken the Keeley cure. While as for the humble enlisted man, down at the Fort, any time he feels the need of a slight refreshment, all he has to do is to run the guard line and he'll find a quaint little chalet nestling just beyond the reservation, that is presided over by a hospitable member of the Red Lear 'Brien gang, who keeps a barrel of a temperance mixture made by himself, from a private prescription out of wood alcohol and brown sugar, that will bring the results almost instantaneously."

"But I doubt if Congress was ever so wrought up as it was here a few weeks ago, when the President handed out one of his characteristically short and concise messages in which he stated that in his humble opinion Congress was opposed to an increase in the secret service staff for the same reason that the Humpty Jacksons abhor the idea of a larger police force. There was tremendous excitement. It seemed certain that Congress would do something desperate. It was freely predicted that Senator Tillman was going to utter a few remarks that would make 'The Last Ravings of John McCullough' sound like a young child cutting his milk teeth on a rubber teething ring, while over in the House, everybody felt certain that the janitor would have to take down the chandeliers and reinforce the skylight from the outside when Congressman Oily James arose to give vent to his sentiments and the sentiments of his outraged and indignant colleagues, irrespective of party ties. In the aroused condition of Congress no one could safely foretell what the next twenty-four hours would bring forth."

"What did the next twenty-four hours bring forth?" asked the House Detective.

"Well," said the Hotel Clerk, "the Senate met pursuant to adjournment and dispensed with the reading of the minutes and the House omitted the roll call and took an adjournment out of respect for a deceased member from the State of Florida."

"It's a great system down there at Washington, Larry. A young member comes up with the idea that about the second day he'll kick the Committee on Rules in its esteemed bread basket, and that if Uncle Joe Cannon tries to thwart him, he'll swarm up his frame just the same as if Uncle Joe was a grape trellis. He has a mental picture of himself climbing Uncle Joe like he was an extension ladder and sitting on the top round with his feet hanging gracefully over. Instead of which he's taken in hand right away and taught more different ways of lying dead and jumping over and begging for bones than the clown in Gentry's Troupe of Trained Poodles ever learned."

"There may have been a time, Larry, when Congress declared war to the knife on somebody or something, but now—"

"Now wot?" asked the House Detective.

"But now we live in the era of the safety razor," said the Hotel Clerk.

IRVIN S. COBB.

Heartfelt Thanks.

Roland D—, who resides in the vicinity of Trinity Church and is now in the beginning of his third year, had his second call from Santa Claus last Christmas. He had been expecting the old fellow with his reindeer for a long time, and was arranging to meet him with open arms, but the Sandman got into the house before Santa, and Roland had only the evidence of the saint's presence by the goodly array of toys that greeted him in the morning. His mother, who was with him when the vision of the gifts burst upon his view Christmas morning, asked him if he knew how they got there.

"Certainly," said the young man, "Santa brought them."

"Then," said his mother, "are you going to thank good old Santa Claus for remembering you so nicely?"

The boy dropped on his knees and lifted his chubby hands in prayer. "Oh, dear Santa Claus," he said, "thank you, sir, for all these pretty toys. Come again soon. Amen."—[Washington Post.]

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

plates a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone.

By a Special Contributor.

ONCE asked Mark Twain to give his opinion of the genius of Edgar Allan Poe. "Why," rejoined the "Wizard of Wit," "Poe is remembered after a hundred years. That is fame enough for any man, and

On Monday evening, January 18, the Raven Society, the undergraduate society of the university, named for the most celebrated poem of the school's most famous poet, will have charge of the local exercises. This programme will include musical rendition of some of Poe's poems, an organ interpretation of "The Raven,"

The manuscripts Mrs. Clemm hawked about the shops, glad to sell for two or three dollars, were sold for hundreds of dollars at auction. The grave of the shrine and Mecca of literary pilgrims. From the corners of the globe they come, following the ship of Tennyson, who said the only thing he wanted to see in America was the grave of Edgar Allan Poe. One learned British peer traveled to America to look at Poe's grave in Westminster Churchyard, and the fame of Poe is founded upon rock. The beauty of his creations withstand analysis and criticism. He is the American man of letters, his peer Shakespeare, the English voice, he is as timely as the century as another. The destiny of misfortune.

ILLUSTRATION

It was election night, and his first thought was that it was some one overcome with indulgence of the day. When, when to his amazement he saw it was his cousin Edgar. Quickly sending a message to Nellson Poe, announcing the still unconscious poet in it, took him to the Washington University Hospital, now the church home

In after years, being destined for the Central Force, aroused by his small monument with imposing the side of V. "Poor Edgar. The rewards a genius itself; thinks? Its af

"HERE'S
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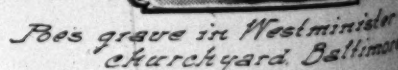
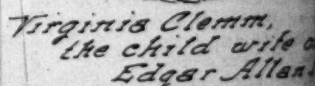
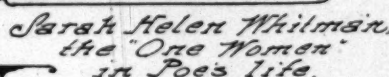
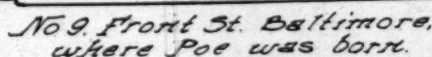
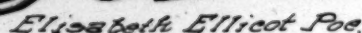
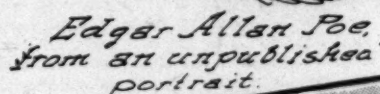
"Say," interposed "you think you're to tell you, my fr what you're sayin' to play the fiddle I'd like to bet an I wanted to and

"I am inclined man in the corner in that line."

day where he's go
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was livin' there, wh
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a pass to 'Hatchie

"Where in the d
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much of a place,' s
conductor'll put you
"And he certainly
stopped if he hadn't
the northeast corne

from Memphis, and right in the middle land in sight was the sides o' the road, elevated feet high, some down a few posts, put a tent about 12 office. Not a house see a narrow-strip o



The name Poe, which is an American

The most elaborate celebration of the birth of Edgar Allan Poe will occur at the University of Virginia, Charlottesville, his Alma Mater, and for four days, proud of Poe's distinction in the world of letters, she will do honor to his memory, not merely for his sake, but in gratitude to him for spreading with her reputation as

A contemplated souvenir of the occasion is a beautifully-printed Fest-Schrift. This will contain nine letters hitherto unpublished in full and an introduction prepared by Prof. Harrison. A number of distinguished men and women have been invited to the exercises, and the event will be notable in the history of American letters. It is said that a monument to Poe will be placed

the train
many more

Hochi, Japanese paper of Yokohama.
editorial address
Chin address

Three children rescued from earthquake rubble. The past was shown the day.

e would have seen it

were fortunate enough to get off the train before the crash.

...ing coal and did not

...of the spot already. — [London Opinion.

would have been injured or killed. The train crew of five were fortunate enough to get out of the train before the crash and

Up the Incline.

AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ARCTIC REGIONS OF THE MOUNTAINS.

By a Special Contributor.

WE have been in the habit of putting away our mountains with the summer. With the first shimmering line of white they have settled back comfortably as mere scenery—mocking the native-born Southern Californian with visions of snowballs never thrown, ice ponds never skated on, and ghosts of snow men.

Finally some one asked why. More questions judiciously placed brought to light the fact that the government trail above the "Arrowhead" could be used practically all the year round, and "Squirrel Inn," at the head of the trail, was to be kept open during the winter.

So we laid our designs against the snow by means of the inn and the trail.

Is there any top?" as the heavyweights groaned up the last flight.

Hesitatingly we plowed forward, and were mightily relieved to see two distinct wheel tracks curving away to the right. We trusted that they led to Skyland. Thinking of the four miles of snow that lay this side of "Squirrel Inn," and of our four unsteady horses, we planned to ask the Hansens to keep us overnight. Presently the snow-covered cabins of "Jenkins Camp" and the "Crooked-back Pine" assured us that we were not lost.

By this time we felt we had lived in zero weather all our lives. We found there was a good deal of moisture and temperature mixed with the poetry of California snow.

As nearly as we could make out, it was 7 o'clock when we rounded the point where, in poetic justice, the windows of Skyland Inn should have blazed out a welcome with a promise of a log fire within. But they flatly refused to blaze or furnish forth the tiniest spark of light. Grimly we expected the worst—the family had gone to town. Downheartedly we knocked.

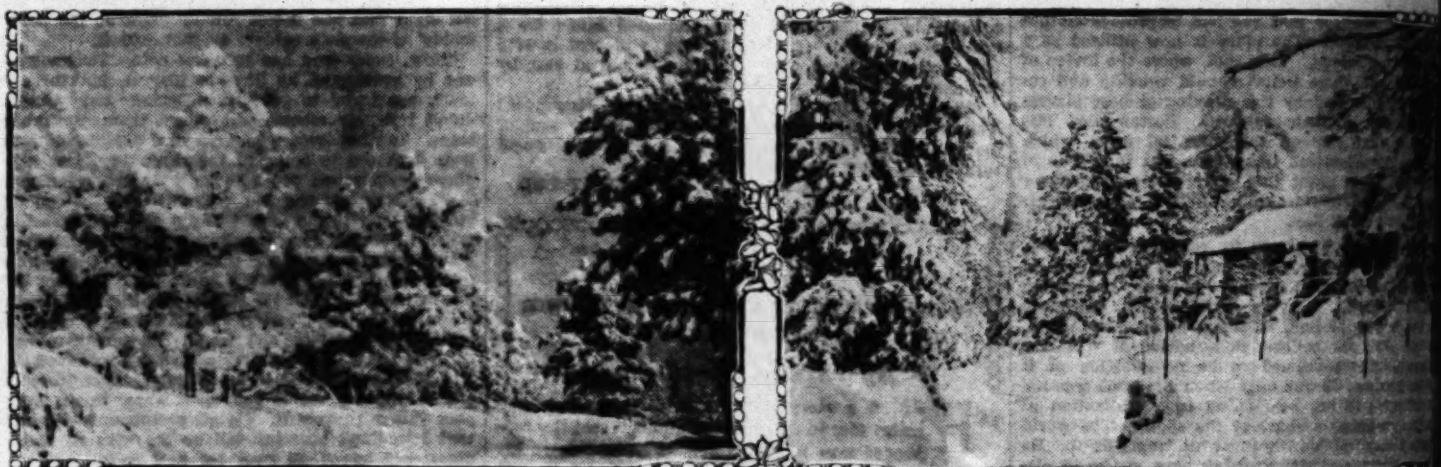
Slowly some one opened the door, and good Mrs. Hansen nearly took leave of her seven Danish senses at sight

for "The Incliners." The Man brewed a hot punch. While we sipped it about the stove, the retired kitchenward. Presently we were seated at a table. All this we could have stood, but we were even allowed to wipe the dishes afterward. It was 8 o'clock when the last supper rites were over.

The Man and Uncle John had been mysteriously for some time. Now we were lined up, man and woman, assigned a bed according to height. The five of us found a terraced bed ending with chairs.

The west half of the living-room was taken up by a mammoth resting-place made up of a collection of wraps, and quilts. The longer ones were arranged in a row. One elected to sit up in a chair. Uncle John and the Man retired amicably to the single bed in the east end, and the driver was given all the hay in the barn to sleep in.

The people in the terraced bed were fairly comfortable, but in the long bed the middle ones talked to the outsiders froze. To complicate matters, the chair spasmodically decided that the room was too fresh air, and an Arctic current swept over the raising a howl of protest.



On the road to Squirrel Inn.

At Skyland.

With the first line of white in December came a message from "Squirrel Inn." "Eighteen inches of snow and the storm is over. Come on."

At the last moment the Tramps gave up their plan of walking to join forces with a jolly company who were going to drive up. "You won't need to walk a step," promised some one gaily.

There was a giant of a driver with a bearskin coat. We eyed the coat respectfully, feeling thankful for our several suits of woollens, and congratulating ourselves on the fact that we had borrowed all the sweaters of all the college boys we knew, and all the overcoats possessed by our families.

But we would rather the driver's superfluous proportions had extended to his horses. They were gaunt and shaggy, and stood with drooped heads at the start.

We rumbled merrily along, however, until we came to the last watering trough in Waterman Cañon. There the driver cheerfully informed us that one of his horses was sick, and looked confidently to the assembled company to solve the problem. There was dismay in camp. We had started out with such a flourish of trumpets that we could not go back without setting both feet in the snow, and making the personal acquaintance of a snow man.

With one accord the eyes of the Tramps fell upon "The Incline." This is a short railway built for the transportation of the supplies used in the construction of the Arrowhead Dam in "Little Bear." It is a most innocent-looking stairway. Barring four humps, it goes straight up to the top of the mountain, and looks to be a twenty-minute climb.

The Only Man had walked on. The driver made a feeble protest, but there was no one to forbid. We watched the shifting of the horses. The seven left-overs piled in with our superfluous sweaters, coats, and kodaks. The white horses began to crawl up the switchbacks. What happened to them we do not know—except that afterward they raved of purple shadows and sunsets.

But there weren't any purple shadows or sunsets on "The Incline." It had looked straight up, but now it turned over backward. We bent all the way over and laid hold of the middle rail. A steady wall came from the stouter ones in the rear: "Wait for me!" "I can't take but four steps at a time!" The light steadily lessened, and the top steadily receded. "They've moved the peak," groaned somebody. "I can't see anything to hold to," came a melancholy voice from above.

Patches of snow lay along the bank. It was strangely uninteresting. No one moved an inch aside to put a hand in it. Life held just one thing—the top of that incline. The walls from the rear sounded this note: "Can you see it?" We lied cheerfully.

Then for a long time everything was curiously still. We dragged along in the dark, calling to those in the front and rear, but getting no answer. We wondered, rather indifferently, if anything had happened.

Then a ghostly voice interrogated: "Can you walk a plank?" as if there were a pirate ship handy. We found we could, and did it all the better that we could see nothing in the depth of black below.

Another comparatively easy stretch up, and then we walked straight into a new country—a fairy world of white in long, soft curves and low mounds.

We were waked up by the voices we had not heard in half an hour. "Where are you? Are you at the top?"



Scene at Squirrel Inn.

of eight girls dropped out of the snow. In a minute there was a light and a fire. We were slowly thawing out and getting back our power of speech and sociability, nearly annihilated by "The Incline," when we heard voices calling from down the hill.

We surmised this was the other division of the expedition. From the back porch we shouted and called, but only a confusion of sound came from below. Finally a shadow detached itself from the mass in front. It proved to be The Only Man.

He brought the news that all the horses had given out. "Squirrel Inn" was out of the question, but "Uncle John," the road overseer, whose cabin lay just at the foot of the hill, had already gathered about his stove the first detachment and was ready to welcome the second.

The Man held a consultation with Mrs. Hansen, which resulted in a side trip to the store, where we were loaded down with butter, ham, eggs, canned peaches, tea, coffee and "Silver Cow."

Cheered mightily by the prospect of something to eat, we headed down the Orchard Trail. This proved a new adventure, for it was the iciest, slipperiest trail any Southern Californian ever traveled. Feet refused to stay placed and tobogganed into those in front and started the whole procession to sliding. The "Silver Cow" took a header into a drift. A second relief expedition had to be sent after the butter.

Finally we slid under the wire fence and stood upright in the road before a cabin fairly bursting with light and heat and the welcome of gay voices.

We found ourselves, rather undeservedly, transformed into eight individual heroines. Nothing was too good

Fifteen people in two rooms with an open door, and moonlight outside—the night refused to be its usual blankness.

The next morning the two most dependable of the party packed in. The rest of us rolled about like animated snowballs.

Two hours later we puffed up "Squirrel Inn" and thankfully pulled the latchstring of "Ye Ancient Inn."

In a few minutes we were experiencing the joys of dry stockings, slippers, and peaceful rookers. The steaming decorations hung from the mantel. The glorious One, meeting the inquiring eye of "The Squirrels," murmured drowsily: "You may not know this is Christmas, but it is."

CLARA D. KELLEY

How Paris Washes Its Clothes.

A second glance showed that there was not one whole line of them, stretching between the Pont Philippe and the Pont Sully. A broad roadway rounded each construction, and blooming plants, as well as climbing vines, were placed attractively in various niches and along the walls. A wooden gangplank was stretched from the bank to the entrance, and a sign over the door announced, Bateaux Lavoirs (Wash Boats).

It is here, then, that the Parisian's washing is to be laundered, for as yet the institutions of private tubs in private houses and apartments are —[Scribner's.]

Real Spelling Reform.

HOW A PEDAGOGUE FROM DAKOTA TEACHES ORTHOGRAPHY IN OHIO.

By a Special Contributor.

THIS is a story of how a young pedagogue came down from North Dakota and taught the youngsters of the Cleveland schools how to increase, by 600 per cent. in two years, their ability to spell.

Ever since man needed help in his business, he has lamented the fact that his employes have been poor spellers. "Give us young people who can spell," has been a constant cry.

Warren E. Hicks, assistant superintendent of the Cleveland public schools, has undertaken to supply this demand. And his record for two years indicates that he will be remarkably successful in his effort.

So much complaint was made a few years ago against the schools of Cleveland that an educational commission, composed of a large number of the most prominent men of the city, headed by Prof. Elroy M. Avery, a distinguished author and educator, was appointed to investigate courses of study and the inherent defects of the school system and make recommendations for improvement. Among the members of the commission were Presidents Charles F. Thwing, of Western Reserve University and Charles F. Howe, of the Case School of Applied Science. The commission worked for a year, beginning its labors in 1905. Early in 1906, it filed its final report with the Board of Education. Its most drastic criticisms were directed toward the systems of teaching orthography.

During its investigations, the commission through Prof. Avery, gave a list of fifty words in a spelling contest to the eighth-grade pupils. Each of the thousands of children averaged thirteen words out of the fifty misspelled.

A few months ago the same list of words was submitted to the children of the same grade. At the test, the average number of the fifty words misspelled by each child was less than three. A reform in the methods of instruction introduced by Hicks is given credit for the vastly improved result.

Hicks has gone back to the fundamentals in teaching spelling. He ties his faith to contests. These contests are of the flavor of the old-fashioned "bees," but they differ widely in many of the essential details. Primarily, these contests are between all the schools of the city of the same grade, and the standing is obtained through oral and written tests four times a year. The names of the schools are conspicuously bulletined in the city of their merit, and the rivalry is keen.

When the educational commission made its scathing indictment of the inefficiency in spelling, Hicks was superintendent of schools out in Fargo, N. D. A shift in the management of the Cleveland educational system brought him East to be assistant superintendent and supervisor of spelling. He began his work in March, 1907. In July, 1908, a team of children from the Cleveland schools challenged the country to a spelling match before the National Educational Association Convention in session in Cleveland then, and won from teams representing cities as far away as New Orleans. Credit for that success was freely given Hicks and his new method of teaching.

Since the convention, educators have apparently been thinking of Hicks and wondering how, in the face of the educational commission's report, Cleveland could develop a championship team of spellers in two years. This fall and winter, since the opening of school, he has had hundreds of letters asking him to explain his methods of teaching.

From the first, Hicks insisted that the children of all grades were given too much work in spelling to do it well. From the days of the log schoolhouse, spelling has been looked upon as something that would come to one easily and naturally and without much instruction. That to most people it never came was considered merely an incident. The spelling books, since such volumes have been, have been made up of lessons containing fifteen, twenty, thirty words, unsystematized and with no scientific grouping. "Take the next lesson," the teacher would say at the conclusion of every recitation.

Every day, every child was expected to learn all these words and review them at haphazard or perhaps on Friday afternoon at a class "spell-down." Hicks has changed all this. His first thought has been "system." He held a child's attention and make him as interested in spelling as in history or any other study.

Immediately after he came to Cleveland, the new superintendent sent out word to every grade teacher in the city asking that he send him a list of from fifteen to twenty-five words most persistently misspelled by the children. Since the elementary schools employ over 300 teachers, the combined lists made a formidable volume. But Hicks took the reports and went through them. He classified the words missed generally in the first, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades, and a list of forty words for a written contest and eighty words for an oral contest were prepared for each grade.

A time was set apart the same day for these contests. Every elementary school took part. Careful account was kept of the words missed and publicity was given through the newspapers of the schools that had the highest percentage of words correct through all the grades.

That was Hicks's start in making the children in the schools better spellers, and he made it by centering the children's attention on the work. He didn't tell them so much the importance of being good spellers, but he aroused their interest by arousing their pride and competing a rivalry that grew to be not unlike the rivalry between school football teams. Contests have

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The efficacy of Cleveland when a of all the seven that the words g composed of Jew mistakes. When it was discovered error.

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Forecast—For Los Angeles and vicinity: light west wind, clear, light southwest

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Made Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

75

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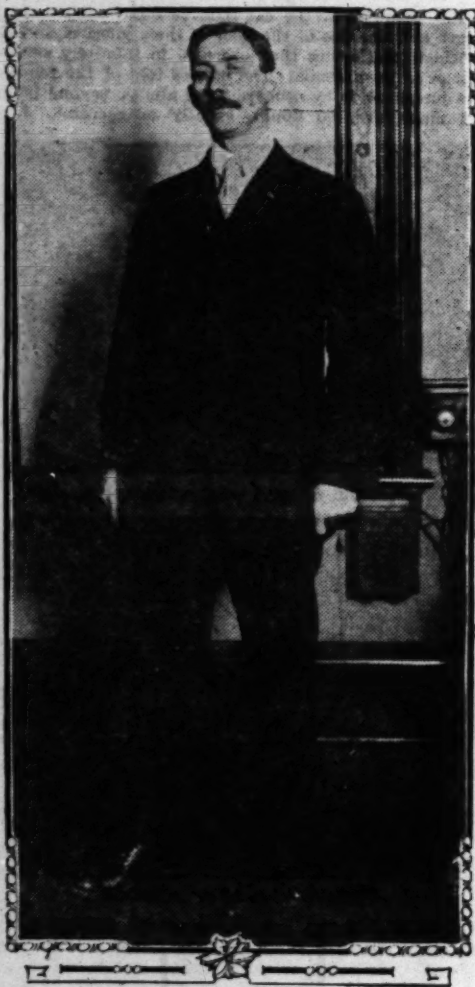
That was Hicks' start in making the children in the Cleveland schools better spellers, and he made it by centering the children's attention on the work. He didn't tell them the importance of being good spellers, but he aroused their interest by arousing their pride and competition. A rivalry that grew to be not unlike the rivalry between school football teams. Contests have

been held ever since in the schools, an inter-school contest is being held four times a year. In the first contest, the eighth grade of one school missed an average, per pupil, of one and one-half words out of the 120 words to be spelled orally and in writing. Since that time the number of words given in each contest has been doubled and in the corresponding contest in 1907, one year after the inauguration of the idea, the same grade missed .483 words per pupil, less than a half-word.

"Catch words," the delight of the old-fashioned teacher, have been eliminated in the new system. Hicks believes that the child should be first taught a vocabulary of words in ordinary use—taught first how to spell a word correctly, then taught its meaning, its derivation, its use in sentences, until all of its forms are instantly familiar. That is the basis of his system.

To illustrate his method, Hicks has written a spelling-book in which only 312 words are intensively taught each year. That, he says, is all the average child should be expected to learn thoroughly. These words are the words in common use that are most commonly misspelled. The book covers six school years, making only 1872 words a child is expected to give real attention to in a full elementary course. More words are in the book. In fact, the book provides a vocabulary of almost 8000. But the remainder are given for practice work only. Unworthy easy words and unworthy difficult ones are eliminated.

In compiling this book Hicks took the words he found



WARREN E. HICKS.

the children in the schools most generally misspelled. And instead of teaching ten to thirty words a day as the old methods prescribed, he teaches two. These two words are emphasized in his system. They comprise the lesson. They are taught thoroughly by the instructor. Eight words are given for review the same day. Next day the two words intensively taught the day before go into the review column, and two new words are emphasized.

Every Monday morning, the ten words, two each day, taught the week before, are put into one review lesson and the process is repeated. In eight weeks of school days, the child has been thoroughly taught eighty words, and a contest is held in which these eighty words are used. The records show that in these contests practically every child has a perfect mark. This is accounted for by the fact that the brain is not crammed with new and strange words every day. The new words do not tend to frighten a child where ten would, and he is sure to know the two when he finishes with them, while he might be utterly confused when confronted with ten, is the Hicks argument.

The efficacy of the system was proved recently in Cleveland when a list of words was given the pupils of all the seventh grades of the city. It was found that the words gave the pupils in two schools, largely composed of Jewish children, 12,800 chances to make mistakes. When the results of the test were tabulated, it was discovered that one boy in each school made one error.

As an aid in keeping trace of the work of the children in the schools, Hicks has in his office in school headquarters complete lists of the words with which the children have trouble. In the inter-school contests, held four times a year, a portion of these words form the list given for oral and written spelling.

When the team of Cleveland children won the spelling championship at the N.E.A. Convention, they had to

spell a list of what is considered by educators the best collection of ordinary words ever prepared for test purposes. The list was compiled by Prof. L. C. Lord, president of the State Normal School at Champaign, Ill.; Miss Adelaide S. Baylor, superintendent of the city schools, Wabash, Ind.; President H. B. Brown of the University of Valparaiso, of Valparaiso, Ind., and Hon. M. S. Stone, State Superintendent of Instruction of Vermont. Hicks has taken this list as the finest that can be compiled, and has made it the final test of the pupils that will use his new book.

RAE D. HENKLE.

QUEER DREAM EXPERIENCES.

STRANGE RAPIDITY WITH WHICH EVENTS HAPPEN IN NIGHT VISIONS.

[Outing:] A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end, and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass," is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute—in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second, we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in this objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years. Count Lavallette relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes. In a more recent experiment—made expressly to test the truth of these theories—the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet, in that incalculably brief space of time, the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and, during the long struggle to escape death that followed, all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Prof. Titchener, of Cornell University, tells with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he has interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details, and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive at the positive causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it. Then went back to sleep again. The next morning he arose and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night he again wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or if not with that with his second dream. Subsequently this strong ante-sleeping command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awoken and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table. It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.

A Quick Change Artist.

Quick change artists of animaldom are the chameleons, the strangest of pets. Nevertheless, they are not always what they seem. Popular imagination has assigned to the chameleon the power of changing through all the colors of the rainbow, but its actual performance falls short of this, some colors being quite beyond its powers.

However, these bizarre little animals can pass through a series of yellows, grays, greens, browns to almost black. Moreover, they can accomplish that feat which is beyond the ingenuity of the leopard, for they can and do change the color of their spots. The main factors that cause the rapid changes are anger, excitement, fear, warmth, cold and death.

In the full blaze of the summer sun the chameleon assumes a blackish hue, with pale, pinkish yellow spots, and a central stripe. A quaint, archaic appearance, the creation of some monkish sculptor, is presented by the chameleon, which looks like some stone devil of Notre Dame or some survivor of a remote geologic age. His toes in their arrangement of three on one side and two on the other of each hand and foot are singularly suggestive of a bird, as is also the manner in which they grasp the bough upon which the chameleon is resting or climbing.

The constantly changing facial expressions are quaint and laughable. There always lurks an aspect of sardonic humor around the lines of the mouth. And this is greatly increased by the weird effects of the independently moving eyes.—[Chicago Tribune.]

FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERDS WATCH.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

The building as designed, contains plates a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone.

The California Lion.

INTERESTING FACTS CONCERNING
THE BIG COUGAR.

By a Special Contributor.

PROBABLY no animal in America, large or small, is known under so great a variety of names as the cougar, or mountain lion, of California. In the Northwest he is called lion and "sneak cat;" in the East and Southeast, panther and "painter;" in the Southwest and Mexico, Mexican lion; and in Central and South America, puma, tiger and a variety of Spanish names.

This assortment of names for the cougar is possibly due, as in the case of his human brother, to his notoriously bad character; for it is a fact that the police dockets show that the criminal with the worst record is almost invariably the one with the greatest number of aliases. Certain it is that his character is bad; not the big, bluff, open badness of the grizzly, nor yet the cunning, half-playful badness of the fox, but a mean, sneaking, cowardly and often vindictive badness that is strictly his own.

Almost impossible to hunt by stealth and take unawares, he is himself the most stealthy of hunters, and never takes his prey but by surprise. He is admirably fitted to pursue and avoid pursuit. So soft of foot is he that he runs over the dried leaves of the cottonwood and sycamore without making a sound. He has none of the jerkiness of other quadrupeds in walking, but moves with a stealthy, gliding step that carries him on with the swift, smooth, undulating movement of a



Study of California Lion.

snake. Of a uniform color from tip to tip, save for a slight shading on back and belly, he presents little to distinguish him from the fawn and brown of the rocks and dead grasses and leaves over which he prefers to move. But the greatest difficulty in the way of hunting him by ordinary methods lies in the fact that he almost never goes by day from his lair in a cave or dense thicket. Often, when he has gorged himself on a cow or deer, he will lie for three or four days without seeking food or drink. His ability to endure hunger and thirst is remarkable, particularly in the arid regions, where scarcity of water makes scarcity of prey. It is asserted by close observers that on the desert he will often go for a week without either food or water, and yet show the lack of neither in his appearance.

On the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and in fact everywhere in California where the cougar makes his lair in striking distance of a settled country, he feeds principally upon stock killed and carried from the foothill ranches. Young pigs are his favorite piece of resistance, and it is due to his weakness for them that he is most often detected and shot. Owing to the fleshiness of a pig's neck, its wind is not so easily shut off in the grip of the powerful jaws as is that of many larger animals, and squeals and commotion in the pig pen will bring out a mountain rancher with his shotgun more quickly than any other alarm.

Lambs and calves also suffer heavily from cougars, and even the old animals are not exempt from his attack. Where the animal killed is too heavy to carry off, the lion drinks his fill of blood, usually sucking from the jugulars in the throat. If there is not enough blood to satisfy him, he will lunch further upon the carcass itself, picking about and eating only the choice portions. Once leaving a carcass he rarely returns to it except in seasons of scant food conditions, and many a lion-killed cow and deer is left for the coyotes to banquet on. In fact, if anything at all is caught in a trap set upon the carcass of an animal killed by a cougar, nine times out of ten it will be a coyote.

Deer are usually killed from ambush, most often being sprung upon from a tree and borne down to their deaths with a pair of cruel jaws biting through their spines and the claws of an equally cruel pair of legs tearing their flanks to ribbons. Deer are sometimes pursued in the open, and neither black-tail nor white-tail, nor even the fleet-footed antelope, can escape the dash of a full-grown male or female cougar. The latter's agility is reckoned no less than that of the cheetah, the famed Indian hunting leopard, and outweighing, as it does, all members of the cat tribe save the African lion and the tiger, the impact from his spring is something tremendous. Two Wyoming hunters tell of seeing a full-grown buffalo cow knocked to the ground by an infuriated mother mountain lion, whose lair the latter had unwittingly approached. The buffalo succeeded in shaking off its assailant, which was shot by the hunters.

In California the cougar is known to attack all kinds of big game with the exception of the grizzly. A long-horned steer will overmatch him, but an ordinary cow falls easy prey if the lion is hungry or fierce enough to

persist in its attack. A big black-tail buck will make a good fight if its horns are out, but without them, or if they are only in the velvet, his shirt is but short. In Montana and Wyoming, lions occasionally attack elk, moose and mountain sheep. The males protect themselves without much difficulty, but females and young of all three are killed in great numbers. It is estimated, in fact, that in recent years, since the stringent enforcement of the game laws, more game is killed by mountain lions than by men in these States.

As the male cougar always hunts alone, except at mating time, it has not the opportunity to display the "team work" in running down its prey that has been observed in bands of coyotes. Rather, it must depend upon its own individual agility and strength. The latter, strange as it may seem from the build of the animal, is in proportion to the former. They have often been seen carrying off animals larger than themselves, sometimes carrying the burden in the mouth with the head held high, or if too heavy for that, slinging it back across the shoulder and trotting off with it as a man carries a sack of potatoes. Not long ago a rancher in San Luis Obispo shot a female lion that weighed in the vicinity 100 pounds, that had killed and was carrying off a calf of more than double that weight. The plucky animal had covered two miles—all uphill—with the carcass before she was shot, and just after starting with this burden she was seen to leap cleanly over a five-rail fence.

Scientists have declared that the wonderful agility of the members of the cat tribe is due to the unusual length and fineness of the fiber of their muscles, in both of which particulars they are said to infinitely surpass man or other animals. The stories told of the remarkable jumps made by cougars seem almost beyond belief, and many are, no doubt, grossly exaggerated. It is



Tame South American cougar.



Mountain lion of Alaska

claimed that a lion running from the hounds in the mountains back of Santa Barbara leaped a clear sixty feet from the brink of one side of a ravine, which was perpendicular, to the other side, which was on a slope. The flying animal struck on a slide of rock at a point estimated to be about twenty feet lower than the one from which it jumped, and was so much jarred that it fell while endeavoring to climb into an oak a few hundred yards farther up the mountain, and was torn to pieces by the dogs. The fact that the jump was downhill would make it seem a possibility that sixty feet in a lineal direction was covered.

Almost all writers on the subject are agreed that cougars will not take the trouble to hunt small game, though they are said to feed occasionally on foxes and porcupines if nothing else offers. Chickens are generally considered immune as far as lions are concerned, and farmers only calculate on guarding against coyotes and wild cats. An exception to this rule, however, fell under my notice on a ranch in the Simi Valley of Ventura county last winter. The farmers in the vicinity were raising chickens and turkeys quite extensively, and with ten-foot meshed wire fences interlaced with barbed wire, and with the boards of their houses covered also with wire mesh, felt confident that their poultry was safe against any four-footed creature that might come down from the rugged, brushy mountains to the north. But one night a great commotion was heard in one of the hen houses, and the men rushed out to find several dozen dead chickens, the yard and house intact, and nothing to show what was responsible for the trouble. This was repeated several times, always at different ranches, and still no clue was left as to what kind of a beast could get over a ten-foot fence without leaving some mark of its coming and going. Never once was a chicken found eaten, nor were feathers found near by to indicate that any had been carried off. The animal seemed to simply run amuck and claw and bite the terrified poultry for its own amusement. Finally the farmers took to covering with wire the portions of their hen houses inside the fence, as they had done with the exposed sides, and the depredations ceased.

About this time I was spending a week at one of the

ranches, hunting quail. One night, just as we had put out the lights, we heard the family dog, a young one, come whimpering across the yard and scratch at the back door for admittance. A moment later there came a bump and a crash from the chicken coop, and a bedlam of squawks and cackles, rising above the noise of 200 pairs of wings beating against the sides and roof of the little building. I was still dressed, and picking up my shotgun, burst from the door, closely followed by the farmer and his son. The moon was more than three-quarters full and shone brightly on the scene of war, revealing at once a board ripped from the side of the coop that opened into the wire-fenced yard. I rushed up to the fence, out of this opening shot a long yellow body and, without seeming to touch the ground, flew full into the side of the doubly-staked and barbed wire netting. The latter threw the animal off like a catapult, and it darted back into the screaming side of the coop, where we heard it land with a thump against the farther side. Out it came again, wild with terror, and this time I gave it both barrels of No. 4 through the wire. Bang! Bang! boomed the farmer's gun behind me, and bang! bang! and again bang! echoed the half-filled magazine of the boy's pump gun—charges of bird shot in all, fired at under ten feet. The more the gleam of yellow flashed against the wire, the more it was sent sprawling. Then it came straight at us, and we all three beat a hasty retreat with flattened itself against the wire and bit and clawed desperately at the unyielding meshes. Suddenly the yellow eyes caught sight of the top of the lion's head, and it dropped back to the ground, crouched for a moment, and then went sailing—no other word quite doing justice to that easy leap-off, and out, and back to the hills.

There was a big hunt the next day in which the whole countryside joined, but the midnight moon was never again sighted. It had evidently entered the yard by jumping over the coop, and in its efforts to enter the latter had clawed off a loose board. When discovered, it was unable, in its fright, to locate the end of the wire to jump at, and as a consequence spent a disagreeable minute or two in the yard. Why the lion small as it was, did not have more effect at the range, I am at a loss to understand, unless it was the most of it, owing to our excitement, went wild. I saw a large dog accidentally killed by a charge of salt discharged at about the same distance at which I shot the lion, and unless we shot wide of our mark the latter must have been sorely wounded, which presently he was not. About thirty chickens were killed in the brief space of time that the lion was in the yard. The enclosure was about twenty feet square and high, and I have often thought since what a fine idea the biograph people missed in not having been able to expose a film on that fiend of a lion as he raged and lashed about him in that almost solid mass of suffering fowls.

There is a popular idea that the cry of the cougar resembles that of a child in distress. I have heard the cry of that animal on a dozen occasions in half a dozen different sections of the country, and if the popular belief is well founded, I will only say that the child's cry is in very great distress, and that I hope never to encounter a nursery full of them. The cry is really as piercing as the sound made by an electric car in rounding a sharp and insufficiently-greased curve, and is almost as loud. The sound is of about the same quality as the wall of an ordinary tom cat on his hind legs, and bears about the same ratio in volume to that of the latter as its maker does to the tom in the house. Any fear it will engender, however, must be imagined for danger to a man from a cougar there is none.

This brings up the question as to whether or not a cougar, unprovoked, will attack a man. There are practically no well-authenticated instances to show that it will. A case is sighted of a negro that was killed in Mississippi many years ago by a panther, and in Montana and Wyoming one often hears tales of lion attacks on lone travelers for miles and finally coming ahead, ambushing, and killing them. It is difficult to trace one of these stories down, though it is a common occurrence for a cougar to dog a man's footsteps and approach quite near if the country is rough or brushy. A butcher in Calaveras county, in this State, was carrying a quarter of beef behind him as he rode his one town to another, just at dusk. Suddenly there came a rush from the roadside and a cougar sprang upon the meat, and by its own weight and through the plumes of the frightened horse succeeded in dragging it to the ground. As soon as the intrepid butcher could reach his horse he returned to the spot of the attack and dispatched the foolish brute, who steadfastly refused to leave its plunder, with his cleaver. The animal proved to be a young one, hardly half-grown, and had not been learned where and when to fear.

There probably are cases where men have been attacked by cougars, but they are not numerous enough to do more than prove the rule to the contrary. The animal so often follows on man's trail in the brush, likely due to an inherent desire to shed blood, that it is somewhat more than neutralized by an inherent aversion to blood.

Perhaps the favorite prey of the cougar is a sheep, either recently killed or totally disabled. On a ranch once made down the Lower Colorado River I saw a couple of fine old steers that had become mired in a deep rut, and were being hauled out by a team of mules. The first cattle camp I at once reported the fact, and set out to the rescue of the unfortunate animals. A mule team and drag chains. We came upon the steers, the mired beasts, a huge red "stag," and after making him around the horns, succeeded in dragging him free. The vaqueros in charge of the work called my attention to a multitude of tracks along the bank, and verging and intermingling at the point where the steers were stuck. As we rode on to the next bend, where the

(CONTINUED ON 8TH PAGE)

Col. Torrence.

HE ATTENDS A REMARKABLE
YEAR'S PARTY IN PASADENA

By a Special Contributor.

COL. TORRENCE attended the Tournament of Roses; probably he went over to Pasadena in an automobile, for the colonel's round figure is not that occupies too much valuable space in a motor car. He says he had a fine time—boredom who didn't? The races and sports in the afternoon aroused his interest, but it was over the morning that he waxed most eloquent.

"California flowers and California girls—you know them! Every one that has lived in this State for a year knows that, but they know better to express their sentiments now. That parade has moved the Sphinx to speak. Yet I learned how to distinguish a recent easterner from a Californian."

"How?"

"The easterners used up all their expressions of admiration on the first quarter of a mile of the parade, and thereafter simply stood with open mouths, eyes, looking what their tongues could not say."

"Which young lady in all that galaxy of beauty you consider the handsomest—that is, which by your sensibilities the hardest, Colonel?" I asked.

"You think you are rather a shrewd one, don't you, trying to pump me that way? Who put you wise, I know nothing except what your reputation has made me suspect. Come through with the story."

"I reckon I might as well; it grows better with telling," he replied with a chuckle.

"Somehow I got separated from my own friends, and when the machine I went over to the Tournament, the parade started, and so I wandered disconsolately through the crowd on Colorado street, seeking a place to bring up. Finally I found a bunch of boys, home on a vacation, I suppose, lined up along the curb—giving their yell and having general high jinks. It appeared an entertaining place to stop, so I joined them once or twice, and then joined in on the yell. I was instantly admitted to full membership in the bunch."

"We did full justice to everything in that parade, especially to the pretty girls. It's a good bet none of us got a more rousing reception anywhere along the line. The girls returned the compliment by throwing flowers to us. I, myself, captured a fine big red carnation and pinned it to my coat lapel."

"That was the most striking turn-out in the world," the colonel broke the thread of his narrative suddenly to ask:

"You mean the one decorated with red and white carnations?" I answered.

"Silently we shook hands, and then the colonel went on:

"You have a discriminating eye. I wonder if it was the turn-out or the girl driving, which made you so keen?"

"Well, this rig came along and my boys went mad; they were their college colors, and they made a racket that would have put a boiler factory to shame. The girls' cheeks became almost as red as her carnations, and how her eyes did shine! She was mighty pleased, and while it may sound like conceit, I think she was more pleased with me than with any of the rest. My white carnation contrasting with the red carnation on my coat, presented the same colors as her tandem, and she brought up a small bouquet of the red and white flowers and tossed them toward me, but one of the college boys was too lively, and caught them before I could. The red and white rig disappeared down the line of march, and the bunch gathered around the lucky man with the bouquet. He had found a card in its center. On the card was a young lady's name and a number on Orange Grove avenue. Something was written on the reverse side; you better believe we were not long in finding out what it was. It said:

"Come and see me tonight. Come to the summer house in the garden at 8:10."

"That was enough to make any crowd of live boys do some scuffling for the ownership of the card—the only way they could finally settle the question was to decide to all go, myself included. We were to meet across the street from the girl's number at 8 o'clock and go over together."

"By this time the parade had passed, and as I heard some one say part of it could be seen again by hurrying over to the Tournament Park, I rushed along on the back streets. Two young fellows just in front of me as I walked were having an animated discussion about something."

"Let me see it again," one of them said, and the other handed over a white card, ladies' size.

"Right-oh," she says; at the summer-house. Why do you suppose she is so explicit as to time?" said one of them.

"A bit of an eye opener, wasn't it? Naturally I crowded up close enough not to lose a word."

"That isn't the question," said the other. "The question is, which of us is going? I'll give you five bucks for your share in this pasteboard."

"It isn't for sale. Let's flip a coin and settle the matter right now."

"I passed them as they were thus deciding the momentous question."

"Luckily I reached the door of the Tournament Park before the girl did. From my vantage point I saw her

lead a little bunch of carnations to a young buck

January 17, 19

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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night. Just as we had put
family dog, a young setter,
yard and scratch at the
moment later there came
chicken coop, and then a
rising above the sound
against the sides and roof
still dressed, and picking
door, closely followed by
the moon was more than
brightly on the seat of
ripped from the side of
wire-fenced yards. As I
this opening shot a long
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doubly-staked and braced
the animal off like a
into the screaming din of
and with a thump against
again, wild with terror,
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ed the farmer's gun be-
again bang! exhausted
boy's pump gun—seven
at under ten feet. One
ed against the wire, and
z. Then it came straight
a hasty retreat while it
and bit and clawed at
ashes. Suddenly the re-
the top of the hen coop
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other word quite does
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ment, went wild. I was
led by a charge of red
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not wide of our mark the
wounded, which ap-
chickens were killed in
e lion was in the
feet square and ten
since what a fine chance
not having been able to
lion as he raged around
most solid mass of fat-

the cry of the cougar re-
I have heard the cry
anxious in half as many
and if the popular be-
say that the child must
that I hope never to en-
The cry is really as
an electric car in round-
reased curve, and is al-
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the cougar is a star-
disabled. On a trip to
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enough. On reaching
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fortunate with a few
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be work called my at-
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point where the stream
next bend, where my

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"Indeed I might as well; it grows better with repeti-
tion," he replied with a chuckle.

"When I got separated from my own friends, in
the machine I went over to the Tournament, before
the parade started, and so I wandered disconsolately
through the crowd on Colorado street, seeking a good
place to bring up. Finally I found a bunch of college
boys on a vacation, I suppose, lined up along the
sidewalk, their yell and having general high jinks.
I secured an entertaining place to stop, so I 'min-
uted' to know I am quite a boy myself. I listened
once or twice, and then joined in on the yell; of
course I was instantly admitted to full membership in
the bunch."

"I did full justice to everything in that parade,
especially to the pretty girls. It's a good bet none of
them had a more rousing reception anywhere along the
route. The girls returned the compliment by throwing
flowers at me. I, myself, captured a fine big red carna-
tion and pinned it to my coat lapel."

"That was the most striking turn-out in the whole
parade," the colonel broke the thread of his narrative
to ask.

"I mean the one decorated with red and white car-
nations," I answered.

"Indeed we shook hands, and then the colonel went
on."

"You have a discriminating eye. I wonder if it was
the girl driving, which made you say

"Well, this rig came along and my boys went mad; it
was their college colors, and they made a racket that
could have put a boiler factory to shame. The girl's
face became almost as red as her carnations, and
her eyes did shine! She was mighty pleased, and
it may sound like conceit. I think she was more
pleased with me than with any of the rest. My white
coat contrasting with the red carnation on my coat
buttoned the same colors as her tandem, and she no-
ticed me. Reaching to the bottom of the carriage, she
handed me a small bouquet of the red and white flowers
and then turned toward me, but one of the college boys
was lively, and caught them before I could. The
red and white rig disappeared down the line of march
and the bunch gathered around the lucky man with the
flowers. He had found a card in his center. On the
card was a young lady's name and a number on Orange
street. Something was written on the reverse
of the card. You better believe we were not long in finding out
it was. It said:

"Come and see me tonight. Come to the summer-
house in the garden at 8:10."

"That was enough to make any crowd of live boys
scrapping for the ownership of the card—the
boys say they could finally settle the question was to
go to all go, myself included. We were to meet
on the street from the girl's number at 8 o'clock and
go together."

"At this time the parade had passed, and as I heard
no more of it I could be seen again by hurrying
to the Tournament Park, I rushed along on the
street. Two young fellows just in front of me
were having an animated discussion about
the parade."

"Let me see it again," one of them said, and the
other handed over a white card, ladies' size.

"I suppose she is so explicit as to time?" said one
of them.

"It is an eye opener, wasn't it? Naturally I
went up close enough not to lose a word."

"That isn't the question," said the other. "The
question is, which of us is going? I'll give you five
cents for your share in this pastebord."

"I'll take it for sale. Let's flip a coin and settle the
question."

"I tossed them as they were thus deciding the mo-
tion."

"Indeed I reached the door of the Tournament Park
at the girl's did. From my vantage point I saw her
lead a bunch of carnations to a young buck

mounted on a beautiful horse. With equal interest I
saw him read the card concealed therein and beheld the
smile he wore afterward. The plot was thickening.

"In the grand stand at the chariot races I sat next
Charley Hendricks. Charley is a nice boy, but he is
rather too inclined to brag about his prowess with the
ladies. Said he:

"I made a mash on the prettiest girl in the parade,
today."

"You're a lucky boy," I answered. "But how do you
know you made a mash on her?"

"Because I've got a date with her at 7:50 this even-
ing."

"Was it the girl who drove the rig decorated with
red and white carnations?" I inquired.

"How did you know?" Charley was somewhat sur-
prised at the old man. Wonder if he thought I was re-
sponsible for the date?

"Evidently festivities were to begin early. At 7:15
that evening I climbed the steps of the girl's beautiful
home and sent my card up to the young lady. She re-
ceived me, and, I saw, recognized me as one of her gal-
lants of the morning. I went straight to the point."

"I hope you will pardon my audacity, Miss Mortim-
er," I said, "but if you have ever heard of me you
know I am an interested observer of the heart affairs of
the young. I have called to ask if you will not allow
me to be present at a few of the receptions this even-
ing."

"I see you have detected my coquettish industry of
this morning and I saw those boys deprive you of your
invitation," she answered, laughing; "so as a special re-
ward you shall see the whole proceeding. It begins at
7:30."

"The bunch of boys I was with this morning will all
be here on their schedule time," I said.

"Oh mercy!" she exclaimed, "only one of them can
come or it will spoil everything. Can't you stop them?"

"I made my own position more secure by saying I
would see that only one came. Then the girl and I went
out to the summer-house, the girl saying, as we went
along:

"I shall use you for a special purpose, so be sure to
play up to my cues."

"We had only a moment to wait before we heard soft
steps coming up the path and some one whistled."

"Is it you?" was Miss Mortimer's non-committal ques-
tion.

"It is, Oh fair one!" answered a male voice—here was
a man who could enter into the spirit of the thing."

"Come, come quickly to the steps," this from the
girl. "You would know me, be my friend?" she went on.

"I would, most lovely creature!"

"Are you prepared to undergo a test as to your fit-
ness?"

"Any test," came the firm answer.

"You will obey all my commands?"

"I will."

"You may then enter, place yourself before my god-
father, who is within, and if he nods acquiescence, you
will follow whither I lead."

"The first victim came in and stood before me. I
looked him over with theoretic attention and nodded.

"The girl led the way out the other entrance and toward
the big house, I bringing up the rear. There she led us
into a long room across one end of which hung a heavy
black curtain. Through the curtain projected innumera-
ble pairs of feminine hands. Miss Mortimer explained:

"You now behold the hands of fifteen of my maids.
You will choose here the pair of hands which you con-
sider most resemble my own. When you have found your
choice, which you must do in exactly three min-
utes, you will take those hands in your own and give
three squeezes. A number will then be given you by
the maid whose hands you have squeezed, which num-
ber you will keep. If you have chosen the proper pair
you will have passed the first test for a further ac-
quaintance with me."

"It took the victim less than a minute to find a pair
of hands which suited him. The girl rang a bell, and
a negro flunky came in.

"Henry, you will conduct this gentleman to the
place which has been prepared," she said, while Henry
grinned all over. "And you," she went on to the vic-
tim, "will there wait the decision of this question, which
will take some time. I charge you solemnly, lest you
break the charm, that you say nothing of this to any
one whom you may chance to encounter."

"Man Number One went off in Henry's charge while
the girl and I went back to the summer-house. She ex-
plained that she had instructed Henry to take the gen-
tleman to the billiard room. I saw the next two candi-
dates through the first degree (they came at ten-minute
intervals) and then went across the street to argue with
the college boys, but I might have spared myself the
trouble, for they had been shaking dice all afternoon
and the winner was the only one in evidence. Every
time a man had gone through the hand ceremony one
of the pairs of hands dropped out of the game. By 9
o'clock we had fifteen impatient young men smoking in
the billiard-room upstairs and eyeing one another with
marked suspicion. It speaks well for the size of that
Tournament crowd that not one of the fifteen knew one
of his companions. When the last arrival had been on
hand about ten minutes Henry pompously announced:

"Yo' will fo'm in line and follow me."

"They followed downstairs to the big room again.
There awaiting them were fifteen masked young ladies
standing in line. Miss Mortimer said:

"Gentlemen, will you please endeavor to identify
the pair of hands which you have previously chosen."

"Looks hard, doesn't it? But it wasn't; each girl
wore a ring on which was the number she had pre-
viously given the young man. I never saw fifteen em-
barrassed boys in one room before. It was the biggest
New Year's hoax that ever I ran up against. The girl
saved fifteen lives when she said:

"If the gentlemen will unmask their partners we
will walk out to supper. You will know one another

by numbers tonight, instead of by names."

"But who took the girl of the red and white out, Col-
onel?" I inquired.

"My boy, the colonel is not too old a bird to find
favor with a young lady of spirit enough to carry
through a party like that." And the old sinner went
off with a self-satisfied smile.

BOB FOOTE.

UNDER FIVE FLAGS.

IT TAKES THAT MANY TO RUN SMALL BUT TUR-
BULENT CRETE.

To the southward, its green-clad, snow-capped moun-
tains rising from a turquoise sea, lay Crete, the island
of mythology and massacre. It was a picture of sun-
shine and animation, of vivid colors and strange peo-
ples such as one seldom sees except in some gorgeously-
staged comic opera.

But even as this was in my mind, says a writer in
the Travel Magazine, a gun boomed out from a crum-
bling bastion and five little balls ran up five flagstaffs
standing in a row on the uppermost ramparts and broke
out into five flags.

The morning breeze caught up their folds and held
them straight out as though for our benefit, so that we
could make them out quite plainly. Four of them were
old friends that I had encountered on all of the seven
seas—the Union Jack and the Tricolor and the St. An-
drew's cross of Russia and the red, white and green
banner of Italy—but the fifth flag, which flew somewhat
higher than the others, was of unfamiliar design; the
single blood-red square, however, bounded by the Greek
cross and bearing the gleaming star of Bethlehem, told
its own story, and I knew it for the flag of Crete.

I knew that there was deep significance in the design
of that unknown flag and in the position of the four
familiar ones that flew below it, for they signalled to all
the world that the Turk had been driven out, never to
return; that Christianity had triumphed over Moham-
medanism and that the cross had indeed replaced the
crescent; that the centuries of massacre were now but
memories; that peace in the guise of foreign soldiery
had for a time at least found an abiding-place in Crete,
and most significant of all, that the strange flag with
the single star would be upheld if necessary by the
mightiest array of bayonets and battleships in all Chris-
tendom.

Canea, which is the seat of government, is the most
picturesquely cosmopolitan spot west of Suez. It is
equidistant from the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa,
it has a mild and equable climate, living is cheap, there
is a large garrison of foreign soldiery, there are no ex-
tradition treaties in force, and trouble of one kind and
another is always brewing.

Like a magnet, therefore, Canea has attracted the
scum and offscouring of all the Levant—needy soldiers
of fortune, professional revolution-makers, smooth-
spoken gamblers and confidence men, rouged and powdered
women of easy virtue from east and west, Egyptian
donkey boys, out-at-elbows dragomen who speak a score
of tongues and hail from no one knows where—all that
rabble of the needy, the adventurous and the desperate
which follow the armies of occupation and are always to
be found on the fringe of civilization.

Autocrat of Paris Flat.

The "conciierge" is considered to be the bane of the
Parisian flat dweller's existence. His functions are
supposed to be the following:

The first and most important is to collect the rent on
quarter day; after that he must see that the tenants do
not surreptitiously remove. The latter precaution seems
to be somewhat unnecessary, as rents in Paris are al-
ways paid in advance.

He should also bring up your letters at least twice a
day, but as the conciierge is generally a stout, middle-
aged woman who has a decided objection to climbing
stairs, the latter regulation remains somewhat of a dead
letter.

In Paris, the front door of most houses is generally
closed at 10 o'clock; after that time, admittance can
only be obtained by ringing a bell. The conciierge is
obliged to open the door, and she does this, as soon as
she is awake, by pulling a rope which hangs by her bed-
side.

If she is a sound sleeper and you are accustomed to
come home late at night, the best thing to do is to look
for another flat, as the conciierge will put you down as
a "bad tenant," and make things as unpleasant for you
as possible.

If you never stop out late at night, receive very few
friends and see her heavily at Christmas, the conciierge
will consider you as a "good tenant" until you give no-
tice to leave, when her interest in you suddenly van-
ishes.

As there is nothing more to be expected from you
and the incoming tenant is obliged to give a substantial
tip called a "denier à Dieu," she is anxious to "speed the
parting guest" as much as possible.

The conciierge does sometimes make a final effort to
extract something more from you by attempting to
make you pay one franc for every nail knocked in the
walls of your flat, but this has been decided to be ille-
gal and may be safely resisted.

But the Parisian conciierge is really unpopular because
she represents a landlord.—[London Daily Mail.

THE MIRROR.

Reflecting faces hour by hour,
Reflecting tempers, sweet or sour;
Reflecting life as it passes by,
Reflecting smiles—perchance a sigh!
Reflections only—no imprint made;
No subconscious cell to be its aid;
No resurrections—only blanks
For which it has our sincere thanks!

ALLIE M. HARRIS

PAGE 1

the train by Engineer St. M. Thang

many more would have been injured

the train by Engineer St. M. Thang

many more would have been injured

I groped about and found two

boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.

The building as designed

plates a twelve-story, steel

The Fatal Card.

A STRONG AND THRILLING STORY
OF THE APACHE RANGE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE regimental band had ceased its serenade. The soldiers were moving rapidly across the parade ground. They wanted the genial seclusion of their cosy quarters.

Far out across the arid waste of alkali came the lingering echo of a wolf howl. Down the row of the barracks was heard the thrumming of a mandolin—fainter and fainter—till its sound died away.

The peaceful hush was broken by the wild fury of a fractious horse and its accompanying and picturesque profanity.

Col. Mortimer opened the rear door impatiently, and almost fell over the body of an Indian that crouched just outside the door.

Silently and stolidly the Indian gazed at him.

"Oh, it's you, White Wolf, is it?" said the colonel.

"What's the matter now?"

The Indian straightened himself like a lithe, cat-like animal, and stood erect.

"White Wolf friend of great paleface. One more sun and Geronimo's warriors take warpath. Big ghost lance tonight."

The Indian looked, with strange calmness, beyond him all the while. In that fine air of stolid indifference, he threw his great blanket about him and strode out across the parade grounds to the stables.

A little later, the colonel stepped into the shadows of the front veranda and said: "Lenore, are you there?"

Two figures rose from their chairs out in the shadows. "Yes, daddy, won't you join us?"

"No, I reckon not—I was wondering what you had planned for tomorrow."

"We were just talking about that very thing. Mr. Lennox suggests that we take an early start and picnic in the foothills tomorrow."

"It would suit me charmingly," said Lennox. "If it is agreeable."

"What's the matter with making a start early enough to take in the old Aztec ruins? It's half-way up the range, but you get a view of the country for miles and miles around."

"That's great!" said Lennox. "Tell me more about that, please." Moving all the while, they found themselves now inside the living-room.

"There's nothing more—only that tradition says this high plateau is where the Aztecs offered their human sacrifices. I'll give you an escort. You must rise early, for the place is thirty miles away."

One hour later the colonel found his daughter alone in her room. The lights shimmered in the soldiers' quarters.

"Well, girlie," as the indulgent father turned her to the light where he could look into her sweet face—"what have the days brought you?"

She smiled out of the depths of her fondness. "The days couldn't bring me any more, so far as you are concerned, daddy."

With an abstraction in his face that Lenore had never seen before, the colonel stammered out: "I wonder—I was just wondering if you are going to be very, very happy?"

"Well, now—did you ever? Daddy!" and Lenore laughed wildly. "My big old soldier boy—my dear old daddy is getting jealous. Mr. Lennox went with us everywhere in Europe. I met his people over there, and—and, I am fond of him. Daddy, take those old creases out of your chin and kiss your baby a great big good-night."

Halting for a moment at the foot of the stairs, Lenore suddenly asked: "By the way, who is going to escort us?"

"I have told Lieut Marsden and Corporal 'Dutch' Sweeney to go with you."

Idly picking a stray thread from her skirt, she ventured to ask: "Why Lieut. Marsden?"

"He's a brave, good officer—and knows every foot of the trail through the mountains. Why not, child?"

"Oh, nothing, daddy. I just wondered if you had any special reason for choosing him. Good-night, daddy."

In the far east the first sapphire glow was beginning to tinge the hill-tops. The glistening stars still shone out—cold and steadfast. The high ranges held the valley in the clasp of their deep shadows. Across the desert came the yawning of the coyotes now slinking back to their hiding-places. Two men stood like impassive statues in front of Col. Mortimer's quarters.

"There's a light upstairs. It's time they were up," growled the corporal.

"No rush, 'Dutch,'" replied Marsden. "They're up sooner than I expected."

"Is that the fellow what Miss Lenore is going to marry?"

"I believe so. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I'm sorry—that's all."

There was a pause. "Dutch" Sweeney seemed to feel the officer's questioning gaze, and he continued:

"He may be a gentleman and all that, but I don't believe he's got the real British spirit. I'm thinking it would kill Miss Lenore to find a cowardly streak in her lover. She's bred in the purple—the kind what dies with a grin. I believe he'd hide if a danger pinched him."

"Dutch," you seem to be a whole lot interested in Miss Lenore."

"I am—and you used to be."

"So I did," laughed Marsden. "When I was at West Point she was in need of a playfellow. Now she will be

wealthy, have position, and all that sort of thing. I don't see—"

"Are you waiting, Lieutenant?" called a voice out of the morning gloom.

"All ready, Miss Lenore." Turning to Corporal Sweeney, he said: "Get the horses."

Gathering up her riding skirt, she hastily descended to where the lieutenant stood, silent and erect. Her companion followed. He took her dainty, gauntleted hand, and dropped it hastily.

"How are you, France?" she asked, with graceful ease. Had he been less nervous he might have noticed her forced calmness.

"Quite well, thank you," he replied. "May I hope for you a happy day?"

"Oh, I thank you. Lieut. Marsden, may I present to you Mr. Lennox?" They made a very formal bow just as "Dutch" came up with the horses.

"Isn't this a weird and wild adventure?" she said laughingly, "and leaving at such an unearthly hour!"

"Beastly, I call it," said Lennox. "What kind of a mount have they put off on me—one of those bucking broncos, I guess. Ah, is this it?" gazing at the little saddle that "Dutch" had brought him.

"Well, here goes," and he gracefully swung Lenore into the saddle.

She kept looking at the officer while he listlessly whipped the dust from his leggings. A sudden flush came to her cheeks, as though they were kissed by the first rays of the morning sun.

They had cantered for several miles. They stopped to give their horses a breathing spell. Out of the east the dawn was softly stealing. As with magic hand it kindled its glow fire on the heights. The distant gray-hooded peaks wore crowns of gold like the holy after splendor of a divine benediction.

The journey was resumed. "Dutch" had noticed the occasional glances of the girl toward the lieutenant as though she would speak to him. He, for some reason, got some distance in the lead.

"We'll be the same old friends, won't we, France?" she almost whispered for fear Lennox and "Dutch" might hear. But her face seemed pale now.

"Why—why of course, Lenore."

"Then, will you tell me why—why—why you don't like Mr. Lennox?" There was a challenge in her eyes. A deep crimson had stung his face. He gazed until under its piercing her countenance fell.

"I have just met him. Lenore, aren't you taking a good deal for granted?"

"Come, now," she demanded under her smiles. "I can tell something is wrong."

"Well, Lenore, since you force me to speak—I am insanely jealous of Lennox."

His eyes sought hers with a mocking smile. She surveyed him with a pretended indifference and spurred her horse on ahead.

The sun was now high in the heavens. Far above them a golden eagle screamed in its upward flight. There was not a breath of air. The—but look—

Marsden was dismounted, apparently examining his horse's fore foot, when his subordinate came up.

"Dutch" knew the meaning of his superior's look. He began to examine—their eyes met. It was a moccasin track. Lennox and Lenore were now some distance ahead.

"Hurry and join them," said Marsden. "Watch out sharply. I want to think this out."

He made no reply to Sweeney's inquiring gaze when he joined them. They tolled up the steep trail. They halted on a plateau. It was a level space about thirty feet in diameter, guarded on every side by granite walls about fifty feet high, except for the narrow entrance from which a gully ran and that was overgrown with brush. Under the silent guidance of the lieutenant, they descended slowly into this covert—for he knew the reason.

To the left a column of black smoke was ascending from the recesses of a wooded cañon. They had dismounted. Lennox and Lenore were lost in ecstasy over the beauty of the place—but Marsden and "Dutch" were talking in subdued tones.

"We ought to get out of here at once," said Marsden. "That smoke yonder is from the cabins on the placer claims in the Gulch. That's where those Apaches are. I guess they've broken out again. White Wolf told the colonel about that ghost dance. We must—"

Sweeney's horse leaped into the air with a human-like shriek. He sank to his knees again, rolled over—dead. A whip of brown hair fluttered to the ground—cut from over the brow of Lenore. Two horses, without riders, flew backward over the trail. Marsden barely saved his horse by a wild clutch at the bridle.

"Run for those rocks!" he yelled. Seeing that Lennox's face had turned like ashes, he wheeled quickly and said: "Take my horse, 'Dutch'; I'll look out for her!"

In the wild rush for the covert, there was a series of unearthly screeches and a perfect hail of bullets. They reached it.

Just in the opening, trained soldier-steed that he was, Marsden's war horse straightened out flatly on the ground in obedience to his master's order.

Two painted forms came dashing toward the opening, two quick reports, and the two redskins rolled far down the mountainside.

"That will stop the others for a while," said Marsden as he slipped the smoking revolver into its holster. He turned and saw Lenore gazing at him out of a new depth he could not fathom. Her face had grown white—but she seemed not afraid. Lennox had leaned against the rocks and covered his eyes with trembling hands. She caught Marsden's glance at Lennox. For the moment the wild war whoops had died away.

"Oh, you damned Injuns!" cried "Dutch" in an unusual volley of scenic words, quite forgetful of the girl, "y've killed the best pony a soldier ever rode. Wait till I—"

"Never mind that now, 'Dutch,'" ordered Marsden qu-

etly. "There's much to be done and at once. They can scale those rocks—they must come through this entrance. I'm going to ride to the post for help. Lenore and you—I'll leave my gun—can hold this place till I return. If I'm shot going through the gully—well, the horse will fly for the post—and they'll know."

"Do you intend to ride out in the open, France?" she tremulously asked. "Out there! Out there—it means—don't, you shall not!"

With straining eyes that looked through tears, she wildly stepped toward him.

He smiled: "I do—I must ride in the open."

"Then I'm going with you, France," and she began to strip her gauntlets and unhook her riding skirt. She was going to ride for life.

"Now listen to me!" cried "Dutch." "What the lieutenant says is the only thing to do. One of us must have me cards with me—" for "Dutch" was the Irishman in the fort. "We'll cut for it. The lowest card rides. Miss Lenore, you hold—just so!"

Lennox, with the face of a dead man, stepped forward. Marsden remained motionless.

"Me first," "Dutch" kept on. He carefully cut a card from the top, gazed at the bottom card and yelled furiously, "A tray!"

Marsden drew the next—a king—and threw it into the air with unmistakable annoyance.

"Dutch" had already jerked off his coat and unhooked his revolver, when the girl said calmly: "Mr. Lennox has not yet told us his cut."

"Oh, I beg pardon—it was a jack. There it is," she pointed to a card lying on the ground face downward. Just as the men moved toward the entrance, Lennox grabbed up Lennox's card and thrust it into her hand.

At the same instant a black pony shot out through the underbrush like a whirlwind. On his back was "Dutch" wildly lashing the frenzied beast. The bullets began to crack—he was discovered not fifty yards in the lead. He was seen to sway several times as the bullets pierced no vital spot—and then he disappeared over the ridge.

"We must get ready for the Indians now," said Marsden. "They'll come in a bunch. Here is 'Dutch's' revolver." He held it toward Lennox.

He shrank, and cried: "Really, I never shot one of the accused things!"

In silence Lenore grasped the weapon and, with Marsden, faced the opening.

"Pardon me, Lenore," said Lennox with an air of authority, "it is my wish that you do not stand in that exposed place."

She shrugged her shoulders and remained unmoved. "Lenore," he spoke unpleasantly, "I demand that you are my promised wife."

"Pardon me," she said, with eyes straight ahead—was!

The next instant the redskins poured down toward the great stone pile.

Again and again the Colts in the hands of Marsden and Lenore spoke with deadly effect. They reared and fired with terrible precision. Marsden's horse surged in a spasm of uncontrollable rage. He passed the trigger each time, dimly conscious that Lenore leaned against him. For once his lips moved in prayer. It was a prayer that Infinite Power might help him to save her.

It was the crushing sense that the end had come. He cared for her alone. In their minds, Lenore had but since ceased to exist.

"Will they try again?" She did her best to steady her words.

"Yes." His voice seemed far away.

"How many cartridges left, France?"

"Only two!"

There was a strange compelling gaze in her eyes.

"Well?"—and Marsden knew that question was a demand.

He had endured to the utmost—now he told her the inevitable fate. His eyes brimmed with tears as he pulled his arms across his face.

"There—there, that's all right, France—don't cry," she said bravely, though her voice shook somewhat. "What a fortune that there are two left! A soldier's daughter knows how to do. I'm ready any time, France. Don't cry. France—only if your aim be true."

And in her sweet love glance was a look that a man never gets but from one woman.

Marsden looked once more through the opening—saw the Apaches were amassing for the last onslaught. It was a question of only a second.

Quickly, and with a face all-over deadly pale, he snatched a handkerchief from his pocket. He stepped forward and tied it over Lenore's eyes. With a determination born of a desperate hour, he stepped back and ran his unerring eye down the gleaming barrel of his revolver to a spot that rose and fell over a heart that he loved.

"France—" he caught the whisper—"I'm afraid: I'll die with you, but haven't you forgotten something—just one last, loving kiss—"

"Listen!" shouted Lennox.

Sharp and clear, in the mountain air, came the blare of a bugle. And over the ridge came the tramp of White Wolf and "Dutch"—batleless sows—were like devils.

The Apaches heard the thunder of the troops with their coming brought death to them that they forgot their victims.

And in that brief moment Marsden snatched the handkerchief from Lenore's eyes, and smiled only at her upturned lips a thousand lovely things.

And from off her soft, warm breast, Lenore drew a damp and crumpled card. She handed it to Lennox.

And from that hour Lieut. Marsden became the guard of Lenore Mortimer.

J. MARVIN KIRK

The Buffalo Hunt.

A ROYAL RUSSIAN'S SPORT ON THE
AMERICAN PLAINS.

By a Special Contributor.

THE death of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia November 14, revives interest in his visit to the United States nearly four decades ago. Few now living remember him—as he was then, however still remember that he spent a portion of his visit galloping about the plains of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, roughing it with army officers and plating men, and killing buffalo with his own hand.

So far as the writer is aware, but five participants that celebrated hunt now survive, and of these but two were with the party from start to finish.

The special train of the Grand Duke left Omaha on the Union Pacific Railroad, January 12, 1872. The military visitors who accompanied their prince were Admiral Posselt, commanding the Russian fleet on American waters; W. T. Machen, councillor of state; Count Bodlaco, Russian consul-general at New York; Count Olseneff and Shouvaloff of the Imperial Guard; Lieut. Stordegraff, and Vladimir Kadro, surgeon-general, all of the Russian navy. Secretaries and servants made an extensive retinue.

On the train west from Omaha were the following Americans: Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, E. O. C. Orin, George A. Custer, James W. Forsythe and Innis Palmer; Col. George A. Forsythe, N. B. Sweitzer and Michael V. Sheridan, and Maj. Morris J. Asch, medical director on Sheridan's staff. At North Platte were Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and quite a number of officers and gentlemen of less note. Here arrangements had been carefully made for the comfort and amusement of the nation's guests. An extensive camp had been made about forty miles south from the railroad where had been gathered guides and buffalo hunters who were expected to make themselves useful. Soldiers were there, too, detailed for special service, and the tribe of Brule Sioux headed by that foxy old scamp Spotted Tail, were also there. Well-trained buffalo horses were supplied for the party, and last, but not least, the magnificent band of the Second Cavalry was on hand to furnish music.

The special train reached the siding at North Platte at 2 o'clock a.m. January 13, 1872. At 9:45 that forenoon the march was begun. A relay of saddle horses had been placed at Medicine Creek, and there, about 12:30 p.m., a halt was made for lunch. Capt. James W. Taylor's troop (B) of the Second Cavalry served as escort. Lieut. Edward M. Hayes acted as quartermaster.

The Grand Duke Alexis was the third son of the Emperor Alexander II, the only powerful friend of the United States in Europe during the Civil War. The war over, Alexander sent his son Alexis to President Grant and the American people with kindly greetings and hearty congratulations on having saved the country from anarchy and ruin. An imposing fleet brought the prince to our shores, and he was received by President Grant and people with all the ceremonies permitted by our republican traditions.

As that was the only royal buffalo hunt in history, it was, also, the last great buffalo hunt in history. Alexis was tall and well proportioned. His hair was light brown, and a yellowish mustache drooped over a firm, well-cut mouth. His smooth-shaven chin showed a square and heavy jaw. His blue-gray eyes were habitually frank and friendly, but darkened with displeasure or excitement. Though born to the purple, Alexis was always a kindly and courteous companion, a good-humored and sensible young man. There was a natural dignity about him, however, that quickly quenched any misplaced familiarity. All who then met him followed his fortunes with interest, and were proud to know that he only, of all the modern Romanoff princes, always maintained his dignity and integrity, his sense of decorum and private decency.

As the column marched down Red Willow Creek in what is now Hays county, Nebraska, the Russians were astonished to hear the familiar strains of "Hail to the Chief" played by an uncommonly good band of many pieces, and turning a bend, the prince suddenly found himself in Camp Alexis. Here men crowded around, shaking hands and shouting familiar greetings, with all the hospitable assurance of the plains, utterly oblivious of the fact that the young stranger was the son of a great emperor and the guest of a great nation. If one of these plainmen had been asked his impressions of Alexis then, the reply would probably have been: "Why, before daylight on the 14th the bugles sounded and the tireless Custer had long been afoot. As commander of field operations, his scouts, since midnight, had been scouring the country for the main buffalo herd. The long fur coats and caps of the visitors were in sharp contrast to the blue-and-yellow-lined wraps of the cavalry."

As the time for the start approached, Custer laid down the rules for the hunt. The whole party would stop at a suitable distance from the game. The first shot would be made by Alexis, accompanied by Custer, and two Brule warriors. An experienced buffalo hunter would ride beside each visitor and instruct him. Then the hunt would be open to all.

The party was already afield when scouts brought word that a very large herd was feeding near the headwaters of Red Willow Creek, about ten miles away. The hunt moved in that direction, followed by ambulances and wagons. The writer had not recovered from a recent encounter with vagabond Indians, and was only able to take part from a distant wagon.

The main party stopped at the mouth of a shallow

brook, where the writer, who was not a hunter, was

able to take part from a distant wagon.

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CAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Clear; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Partly cloudy; light southwest wind.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle Made Question by Becoming Indispensable to Community. (ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.) AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

January 17, 1909.

January 17, 1909.]

The Buffalo Hunt.

A ROYAL RUSSIAN'S SPORT ON THE AMERICAN PLAINS.
By a Special Contributor.

and at once. They can't come through this post for help. Lennox hold this place till I get the gully—why, the they'll know." "The open, France!" she Out there—it means—

ed through tears, she in the open." "France," and she began her riding skirt. For

ch." "What the horse—One of us must go for 'Dutch' was the for it. Th' lowest man, stepped forward

he carefully cut a few in card and yelled joy—and threw it into the

his coat and unbuttoned calmly: "Mr. Lennox

k. There it is," as he and face downward.

the entrance, Lennox just it into her house. y shot out through the On his back was ed beast. The Indian covered not fifty yards several times as the then he disappeared

ians now," said Mar- Here is 'Dutch's re-

I never shot one of

apon and, with Man-

ox with an air of se- not stand in that co-

remained unmoved. "I demand it—

es straight ahead—

ured down toward the

the hands of Marston effect. They related on. Marston's head le rage. He seemed conscious that Lennox lips moved in pain. er might help him to

he end had come. He ds, Lennox had long d her best to steady way.

ace?"

gase in her eyes. question was a de-

now he told her the ed with tears—out face.

France—don't cry. n her voice chok- here are two bullets how to die. I an y, France—only let a look that a man

gh the opening—be the last onslaught.

er deadly pale, he pocket. He stepped eyes. With a deter- stepped back and sming barrel of his over a heart that

whisper—"I—I'm not—n't you forget—

air, came the shot ke came the troop, now—were riding

of the troops who to them that de-

enden snatched the amidst sobbing and lavish kisses. ant, Lennox drew a ed it to Lennox. It

n became the be-

ARVIN NICHOLS

death of the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, December 14, revives interest in his visit to the United States nearly four decades ago. Few persons now living remember him as he was then, and still fewer remember that he spent a portion of that year studying about the plains of Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, roughing it with army officers and plainmen, and killing buffalo with his own hand.

As the writer is aware, but five participants of the celebrated hunt now survive, and of these but two were with the party from start to finish.

The special train of the Grand Duke left Omaha over the Union Pacific Railroad, January 12, 1872. The Muscovite nobles who accompanied the prince were: Count Plessier, commanding the Russian fleet in the Pacific; W. T. Machen, counselor of state; Count Bodisco, Russian consul-general at New York; Count Goussier and Shouvaloff of the Imperial Guard; Count Teyler and Stordengraff, and Vladimir Kadrian, Russian general, all of the Russian navy. Secretaries, valets and servants made an extensive retinue.

On the train west from Omaha were the following: Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, E. O. C. Ord, James A. Custer, James W. Forsythe and Innis N. Smith; Col. George A. Forsythe, N. B. Switzer and Maj. V. Sheridan, and Maj. Morris J. Asch, medical director in Sheridan's staff. At North Platte were Col. Wm. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), and quite a number of other gentlemen of less note. Here arrangements were carefully made for the comfort and amusement of the nation's guests. An extensive camp had been made about forty miles south from the railroad where had been gathered guides and buffalo hunters, who were expected to make themselves useful. Soldiers were sent, too, detailed for special service, and the 7th and 8th Regts. headed by that foxy old scamp, General Terry, were also there. Well-trained buffalo men were supplied for the party, and last, but not least, the magnificent band of the Second Cavalry was sent to furnish music.

The special train reached the siding at North Platte at 10 a.m. January 13, 1872. At 9:45 that forenoon the march was begun. A relay of saddle horses was placed at Medicine Creek, and there, about 10 a.m., a halt was made for lunch. Capt. James W. Forsythe (B) of the Second Cavalry served as escort, and Edward M. Hayes acted as quartermaster.

Grand Duke Alexis was the third son of the Emperor Alexander II, the only powerful friend of the United States in Europe during the Civil War. The war having ended, he sent his son Alexis to President Grant to greet the American people with kindly greetings and congratulations on having saved the country from anarchy and ruin. An imposing fleet brought the prince to our shores, and he was received by President Grant with all the ceremonies permitted by our republican traditions.

He was the only royal buffalo hunt in history. It was the last great buffalo hunt in history.

He was tall and well proportioned. His hair was dark brown, and a yellowish-mustache drooped over a full, red mouth. His smooth-shaven chin showed a heavy jaw. His blue-gray eyes were habitually frank and friendly, but darkened with displeasure when he was angry. Though born to the purple, Alexis was a kindly and courteous companion, a good-humored and sensible young man. There was a natural familiarity about him, however, that quickly quenched any familiarity. All who then met him followed him with interest, and were proud to know that they were in the presence of all the modern Romanoff princes, always distinguished by his dignity and integrity, his sense of decorum and private decency.

He marched down Red Willow Creek in the new Hayes county, Nebraska, the Russians were expected to hear the familiar strains of "Hail to the Chief," and turning a bend, the Prince suddenly found himself in Camp Alexis. Here men crowded around, shouting and shouting familiar greetings, with all the assurance of the plains, utterly oblivious of the fact that the young stranger was the son of a European emperor and the guest of a great nation. If one of the plainmen had been asked his impressions of the prince, the reply would probably have been: "Why, he looks like a fine young feller—looks game, too."

Early as it was, great fires were blazing and the country for the main buffalo herd. The Grand Duke had long been afoot. As commander of the expedition, his scouts, since midnight, had been on the look-out for the main buffalo herd. The prince and his party were in sharp contrast to the blue-and-yellow-lined wraps of the cav-

ravine a mile from the nearest bison. The select party with the Grand Duke followed up the ravine right into the herd. The wind blew from the buffaloes, and their sentinels, therefore, had no hint of danger. After reaching a place where the screen was no longer available, the five horsemen flashed out and spurred for the game on the open plain. The hunters in the rear, eager to see, now broke all restraints and raced for the high ground. The moment the first horsemen appeared, the vast herd surged to the center and in an incredibly short time were rolling off to the southwest, a black avalanche that jarred the ground. The Grand Duke killed his first buffalo, and then the whole party became engaged. Charging cavalry in battle is the only thing comparable in frantic delight to a buffalo hunt in those days. The horse was as wild as his rider. The chase continued for miles. I do not remember the number killed, though the Grand Duke got four that day.

Dinner that evening at Camp Alexis was a great ceremony, and was well tempered with champagne. As none but the actors themselves were near when the Prince killed his first buffalo, Gen. Custer was urged to tell what happened. He told it in that unctuous, half-solemn and half-mocking way peculiar to Custer alone, and his auditors shouted with laughter. The Grand Duke laughed as heartily as any one at the shrewd mixing of truth and exaggeration.

The general called it "Unfolding a Buffalo's Tail." It seemed that Custer and Buffalo Bill had so diligently drilled Alexis in the sacred ceremony of killing a buffalo that the poor Prince forgot it all just as they were starting. In dismay he beckoned Buffalo Bill aside and confessed the whole miserable truth. Bill was shocked. The party was all mounted except those two, and the impatient Custer was eyeing them with increasing displeasure. There was no time to mend the fractured memory, so Cody simply placed the Prince on his own trained buffalo horse, "Buckskin Joe." "There," said he, "you don't need instructions. When Joe picks one out for you, shoot."

On reaching the herd, sure enough, the horse quickly placed Alexis alongside a fine young bull and the Grand Duke began to shoot into its side with an elegant revolver somebody had given him. Custer and Cody hovering near, saw six shots fired pointblank into the animal without even arousing its curiosity. They couldn't stand that, so both spurred forward.

"Take this," said Bill, handing him "Lucretia," his own buffalo rifle.

"Now turn old Letty loose," shouted Custer, and just then Cody brought his quirt across Buckskin Joe's hind quarters.

The astonished claybank leaped forward and swiftly placed his rider alongside "good meat." Alexis fired one shot behind the buffalo's shoulder and was galloping beside it preparing to shoot again, when to his great surprise the animal fell. Puzzled to know what could make it do such a "funny thing," he was about to ask for help when it flashed into his mind that his own shot had killed it.

"Then," said the general, "the circus opened. In a transport of astonishment and joy he leaped to the ground, turned the horse loose, threw down the gun, cut off the tail sat down on the carcass waving the dripping relic about him, all the while letting go of howls and gurgles reminding one of dying foghorns and suffering calliopes. The Russians heard the cries and came galloping to learn what was the matter. Seeing his countrymen approach, the Grand Duke poured out excitement 'in a strange and northern tongue' with such rapidity that Cody reeled in his saddle and even Sheridan, there, case-hardened sinner that he is, visibly flinched.

"But the men of Muscovy stood it manfully. They solemnly embraced their Prince one by one, then fell upon one another's necks and were preparing to weep there when an ambulance came into action on the gallop and stopped the rioting. Sheridan's foresight had thus provided champagne, and tears were not needed. During the scene that followed, that first buffalo's narrative was passed from hand to hand till all were so thoroughly plastered with blood and dirt that they were in danger of becoming strangers to one another in a foreign land."

The next day the hunt was resumed with fair success. In the two days at Camp Alexis the Grand Duke killed nine buffalo.

The dinner on the second day, January 15, was also a great ceremony. Afterward Spotted Tail's warriors fought a sham battle and gave a war dance. The big dining tent was cleared and a pow-wow was held. The pipe of peace was sent on its silent rounds. Sheridan made the first speech and Spotted Tail followed, begging for everything under the sun. The Grand Duke refused to "make talk," though generously informed that his "luck" would be eternally bad if he didn't. In place of "tongue work" he presented the bucks with 100 silver half-dollars, and every warrior, head of a tepee, received either a beautiful blanket or a fine hunting knife with ivory handle. Custer gave Spotted Tail a scarlet cap and a gaudy dressing gown, which the big chief at once put on and strutted around to the astonishment and amusement of the visitors.

In the chief's tepee were a squaw and two marriageable daughters. There were other young women, and quite a flutter was caused during the evening by the marked attention bestowed on two dusky maidens by Gen. Custer and the Grand Duke Alexis. The former talked to one of Spotted Tail's daughters while Alexis successfully toiled to one side the dark-visaged daughter of an unusually greasy old rascal named Scratching Dog. The girls were evidently impressed, for each chewed the end of her finger, both giggled incessantly and threw glances at each other as if to inquire: "How is this?" Though the half-breed interpreter heard all the sentimental passages, envious companions chose to regard this conduct as flirtatious and culpable, and remonstrated accordingly. Both gentlemen, however, declared with great solemnity that their intentions had been "stric'tly honorable."

The party again reached the special train, January 16,

at 5 o'clock p.m., and left at once for Denver via Cheyenne. Col. Cody and other invited guests remained in Nebraska while a few left the party at Denver, where a great ball was given in honor of the distinguished visitors. The special train started east over the old Kansas Pacific Railroad about 4 p.m. January 19.

Having learned that a large herd of buffalo was to be seen near Kit Carson, 130 miles east of Denver, the visitors were eager to try another round at hunting. Superintendent E. S. Bowen of the railroad offered to transport a troop of cavalry, with all its horses, from Fort Wallace, Kan., to Kit Carson, about seventy miles, by next morning. Sheridan hesitated to give the order, for few troop horses were broken to buffalo work. Green horses in the presence of a roaring buffalo stampede became frantic, and it required more than common horsemanship to manage them. The general disliked to subject his country's guests to such peril, but the order was finally given.

I reached St. Louis but a day after the Prince's party. Their stories of the Kit Carson hunt indicated lively times. Some horses ran away with their riders, and one herd of buffalo escaped altogether, in consequence. The party attacked another herd—every man for himself—all shouting and shooting in the thick dust. Nobody was hurt, for a wonder, though a horse or two were marked, a forage cap was shot away, and Col. Mike Sheridan, the general's brother, got a ball through his coat near enough to sting his shoulder and leave its mark for a day or so. Count Bodisco manfully confessed that he fired that unhappy shot, and apologized.

The hunt crossed a prairie-dog town, in full cry. Instinct carried the bison over with great credit, but many of the frenzied horses went down, throwing their riders far toward the future. The Grand Duke got two falls and even Custer's horse went down. Help was always near, the horse caught, and away went the rider, wiping blood and dirt out of his eyes as he sought new adventures. Not a horse's leg was broken.

In spite of it all, the hunt was fairly successful, the Grand Duke securing four buffaloes, making thirteen in all killed by his hand. Returning to the train, it was discovered that during the day the camp servants had broken into the Grand Duke's choice stock of liquors and most of the men were hopelessly drunk. Little progress had been made toward dinner, and the hunters were hungry. It is said that the language of Gen. Custer that evening was remarkable. He picked his words and idioms with such precision and fine discrimination that most of the camp people grew suddenly sober, and even the "old soaks" lying in complete stupor promptly sat up and asked: "What is it?"

The Grand Duke's party was received formally on the 22nd at Topeka by Gov. James M. Harvey and the Kansas Legislature. Those of the hunters remaining were photographed there in a group, few copies of which have been preserved in this country. Next day, January 23, after a brief reception by the Governor and Legislature of Missouri at Jefferson City, the Grand Duke and his friends reached St. Louis. Here the party broke up. Gen. Sheridan and his staff returning to Chicago, Custer only remaining.

It is a fact worth remembering that though Alexis was the guest of the United States and our government was paying his expenses, he himself insisted on paying the cost of that special train. It was the most magnificent thing in the way of railway travel ever attempted in this country, up to that time, and was costly.

Alexis went from St. Louis to Louisville, which was then Custer's headquarters. Here Mrs. Custer joined the party, and she and her brilliant husband remained the Grand Duke's guests during the short southern tour and until he sailed from Pensacola, February 19, 1872.

JAMES A. HADLEY.

California's High Muck-a-Muck.

Climate is the High Muck-a-Muck, the Grand Panjandrum, the Dalai Lama, foremost in thought and talk on sidewalk and portico, in parlor and bedchamber. But the obvious fact that the idol does not smile with uniform benignity night and day, in the house and out of the house, on both sides of the street and at the corners, causes a loud-voiced dissatisfaction. Savage worshippers berate their god when he fails to fulfill their expectations; and this species of ingratitude is very common in California, where the weather is oftener perfect than in any other of the United States. Visitors, after a few months of surprise at the prolonged stretch of magnificent days, begin to pick flaws in these "Daughters of Time," and end by becoming weather cranks like the rest, forgetful of what they came away from in the East.

Travelers may leave California with a feeling of dissatisfaction, disappointment, for one reason or another, but its grip is upon them nevertheless; some day they will return, if they can, and meanwhile they will look back regretfully to features of its life and climate that cannot be enjoyed in the East. Primeval man knew nothing of houses; and his descendants retain subjectively a leaning toward an out-of-door life and a climate that permits it. The artificial charms of civilization never wholly counteract this bias.—[Frances Albert Doughty in Putnam's for January.]

Weights of Women.

Faneul S. Welles of New York gives a table of weights for women, compiled from an analysis of 58,855 examinations of women for insurance by the examiners of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance companies. The average height was five feet and four and one-quarter inches; the average weight was 133 pounds. The average height of males is five feet seven and three-tenths inches, and average weight 151½ pounds. The tendency in the female is for the weight to increase during the years from 20 to 50 more rapidly than it does in males.—[Medical Record.]

...the train by Engineer St. S. ... many more would have been injured and possibly killed. The train crew of the freight were fortunate enough to leave their train before the crash and escaped injury.

...The train by Engineer St. S. ... I groped about and found two boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of water. We ate and drank very little because we did not know how long we would be there. Then I found some matches and by the light we found

...The building as designed plates a twelve-story, steel proof structure, besides a r and two basements. The cla will be treated in granite, limestone

FIRST MASS SAID. SHEPHERDS WATCH. (ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.) REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake disaster of

...The building as designed plates a twelve-story, steel proof structure, besides a r and two basements. The cla will be treated in granite, limestone

Lisbon by the Bay.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF A TRAVELER
FROM THE WEST.

By a Special Contributor.

THE open market of a foreign city always fascinates the stranger. There the pulse runs high and novel scenes are many and varied. There the native is legion and one may study him at ease and at large. The big market by the Tagus marks the condition of trade and prosperity for the capital. It is the center of daily commerce; it is also the rendezvous for the loafer and the gossip. In their season, delicious fruits smell afar off. Peaches and pears, grapes purple and yellow are piled in mountains, for the epicure. Melons there are by the ton, and white squash a yard long and two feet in circumference, which look like large rolling pins. Everything is prettily placed, with an eye for attractive effect. Tomatoes, squashes and carrots are fringed with spinach, lettuce, and curly chicory. The "muddler" bears away her pannier on her head, with a color scheme that the artist might envy. Clumsy scales, four feet high, weigh the provender in ugly balances, and the dealers are shrewd bargainers. Tinware dazzles in piles on the cobbles, and the stuff tumbles in a clatter if we brush too near. Crockery and pottery in pretty patterns, rival fluttering paper flowers, and chalky toy animals.

It is in the vast fish market that we catch the mean-

tentacles, which the accustomed women grab without repulsion. Pavement and stalls are piled with funny creatures whose scales fly beneath the fishmonger's sharp knife. There are barrels of scallops, vats of shrimps, hampers of crabs. Lobsters sprawl and crawl over each other in general confusion. The merry-minded urged on me the sturdiest monsters of the lot, knowing that I am a homeless stranger.

Wholesalers, retailers, casual buyers, hotel commissionaires, clamor for the best bargain. Pandemonium makes triumphant outcry. Men figure in the minority, as the great fish market is chiefly in the hands of the women, a brave and comely lot, quite equal to their charge. If the tollers of the sea have reaped the waterways by night, the women will relieve them of duty, and care for the harvest by day. They are black-eyed, brown-skinned, kindly. But be sure you deal on the square. Fire flashes in the keen eye, and a volley of violence greets any offense. They stand decked with tinsel which would befit a Christmas tree, and their color scheme is punctuated by glaring ornaments. Huge, glittering hoops are heavy in the ears. Rings, chains, brooches are conspicuous, making a dizzy outfit of brass and tin and glittering glass. The market is a noisy scene of barter, and when trade slackens in the later hours, the fisher folk read or snooze at their post. Men are tangled up, fast asleep in their vats, women knit, and nurse their babies, or loll drowsily in their big baskets. There is a hard life and a busy one, but the workers seem cheery, and the back is fitted to the burden.

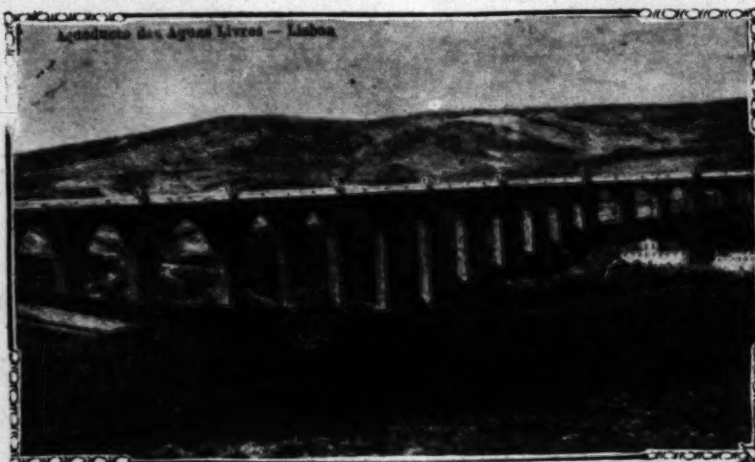
The street dairies of Lisbon, odd to the stranger, are reminders of Holland. They are open to inspection dur-

through as in a greenhouse. Ninety-five feet above street is the city reservoir, the great water-cum-fish tank contains 12,000 cubic meters. A huge pump regulates the supply, admitting or suppressing the water as desired.

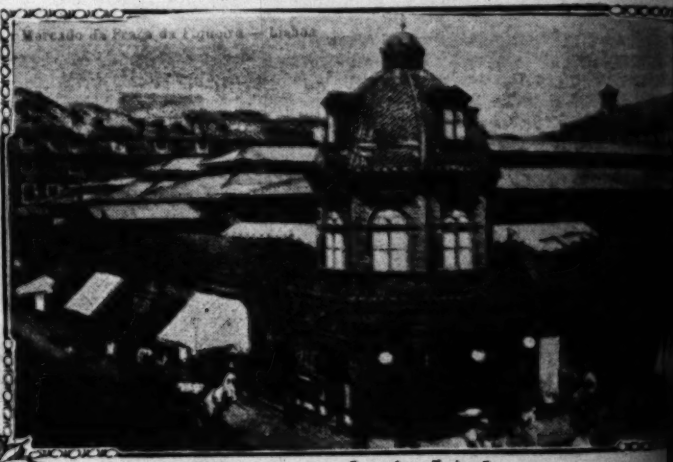
A gallery surrounds this silent water-room, with impressive and imposing, whose walls tested by the pressure, were built in the days when good construction was the aim, and greed and graft were unknown. We wander through the gallery, hardly daring to whisper the thoughts which come, as from a remote rocky shore, we admire the artistic finish of the stately, heavily paneled box, and watch the handsome, crested dragon pour plenteous streams from his mouth, over a rocky shore, in deep ribs and heavy corrugations, like coral and of wonderful glow. Iridescent hues flash on the water, and sparkle in the waters, with sunshiny, brilliant effect. The humble people poetically call the aqueduct the "mother of waters," and surely she has her children in generous measure.

The student of English, who follows the evolution of the novel, feels interest in the adventures of the storm-tossed author who made Tom Jones immortal and fitful Fate had sent me to the grave of Henry Fielding, a spot which gives fame to a certain corner of capital. To Lisbon the erratic genius came, while in middle life, to undo the follies of wild youth. The airy and genial climate could not save the invalid, here the man found death and burial place.

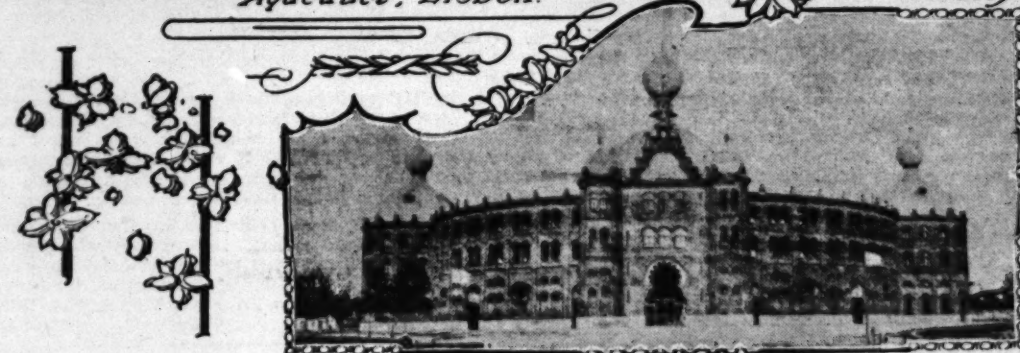
The first Protestant cemetery of Portugal is a neglected tanglewood of weeds and scraggy vines.



Aqueduct, Lisbon.



City market, Lisbon.



Bull-ring, Lisbon.



Portuguese fish woman.

ing of the word activity, in this busy realm. Small wonder that the hotel gave us lobster fit for the gods, each day, and may the maitre d'hotel forgive my solemn joke: Was that luscious lobster fresh or canned? I had come from the land of tinned fish! He looked hurt, when I meant he should be amused. It is difficult to joke airily with a downtrodden subject of a monarchy. He is too apt to take life and lobsters seriously. He thought the joke was on the tenderfoot not born on the banks of the Tagus.

From 5 a.m. the fishmonger's tread pounded over the square like the tramp of a marching army, as the sturdy bare feet trod the sharp cobbles. For hours I could watch this type and tide of humble life, as the women sought their innings from the harvest of the sea. A gay-colored petticoat, and a flowery kerchief on the head made bright flashes emerging from all the dark alleys, and a soft thick pad on the head supports the shallow basket loaded with the spoils of the deep. From the market-place, each woman plunges on, straight as an arrow for the bullseye, and all day long we may meet her, calling her wares in the heart of the city, or on the topmost windy height. Heads and tails flop on the basket's rim, as the vendors stride along, rejoicing in that priceless blessing, good health. They are a plump and stocky lot, the picture of animal life, and we may envy them the bare brown feet, so broad and strong, which the horrors of civilization have never twisted out of shape.

A marvelous choice the fishwomen have at the market, which is one of the world's rare sights. What riches would be mine with one cent, cash down, for every trophy of the sea piled up on the quay, one morning. Acres and acres are spread with fresh hauls. Thousands and thousands of tiny sardines, silvery smelts, squirming eels, unlovely swordfish, monsters long and giants fat, that only a piscatorial Solomon could name. Piles of cuttlefish show their flabby, inky

ing our tour of the city, and the stalls are clean and attractive, duly named and numbered for the six or eight sleek creatures contentedly chewing their cud, and reflecting on municipal privileges, as their big thoughtful eyes would indicate. The scene is attractive, and the quiet kine rebuke all fretful ambition. They are fat and comfortable and glossy, well fed and well groomed, with every reason for contentment, though seldom do they leave the stalls to feed in fields of living green. Iced milk is sold here, or we get milk warm from the cow, with ocular proof that the pump handle is not a special feature.

Street fountains are numerous in Lisbon, where the poor, who have no modern plumbing, may draw water free. The daily groups are fascinating, as they gather with jars and barrels, and linger for confab and gossip on the steps, ere they cart and carry away the water for home use. These clusters of the poor give a most vivid and animated picture of humble life.

The imposing arches above us, diminishing in the far distance, and growing in beautiful effect as we approach, are the important water carriers which bring the clear streams from the country, twenty-five miles away. King John V did well by his people, in 1729, when he attempted this splendid structure, which was a quarter of a century in building. Mounting toward the mammoth basin which sustains a mighty pressure, I stopped on the slope, at the people's public wash tub, where women scrub the linen on stone slabs and rub it in the vats which measure twenty feet by ten. More than thirty women were making the strong fight against dirt, that omnipresent enemy of us all. Each paid 2 cents a day for her right of way; and her soap, scrubbing brush and elbow grease must atone for lack of hot water, which we think so essential to clean laundry. The woman has only cold water here, but at home she would have none, in quantity, and the washing is her livelihood. The goods are dried under glass, where the sun strikes

towels-headed little woman, wreathed in smiles, answered the dilapidated bell sunk in the wall. The enclosure, knew just why I wandered here. "O si, sehora, mocha gente, Feidees." She knew about the other party I should visit. Philip Doddridge, hymnist, non-conformist, he was labeled in the hand-book, and my city was plain. I must find the tomb of the unknown, and shed a grateful tear for those who, possible, but that duty done, I could take my conscience my literary pleasure. Hearing of the remote and great becomes rather a joyous time to the faddist.

The smiley old lady said that many people sometimes visit another grave which might be likened. There I read that the tomb of the admiring pupils. Even this survivor did not risk with the teacher's character till away from death. Evidently no taint or blemish there. But the hosts of admiring pupils seem to be rather tardy in any recognition of the charms. This sole relic of schoolroom days time to consider carefully the merits of the

January 17, 1909.]

and he let time test the character of the dear old Taylor, himself an ancient worthy, decided on memorial to his esteemed master.

Fielding's tomb is plain and massive, rising on a broad foundation. On the sarcophagus with an urn, and the lamp out in granite flames. Four sides reveal in Latin inscriptions, telling that the author came to Lisbon, his health, that he lived for others, not for himself. The record of his virtues is pompously made, with regrets of the British community who did not bury them sooner. Evidently procrastination is a fault in this graveyard. The Latin which I could decipher so packed with fulsome flattery, that I was overwrought with the goodness which must lurk in the remembrance, and I wondered if Fielding or anybody would find his own grave and recognize himself, the spirit return to the graveyard, by reading the orate eulogy of his tombstone. More praise in life, flattery after death, might ease the pathway of the grim here below. But ants and other relatives of the frowny-headed awaited at the gate to pocket my coin amid many dictations, and to hand me out a glad smile which a promissory note on the eternal bank.

Lisbon's houses, done in colored tiles, give the impression that the walls have been turned inside with the inside linings of wall paper used as street decorations. The facades are gay in shades of blue, yellow or soft pink. The designs are frequently fish, often they are geometric patterns or conventional drawings, and occasionally we see Greek borders. There are floral effects in other varieties of color, where the glories, roses and fuchsias ramble over the front. The wealthy villas do not break out in decorations of the whole face, but reserve their beautiful and full decorations of flowers and Greek figures for the doors and vestibules. When the sameness of the green and red and blue of geometric frontage of humble homes grows wearisome, we rejoice in the city displayed on the richer homes.

Lisbon offers many an object lesson in civics, through its beautiful fountains, statues, parks and gardens. The monumental pavement laid in mosaic is most effective. The central "Square of the Rolling Motion" formed by huge eels, or black and white serpents of rough stone is aptly named. The term sounded Dantesque, and was prepared to roll and writhe among the dragons, no premonition can forewarn the novice for that sensation on the coils of snake-like stone. Every head of Medusa's head seemed about to entwine me with serpent lock. The big mottled dragons fairly lit their forms and curled their great bodies up to swallow me. I shut my eyes from the seasick sensation, as the stony billows rolled up to engulf me. With brazen practice we grow used to the odd pavement, we realize that the trouble is imaginary, all in the mind, "there is no sensation in matter," so the stone hard and quiet, despite their roly-poly suggestion, and we walk firm-footed through the square, which is the city's active center. Here beautiful fountains play and a noble monument rises in memory of heroes. The car lines focus here, for numerous routes. Streets are so narrow and twisting that lines are single and make a detour, going and coming in a circuit, by different routes, a performance which perplexes the stranger, and makes him lose numerous trams. On his earlier trips, till he has learned the whims of the car line. Conductors are kind, and every one tries hard to serve the dull foreigner who cannot pronounce the name of the street he seeks. Cars stop at certain points only, but we soon learn to recognize the sign Paragon. After a few days, I was recognized and dropped at the corner nearest my hotel, while the good man frantically waved me the turn which I should take.

The great Rocio, or central railroad station, rises beside this busy square, which offers quite a hint of bustling Paris. Drinks of all sorts are served the thirst-crowds, at little tables along the walk. Vendors place their stands and offer small wares. Here a glorious avenue starts for the country, with a breathing place of several miles of palms and flowers and shade trees with rivulets and lakes and fountains, with nymphs and some peeping out of ivy mounds, and great Neptune watching the water pour from the urn in his hands. This is the famed Avila, the pride of Lisbon, one of the fairest sights of Europe with its wealth of fancy landscape, and lined with legations and the palatial homes of rich gentry. On Sunday, when the favorite bull fight is on, every sort of conveyance crashes through here, packed with the populace bound for the great round building which rises at the end of the line.

The city is wonderful in natural beauty. It has nothing if not views, and leaving the crowded town, I climbed through by-ways populated with dogs and cats and children, reeking with smells, drifting with dirt, to the massive fortress of St. George, where the austere guard gave a kindly "Si, sehora," to my request to pass. A Johnnie fast oozing to grease beneath his army outfit stood over the historic soil, where 2000 years ago stood the Roman city. On this brave outlook, the twelfth century fort which was wrested away in the thirteenth century by that intrepid fighter of the Arabs, Alfonso Henriques. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, kings crowned this magnificent outlook with their royal palaces. This was history-making ground, and every inch of soil has its record. The terrible foundations, and now the soldiers' barracks and the round world has few such views as we get from the esplanade, which commands the surrounding country. Gardens and vineyards climb the terraces just below, spreading over vast extent, while domes and spires push their way to greater height. Further inland, climb

the train was many more weeks and possibly killed the freight were leave their train to escaped injury. The passenger was shoveling

Ninety-five feet above the great water-room where meters. A huge wheel for suppressing the water

ent water-room, which is the walls tested by deluges days when good contraptions and graft were unknown, hardly daring to while from a remote corner the stately, lonely, water-crested dragon pour the mouth, over a fantastic

The rough stone glimmers, and it stands on tations, like coral masses, hues flash on the rocks with sunshiny, brilliant, etically call the "crust," and surely she has

follows the evolution of adventurous life of the Tom Jones immortal, the grave of Henry Fielding, a certain corner of the genius came, while the of wild youth. Being not save the invalid, in burial place.

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the rugged, ambitious ranges. The city is washed by the winding Tagus, where steamers and sloops and tiny craft border the banks. Stretching toward India or toward South America, outspreads the broad ocean where the brave Portuguese explorers floated their tiny barks in zealous effort to find new waterways for the traffic of a growing world, and to extend the kingdom whose power in those opulent days was not to be rated by circumscribed home territory. One is impressed that this is earthquake country. The city is all hills, and further inland and the mighty mountains zigzag across country, gnawing the skyline with their giant saw teeth. The earth's crust was pushed with ponderous force to make these ragged peaks. There are slits and scars on Dame Nature's face, which betray momentous struggle. With almighty force the river rushed into dents and cracks, when jar and commotion tore the crust apart. In the cathedral below, a monster tidal wave swallowed up worshippers on that fatal All Saints' morning.

We wonder at the sublime courage, the reckless, fearless daring of a people who tried to rebuild and live again upon that treacherous land. Man is light-hearted and forgetful. Probably few along the coast today give a thought to the tragedy of 1755. We who have a part in earthquake history think reverently of that superb character, Marquis de Pombal, looming like a mighty fortress, strong in the city's need. "What shall we do?" cried the King, fearful and despairing. "Sire, bury the dead and care for the living," was the practical answer of the Marquis, terse, laconic, comprehensive, proving in a sentence the man's good sense and heroism. He grasped the awful situation, he was sane in the emergency. When, on the coast of the western continent, in 1906, history repeated itself with days of disaster, the brave words of the Marquis lived again in the heroic conduct of the loyal American people.

ADAMS FISHER.

Told by the Stars.

A DRAMATIC COMEDY SKETCH IN ONE SHORT SCENE.

By Geoffrey F. Morgan.

THE rising curtain discloses the grounds of a university campus. The time is about 10:30 p.m. and a crescent moon shows in an appropriate quarter of the sky. Strains of orchestra music are heard from time to time, coming from a well-lighted hall in the distance. It is, in fact, the night of the annual Junior Prom.

In the foreground, well screened in the rear by shrubs and flowers, a bench has been placed by a thoughtful committee on arrangements. So secluded is it, in fact, that a dim Japanese lantern has been erected to mark the haven of refuge.

After a short pause, the Man and the Girl enter. Both wear the conventional costume of formal evening functions. He carries a filmy shawl over his arm. They step carefully, having an eye to the damp grass.

She: I'm afraid this grass is awfully wet.

He (reassuringly): Oh, I don't think it's very bad. It's quite a clear night, no fog.

She: I wonder if there's a seat anywhere about. Oh, yes, here's one.

He: By Jove! the very thing. The fellow who put this here had a bright idea. (They seat themselves.) Wait a minute—have a cushion; this back's pretty hard.

She (protesting conventionally): Oh, please don't bother, I'm perfectly comfortable. Well, that is better, certainly. Thanks—that's just how I want it.

He: You'd better have your shawl around you; it wouldn't do to catch cold. (Adjusting it.) Is it a shawl? I'm not sure.

She: Why, of course. What did you think it was? He (vaguely): Why, I don't know. Doesn't seem to me there's enough of it. I thought shawls were great woolly things, heavy as anything.

She (laughing): Oh, no, not all of them. There are different kinds, you know.

He: Yes, I suppose so.

She: Isn't it a lovely night? This is certainly better than that hot, crowded room.

He: That's right. I'm strong for holding this bench, now we've got it.

She: So am I—unless some one else comes.

He: No one's likely to, unless— Say, we don't want that lantern burning, do we? I'll blow it out. (Rises and does so.)

She (interrupting too late): Oh, no, you'd better not do that—! Well, I suppose it's all right. (He seats himself again.)

She: There's the music beginning for the next dance.

He: Oh, let's not go. Who've you got it with?

She: A Mr. Gulley, I think.

He: Oh, that's all right. He's only an assistant in the English department. You can cut it, just as well as not.

She (evidently intending to): I don't think I should. He's probably hunting all over the place for me.

He (complacently): It's all right—he won't find you. (He leans back contentedly.)

She (on the defense): Well it was YOU who blew out the lantern, anyhow.

He (sentimentally): There was no need of it—the light of your eyes.

She (interrupting quickly): Jack, don't be silly.

He: Is it silly to tell the truth?

She: Yes, when there's no need of telling it.

He: But there's a need in this instance.

She: What is it?

He: There's a danger that modesty may prevent your realizing—

She (interrupting again): Have you been reading Robert W. Chambers lately?

He: No, why?

She: I thought I recognized the style.

He: That's rather complimentary. Not many people can talk like Chambers's characters.

She: Well, not many people find themselves in the same situations.

He: Few of them are fortunate enough to find themselves in as pleasant a situation as this—

She (heading him off once more): How wonderfully clear the stars are, aren't they?

He (hopefully seizing the new opening): Yes, aren't they. Do you know anything about astronomy?

She: Not very much, I'm afraid. Do you?

He (lying cheerfully): I used to be quite a shark at it. I got a book once, and studied up telling fortunes by stars. It's awfully interesting.

She: I should think it must be. You know the names of the principal stars, then, I suppose?

He: Oh yes. Now you see that big star over there. (Pointing.) (She leans forward, somewhat across him, then evidently remembers something, and draws back hastily.)

She (coldly): I think I've heard of this game before.

He (surprised): What game? (The light breaks.)

Oh! I say, come now, Cicely, of course I didn't—can that. (He looks huffy.)

She (relenting): Well, I wasn't sure, you know, just at first—(changing the subject.) What was it you were going to say about that star?

He (refusing to be sidetracked): Besides, I wouldn't play a trick like that. If I were going to kiss you, I'd do it right out, in the open, and not—

She (freezing up again): I really think we ought to be going in again. It must be awfully late.

He (humble again): Oh, I'm sure it's not late at all. Quite early, in fact. We've only been out here a minute.

Besides, I was going to tell you about the horoscopes.

She (relenting): Did you learn to cast them yourself?

He (warming to the work): Oh, yes, it's not difficult. Now, you see, every one is born under a certain star.

She: Yes, I suppose so.

He: No; what I mean is, each person is under the influence of some certain star. It's according to the month you were born in. Now I was born under—er—under—Orion.

She: But I thought Orion was a constellation.

He (surprised): Is it? (Recovering himself.) Oh yes, of course. You can be born under a constellation just as well, you know—in fact, it's all the better. Well, starting from that, you can figure out what you're going to be, and—er, whom you're going to marry, and everything.

She: You've got it all worked out, I suppose?

He: Yes, indeed.

She: Can you find out what the girl is to be like?

He (with enthusiasm): Yes, and she's a winner, too! Got dark hair, dark eyes and eyelashes; tall, slender, and lots of complexion.

She: Real, I hope.

He: Yes, of course.

She: And do you think you could cast my horoscope?

He (eagerly): Yes, indeed. All you have to do is to tell me when you were born.

She: Oh Jack, what a question! Don't you know a lady never tells—

He (quickly): Only the month, of course, only the month.

She: Oh, well, that's different. It was—do you really want to know?

He: Of course.

She: Why, I'm sure you know already.

He: Indeed, I don't—honest.

She: Well, it's September.

He (delighted): September! Why, that's the same as mine. Then you must have been born under Orion, too.

She: Fancy that! Then I suppose you can read my fortune all the easier.

He: Sure. You'll marry a tall, kind of a heavy-set fellow, with fair hair and sort of blue eyes.

She (suspiciously): Curly hair?

He (putting hand to head unconsciously): Why—yes, sort of curly.

She (severely): Are you sure you are reading this in the stars? (She rises.)

He (rising): Of course. What makes you—er (realizing the trick is discovered.) Oh, come, Cicely, what's the use of my going on like this. You know what I mean, don't you?

She: Suppose I do?

He: Then you know what answer I want. Oh, don't say no. You don't know how much I love you. Why, I've always loved you. Of course I know I'm not worthy of you, and all that—I don't see how any man can be, but—

She (interrupting him): I'm afraid there's not much use in MY giving you any answer.

He (dreadfully taken aback): No use! Why not?

She (with just a little quiver in her lips): Because—because—it seems to be already written in the stars.

(He pauses a moment. Then she turns, holds out her arms, and with a sudden burst of comprehension he strides forward masterfully and takes her in his arms.)

[Quick curtain.]

A Difficult Position.

A young captain, who was drilling the awkward squad, commanded thus: "Now, my men, listen to me. When I say 'Halt!' put the foot that's on the ground beside the one that's in the air, and remain motionless." [Success Magazine.]

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake disaster...

sh women.

breathed in smiles, and sunk in the wall of the ordered here. "Foster," she said. "She did not could visit. Neither of non-conformist, teaching, and my duty to the of the distinction of war for those young could take with her. Hunting ground. rather a joyous point

many people began, which might be to tomb of Delos. His many living survivor did not take till seventy years of the loved of the room days of the merits of the people

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The Cherub.

HIS LIFE'S ROMANCE AND ITS MELANCHOLY ENDING.

From London Chronicle.

"HEAVENS, what a name!" exclaimed Miss Silvertre.

"It is pretty awful," her brother admitted. "But Buggles is quite presentable. I expect you will like him. They call him 'The Cherub' at the club—you'll understand why when you see him on Friday. By the way, it isn't necessary to give him an elaborate dinner; I want him to feel at home."

"Do you intend going to a theater afterward?"

"No. You might give us some music afterward, Hilda. It is some time since we've spent a quiet evening together—eh?"

"It is," Miss Silvertre assented, a trifle drily. "About two years."

For a moment the man looked disconcerted. Then he said, reproachfully, "I thought you understood, Hilda, how necessary it has been, and still is, for me to entertain people here and elsewhere, and also to meet as many new people as possible."

"I suppose it is necessary," she returned slowly, "though it sometimes seems to me that the entertaining and meeting people must cost far more than it can ever be worth. But"—her voice softened—"I daresay you know best, Jack. Tell me something about Mr. Buggles—I shall have to practice pronouncing the name until I can say it without smiling. Is he a new member of your club?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied Silvertre, laying his cigar on a tray and refilling his liquor glass with yellow chartreuse. "He was there long before I became a member. But it was only recently that I made his acquaintance. I had always been afraid of finding him stodgy—he always looks so infernally happy and pleased with himself—however, I was agreeably surprised. I don't know that he has any close friends, but every one seems to have a good word for him. He practically lives at the club—does nothing—and I should say he is very well off. I've never been able to find out much about him; even his first name is a mystery. I daresay it might be in the club's book of the date of his election, but at present he signs himself simply 'J. Buggles,' and all his letters are similarly addressed. I fancy he is a wealthy bachelor without relations."

"But what is he like?"

Silvertre sipped his liquor. "Well, he's fair, fat, and, I should say, at least 40. 'Cherub' suits him."

"Is he a client of yours, Jack?"

"Not yet," answered the man, with a slight smile, picking up his cigar. "You must help me to make him one, Hilda."

Miss Silvertre suppressed a sigh. How often, how fervently, had she wished of late that her brother could do his business to a smaller accompaniment of eating and drinking—especially the latter.

She had been keeping house for him for nearly five years, having come to London from the pretty cottage in the country that had been her home until her mother's death. Then she had joined her brother at his request, first in a modest house in a northern suburb, but shortly afterward in a flat in Bayswater, the expense of which had appalled her, even in the face of his assurance that it would be good for business. She was now in her thirtieth year, but scarcely looked it, having retained something of the freshness of her country existence in spite of late hours and what still seemed to her continuous dissipation. The men whom Jack brought to the house deemed her handsome, and wondered why she had not married. They were pleasant fellows in their way, "real sportsmen," her brother called them. As a matter of fact, they were the best of Silvertre's acquaintances; they could spend an evening without drinking more than was good for them. Hilda came to like several of them in a friendly fashion; in the company of others she could not refrain from wondering what their wives did in the evenings.

Since coming to the flat she had received three proposals of marriage, all of which she had rejected. Jack had expressed neither disapproval nor satisfaction, although he may have felt the latter. His natural selfishness had not yet got the better of his affectionate regard for his sister, his only near relative. After all, he would rather see his sister married to a good man than to a good sportsman, as he understood the meaning of the second phrase; at the same time, the good man, in order to gain his blessing, would require to be "good" in the commercial as well as the moral sense.

Mr. Jack Silvertre was a stock broker, but his sister was probably his only friend who was under the impression that he possessed the right to do business within the walls of the Stock Exchange. Under the same impression his mother had died. Why he should have posed before the two people who loved him for himself would be hard to explain. His mother, and later his sister, entrusted their affairs to him, not because they believed him to be a reliable insider, but because he was a son and a brother. Yet, somehow, in their case, he was not satisfied with the clean reputation as an "outsider" which he had so far retained. His clients—even those who lost—and they were, of course, in the majority—could not help liking the man; albeit they never suspected the extent of his personal operations, which were chiefly in the mining market.

At this time Silvertre was 35 years of age. In appearance he was tall, dark, well-featured, and smart—like so many men one observes in the city of London, the men who look as if they had been built to do something more than read, write, and talk in figures. It must, unfortunately, be mentioned that he looked best in artificial light; certainly, in the morning, his eyes too often lacked that clarity which, the advertisements of patent

medicines inform us, denotes perfect health and bodily vigor. Nevertheless, he was blessed—or cursed—with a constitution that withstood remarkably well the combined assaults, night after night, of late hours, unlimited alcohol, and long cigars; and if he did appear to put pleasure first, he never forgot the business afterward. Occasionally a client, having looked upon—and, in a sense, through—the wine until the whole future was pleasingly rosy, and having, in the fullness of his satisfaction, somewhere about 2 a.m., given an order for the purchase of shares that seemed dirt cheap, would survive a frightful headache to wish that Silvertre hadn't such an infernally good memory, not to mention such a confoundingly strong head. Not that any client ever suggested, even to himself, that his own head was a weak one, or that Silvertre took unfair advantages.

But though Silvertre escaped inebriation in one way, he suffered from it in another. He allowed himself to be intoxicated by success—with the usual results. When he set up in business for himself he had vowed to deal for his clients only; a year later he had vowed to keep his own operations within certain modest limits; and within the next six months he had extended these limits considerably. But all the time he had won, and he had continued to win, until shortly after entering the flat in Bayswater. Since then his luck had failed him, and the profits derived from his clients were now as nothing compared with his losses on his personal speculations. And his sister's money was gone with his own. His credit was still fairly good, but it would not last three months unless he could find money—a large sum of money. If he could do that, he felt convinced, as men in his position always feel convinced, that he could recoup his losses. He knew of several "sure things," if only he had the cash. The trouble was that he did not know where to find it. For several weeks he was at his wits' end, a desperate man. Then in the least expected quarter he fancied he saw a glimmer of hope. For years he had been on nodding terms with his fellow clubman, Mr. Buggles, "The Cherub." Now, in his pleasant fashion, he found a trivial excuse for improving his acquaintance. Mr. Buggles put no difficulties in the way, and never suspected that he was being closely and diligently studied. When Silvertre invited him to dine quietly at the flat, he was frankly pleased. When he accepted the invitation, Silvertre was pleased also, if not quite so frankly.

Mr. Buggles was one of those dear simpletons who imagine themselves to be wise because they are methodical. A trifle over 40, he had no near relations. His father had left him money—how much no one knew, but apparently sufficient to keep him in full comfort if not great luxury. For sixteen years the club had been his home. He had never done any work; though, to be sure, since his boyhood he had always intended to do something. He believed in work, although it might not be necessary in his case. Still, he thoroughly enjoyed his idleness. It gave him time to read of what other people were doing, to sleep for nine hours every night, to eat his meals without haste, to look out of the window on the busy street, fascinated, for a couple of hours at a stretch; to play an occasional game at billiards or cards (when the stakes were tiny); and to smoke innumerable pipes per diem. Once a year he subscribed £20 to a fund for poor children; if he was responsible for other benefactions, they were strictly private. Naturally of a happy and contented disposition, the club gave him all the physical comfort and mental entertainment he desired. He was not a prominent member, yet his fellows had come to regard him as a sort of institution. They chatted with him when, quite obviously, they had nothing better to do; they played billiards with him when plainly desirous of killing time; they offered him a hand at cards when so-and-so had failed to turn up. "The Cherub" will do," they would remark casually on many an occasion. They held him cheap, and yet they liked him. They laughed at his methodical ways—his regularity in arriving at and departing from the club, his careful selection of his food, his deliberate choice of a chair, and so on; but they smiled with—not at—his smile which, along with his plump, youthful countenance, distinguished only for his particularly fine teeth, had earned him his nickname. He did not resent being made use of; possibly in his kindly, cheerful conceit he never thought of himself as being sought but vastly popular in the club which had become his little world.

If Mr. Buggles desired anything beyond that which he possessed, it was a friend's home wherein he would be a welcome visitor. Perhaps the desire had not troubled him greatly ere he crossed the border of middle age; possibly it might have remained merely intermittent but for Silvertre's informal invitation. Yet certain it is that he looked forward to the evening with an eagerness almost childish in its intensity. Not since his youth had he been asked out to dine in purely friendly and informal fashion—to eat a home-cooked meal and spend a homely fireside evening. He felt very grateful toward Silvertre, whom he had always admired for his charming manners and entertaining conversation. That the younger man's attention and conversation should have at last been directed toward himself did not puzzle him; rather it flattered him.

He wondered what Miss Silvertre might be like—surely like her name, beautiful.

He knew very few women, but he enjoyed women's society, in which he was not bashful, though exceedingly gentle and modest in an old-fashioned way.

On entering the Silvertres' drawing-room he bowed so very low that Hilda felt tempted to laugh. Then he looked at her and smiled, and she felt a little ashamed. His smile was neither a polite smirk nor an amiable grin. There was something unusually attractive in its sincerity and pleasantness. It claimed and gained her friendship immediately. She did not notice that his hair was rather thin, his eyes rather small, his figure rather stout. At once she understood why he had been dubbed "The Cherub," and a moment later realized that he was quite different from the men she was accus-

tomed to meet. The warmth of her welcome was a surprise to her brother. It also awakened in him a sense of compunction, which lingered until he had drunk a couple of glasses of champagne.

The evening, so far as Mr. Buggles was concerned, was a very happy one. He told himself that it was the happiest of his life. The kindness of the hostess, the jovial hospitality of the host, the domestic atmosphere, all combined to make him feel the most himself among men.

He enjoyed the dinner, the cigar that followed, the music in the pretty drawing-room provided by Miss Silvertre while he and his host luxuriated in easy chairs before the fire; but most of all, he enjoyed the last half-hour during which Silvertre strummed waltzes on the piano and the hostess talked just as if, he thought afterward, she had known him all his life. He went away regretfully, but cherishing the thought of the invitation he had received for the very next week, and wondering whether he might venture to ask the brother and sister to dine with him soon at the best restaurant he could think of.

Among his many subsequent meetings with his new friends it is doubtful whether he found any that had such unalloyed happiness as his first. Again and again after these meetings he called himself an old fool, without, however, explicitly stating the nature of his folly. In the smoking-room he found Silvertre. The stock broker was sitting in a deserted corner, alone, in unusual condition for him, though at first Buggles failed to notice anything strange. "The Cherub" was suddenly glad to see his friend.

"I called at your house half an hour ago," he said awkwardly, "but found you were out."

"Yes," returned Silvertre, passing his hand over his eyes. "I'm sorry I wasn't at home. You ought to have asked for Hilda. She would have been glad to see you. I meant to be home to dinner tonight, but—I couldn't face it. Old man," he said after a pause abruptly and without looking at the other, "I've had a most ghastly day of it."

"How do you mean, Silvertre?" said Buggles kindly and anxiously. "Aren't you well?"

"Too well. I'd be better dead. I'm ruined."

Buggles stared at him helplessly. He had grown used to Silvertre.

"I shouldn't have mentioned it," said Silvertre presently, in an apologetic voice. "My affairs are nothing to you. But—"

"You shan't lose my friendship, Silvertre," said Buggles, recovering from the first shock of his friend's announcement.

"Thanks," Silvertre replied in a low voice. "I shall be glad to think that is true. My god! what a disaster it has been! Forgive me. I am unaccustomed to have kept my troubles to myself."

"If you care to tell me anything," began Buggles, halted uneasily, and gazed pityingly at the other.

Silvertre appeared to pull himself together, and he took a long pull at a whisky-and-soda which he seemed to have forgotten.

"It's a short story," Silvertre said, setting down his glass. "I suppose you've noticed the awful fall the market has been going on in mines for the last six months?"

"No; I'm afraid I don't take much interest in mining," returned Buggles, whose capital was all invested in safe, returned securities. "Of course I've heard some of the awful talking."

"Well, I'm pretty sure they hadn't anything drastic to talk about. The market has been going all to pieces, and there has been hammering right and left. I thought I was going to pull through, although I've been hit through a lot of my clients; but today there was a fearful smash in coppers—it's in the late papers—and my two biggest clients are broke, and—I've got the baby to hold. Buggles, old man, I can't hold it. I've thousands of pounds too heavy for me. You're my friend, Buggles, but you don't know what I've come through the last few months. Hell! Mind you, it's not for myself I'm worried most. I daresay I could get on in time—years hence I'll pay all I owe and hold my head again. But there's—Hilda. Every penny she had was in my business. I suppose I was wrong to let her put it there—but one doesn't foresee such disasters as this. She hasn't been brought up to rough it, so I must say you, old man, can guess. I tell you, it's too much. The thought of it makes me crazy. How am I to get home tonight and—"

"Silvertre," Buggles interrupted, and his voice was hoarse, "did—did you say it was thousands of pounds?"

The stock broker produced his handkerchief, wiped his forehead, and wiped his hot forehead. Buggles caught a whiff of the perfume; it reminded him of Hilda, though that was unnecessary. He also wiped his forehead, which was very cold.

Silvertre was playing his game—groping in the dark for a thing he believed to be almost within reach—but he could only keep his nerve.

"Yes," he muttered. "I'm sorry to say it is thousands of pounds. But I've sickened you sufficiently, old man."

"No; tell me. Is it more than—more than £2000?"

Silvertre groaned softly. They were alone in the room save for two drowsy members at the far end.

"Buggles, it would take £7000—he drew a long breath—"to save me from bankruptcy—to save Hilda from poverty. Now, perhaps you can guess what I suffer."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Buggles, feebly. "Seven thousand pounds! Oh, dear!"

Silvertre glanced covertly at "The Cherub," who was sitting so close to him that he could feel his breath.

He had been too abrupt, if he had miscalculated his own strength, he had named too huge a sum.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Buggles once more.

"Of course, it might as well be seventy thousand pounds—for all the hope I have of raising it. All my securities are pledged. But I've done my best. I've believed my clients worthy of my confidence, and I've been deceived. That's all." Silvertre lifted his glass to his lips.

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Now, forgetting it was empty. He laid it down.

"And Miss Silvertre has nothing?" Buggles whispered.

"Not a penny," Silvertre rose. "I must go and see her, I suppose."

Buggles caught his sleeve.

"No—for God's sake, not yet," he stammered.

"It's no good putting off the evil hour, old man. You mean to be kind. I'll tell Hilda of your sorry state."

"But wait—wait till tomorrow, Silvertre."

"The Cherub" clung to his arm.

"Don't tell her tonight," he begged. "Perhaps—perhaps I can do something. Meet me here at noon tomorrow—and, please, say nothing tonight."

He let Silvertre's arm and rose quickly. "I must go. Good night." And he was out of the room ere Silvertre grasped his words.

"I'm hanged," said the stock broker to himself, "hanged if 'The Cherub' hasn't brought tears to my eyes. Well, if he does put up the cash, I'll see he doesn't lose it. I'm ashamed of myself!"

He blew his nose, lit a cigar, touched the bell, and asked for his chair like a man whose troubles are at hand. Which was precisely his position, had he known it.

At noon the next day Buggles handed him a draft for £7000. It had been a sore struggle for "The Cherub" to part with his stocks, especially at a reduction of cash, but love had overcome caution.

"I shall be glad when you can conveniently let me have it back," he said simply. "I'm not a rich man."

"Within six months," Silvertre assured him, after many expressions of gratitude. "You can trust me."

That, he added, holding out his hand.

"And you will keep the matter strictly secret?"

"Surely."

Buggles took the extended hand willingly, and his smile came back, for suddenly, it flashed upon him that for a time, at least, Miss Silvertre would be practically poor. In six months—well, he dared not think of the future.

Silvertre went straight from the club to his bank and lodged the check. Then, with his brain full of new speculative schemes, he started to cross the street.

He never reached the other side. They had some difficulty in getting his body from under the motor.

When, a fortnight having elapsed, Mr. Buggles ventured to call at the flat, he discovered that Miss Silvertre had gone to stay with friends in Paris. Later he learned that her brother's estate, which she duly inherited, amounted to a little over £6000. He did not quite understand how that could be, but his lawyer informed him that it was so. In a way he was satisfied.

The same evening he dined at the club, played a game of billiards, took a hand of cards, lost five and sixpence, drank a whisky and soda with the recognized members, and did not leave until the last member had disappeared.

Then, after a glance into all the familiar rooms, he broke the rules by tipping the porter, and departed down the steps, his back so bowed that the porter afterward remarked upon it.

And the club knew "The Cherub" no more.

On a fine summer afternoon four years later an elegantly-attired lady entered a little shop in a small seaside town and asked to see some picture post cards.

The proprietor, who was engaged in mixing together several kinds of cut tobacco, started violently, then smiled uncertainly.

"Mr. Buggles!" exclaimed the lady.

"Miss Silvertre!" he murmured. "You are surprised, of course, to see me here."

She stretched her hand across the counter.

"I thank you—I thank you," he whispered, and was "The Cherub" again.

"You have had misfortune," she said softly. "I didn't know. I have been away for so long—ever since my poor brother's death. I am sorry you have had trouble too, Mr. Buggles."

"Misfortune might have been worse," he rejoined quietly. Looking at him, she saw that he was almost bald and older than before—that he had aged considerably.

"Mr. Buggles," she said suddenly, her face flushing. "Forgive the question, but did you lose your money as a client of Jack's?"

"No, Miss Silvertre."

She gave a sigh of relief. "I'm so glad," she said. "I know Jack had a most friendly feeling for you."

He bowed in his old-fashioned way. "And I for your brother, Miss Silvertre."

"By the way, Mr. Buggles, I am no longer Miss Silvertre. My name is Mrs. Alison."

He bowed again as an expression of pain flickered once upon his face.

"I wish you all happiness, Mrs. Alison."

"Thank you very much." Then impulsively she cried: "Mr. Buggles, when will you dine with us at the hotel? We are to be here for three or four days."

"It is good of you," he replied, "but you see, Mrs. Alison, during the season, I must keep my shop open till 11 o'clock, and I have no one to leave in charge. Again let me say it is good of you."

"Will you allow me to give you some postcards," he said more briskly, "some of our local views? I have been in the winter, but I must not complain of business in the season. This little shop does fairly well. I must tell you that I did not lose everything when I was not so badly off. I had a little left, so that I am gaining experience as time goes on. I was wrong, I did something for a living." He made a packet of the cards he had selected while talking, and handed them to her.

"I was going to tell you that I met a member of your family recently. He told me you are still greatly missed."

Mr. Buggles drew himself up. The compliment

Some Leading Cartoons of the Day.



January 17, 1909.]

Good Short Stories.

BRIEF ANECDOTES GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Compiled for The Times.

The Indignant Lady.

CLYDE FITCH was describing his large scrap book collection of typographical errors. Suddenly he smiled.

"Such errors," he said, "are continually cropping up. I called for a magazine editor the other day to take him out to luncheon. As he was getting gratefully into his coat, a man entered.

"Do you read your magazine?" the man asked.

"I do," replied the editor.

"Have you read the new number, the one that came out yesterday?"

"I have."

"Have you read my poem, 'To Gabrielle,' on Page 117?"

"No."

"No! Well, in that poem I wrote the line: 'I love you better than I love my life.'

"A neat line. Neat and well turned," said the editor, nothing.

"And one of the professional humorists of your composing-room set it up to read: 'I love you better than I love my wife.'"

"How—er—"

"Than my wife—precisely that. And my wife knows nothing of composing-room comedy, and she thinks the line was printed exactly as I wrote it."

A Back-Water Town.

IT was one of those sleepy, one-horse, back-water towns, like Squash," said Representative Burton, describing at a Hot Springs dinner a town that he disliked.

"Squash is the limit. A gentleman arrived there the other day and wanted a hair-cut. He found the barber shop, and, after shaking the barber vigorously, managed to awaken him.

"How long will it take you to cut my hair, barber?" he asked.

"Not long, boss," said the barber.

"And he rose, yawned, and stretched himself. Then he called upstairs to his wife:

"Say, send the kid down to the Sun office to tell the editor I want my scissors just as soon as he's done editing the paper. There's a gent here waitin' for a hair-cut."

No Flies on Him.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, at the end of a day's testimony in the government's suit against the Standard Oil Company, talked to a group of reporters. The subject of quick-wittedness came up, and Mr. Rockefeller said:

"As quick-witted a man as I ever knew was one of our drivers—Timothy—back in the business' early days. We liked to keep our teams looking nice, and so we instituted an annual prize for the man who could show the best-groomed horses, the cleanest stalls, the brightest harness, and so forth.

"Timothy seemed certain of this prize, and when mid-year inspection time came, sure enough, his splendid work left nothing to be desired.

"But as the inspector took one last look round, just as he had made up his mind to give the prize to Timothy, he frowned, for his eye had fallen on a cobweb in a corner of the gray mare's stall.

"Timothy saw the inspector's face change, and saw the cause of the change, and he spoke up briskly:

"I keep that there web there, boss," he said, "to catch the flies. The way they torment the mare is sumpin' fierce."

The Choir Invisible.

THE late Admiral Coghlan," said an officer of the Navy Department, "was always ready with a story. In this office here, apropos of swearing on the sea, he once told a story about a parrot.

"He said that a young sailor sent a gray Belgian parrot to his parents. The bird swore terribly. It was only for the sake of the giver that the family kept it. But keep it they did, and day and night the house resounded with its shrill oaths. When the minister called, they threw a cloth over the cage.

"The minister called every Thursday evening regularly. But once, collecting for an oyster supper, he called on a Saturday evening as well. His call was unexpected, but they got the cloth on the cage in time.

"The minister had just begun to talk about the slushy weather when, from beneath the cloth, came a loud squawk.

"Well, I'll be—!" roared the parrot. "This HAS been a short week!"

The Fatal Waiter.

H. HARRISON, the government's immigration expert, told the other day in San Francisco a story about one of his protégés, a Pole.

"The young fellow," said Mr. Harrison, "is prosperous now on a fruit farm of his own out Los Angeles. But when I first met him he was mixed up with a bad crowd. His boss, in fact, ran a speak-easy.

"Kuno was a waiter in the speak-easy. He made no success of the job. A big, boyish sort of chap, fruit farming is much better suited to him.

"I'll tell you how he wound up.

"The boss, one Sunday, did especially well. The

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out yesterday?"

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you better than I love my life.'"

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Food Waiter.

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"There was a waiter in the speak-easy. He made no
mistake of the job. A big, boyish sort of chap, fruit
and much better suited to him.

"I told you how he wound up.

"The last, one Sunday, did especially well. The

speak-easy was crowded all day—even at midnight there
was still a full house. Some of the members of this full
house were pretty full themselves, and the boss hesi-
tated about letting them leave. It would look suspi-
cious, you know, for them to stagger and lurch out of
his speak-easy. And so he said confidentially to Kuno,
the waiter:

"Kuno, just walk down as far as the corner and see
if there are any policemen about."

"At the end of five minutes Kuno returned, and the
bartenders busy behind the bar, the noisy drinkers with
their glasses, and even the drunken men propped on
chairs in the corner, looked at him inquiringly.

"Kuno, with a courtly wave of the hand, ushered in a
brace of grim-looking officers.

"'Sir,' he said to the boss, 'dare was no policemen
on de corner, so I runs to de station-house an' bring
you two.'"

...

When the Thatch Gets Thin.

"DR. C. J. HEXAMER, president of the National
German-American Alliance," said a Philadelphia
millionaire, "believes that it is their sensitiveness—their
sensitiveness about their accent and so on—which hin-
ders many a young German immigrant's success.

"In a splendid address to young immigrants I once
heard him say that if they were sensitive they would
continually be finding jeers and insults to mope over—
as many jeers and insults as fell to the lot of the bald-
headed.

"He said that only that day, in a downtown barber
shop, a bald-headed man came in and took a chair next
to the one he occupied.

"'Hair-cut, Joe,' he said.

"The barber looked at him, slapped the nude white
dome of his skull with mock tenderness, and gave a
loud laugh.

"'Why, man,' said he, 'you don't need no hair-cut.
What you want's a shine!'"

...

Oster Shines in Paris.

"IN the Rue de l'Université, in the gray old Faubourg
St. Germain quarter of Paris," said a Philadelphia
physician, "I attended last month a dinner given by
Prof. Landouzy in honor of our famous Oster.

"Dr. Oster was, as usual, brilliant. He made the
sparks fly in his criticism of a rather sensational young
crimonologist who sat next him. This crimonologist ad-
vanced bizarre deductions which Dr. Oster promptly
destroyed. At one point, in a quandary, the young man
said:

"'Well, at any rate, how do you account for the fact,
as shown by incontrovertible statistics, that forty-one
out of every hundred criminals are left-handed?"

"That is very easily accounted for," said Dr. Oster.
"The other fifty-nine are right-handed."

...

The Persevering Guesser.

"DR. AKED, the famous New York minister, was prais-
ing the perseverance of the Suffragettes, who, he
said, 'stood ready to undergo imprisonment and to
sacrifice their lives to right what they decided an in-
tolerable wrong.'"

Then, with a smile, Dr. Aked resumed:

"It is amazing what perseverance will achieve. Even
misdirected perseverance has achieved marvels. There
is the case of Robson, the great Notts cricketer.

"Robson, during his Australian tour, was determined,
one scorching afternoon, that his side shouldn't do the
hard work of fielding.

"Well, when the Australian captain spun the coin,
Robson shouted:

"'Woman!'"

"Then, seeing that heads lay uppermost, instead of ac-
knowledging defeat, Robson said, with perseverance and
nonchalance:

"'Well, we'll go in.'"

"'But—er—I thought,' said the puzzled Australian—
'you see, I don't quite know the English meaning of
'woman.'"

"'Then,' said Robson gallantly, 'we'll toss again.'"

"The Australian made a second toss, Robson called
heads, and tails came up. The ordinary man would at
this point have surrendered in despair, but not so Rob-
son.

"'Honors are now easy,' said he, with a pleasant
smile. 'On with the rubber.'"

"The Australian a third time flipped the coin, and
having at last called the toss correctly, the persevering
Robson led in his side to the shady benches."

...

Alike Missing.

"BELIGAN-HARE soup is a winter delicacy of the
first water," said Baptiste Harnais, a Chicago chef,
at a French cooks' ball in Chicago. "I had a misadven-
ture with one such soup last week.

"I had ordered a hare for a private dinner party, but
it failed to come. The afternoon waned. I was in de-
spair. I clutched my head in both hands. I would have
torn my curly locks out by the roots, but, as you see, I
have no curly locks.

"As I stormed about the kitchen, a boy entered. I
thought he was from the butcher's.

"'What have you done with my hare?' I shouted, seiz-
ing him by the arm.

"The boy looked up at my polished cranium.

"'Never touched it, boss,' said he. 'What have you
done with my whiskers?'"

...

The Leaky Room.

"GYPSY" SMITH, the eloquent evangelist, com-
plained, at a meeting in New York, of the discom-
fort caused by the customs rules.

"They who receive from abroad packets or heavy let-
ters, such as attract the eye of the customs officials,
find," said "Gypsy" Smith, "that the American govern-

ment in this matter is as lacking as the Haytian hotel-
keeper.

"A gentleman, you must know, stopped at a country
hotel some fifty miles from Port au Prince, to escape
one of those tropical deluges so characteristic of Hayti.
After dinner he turned in, for there was nothing to
read in the hotel, the night had turned chilly, and there
was no fire.

"He turned in, and he fell at once into a deep, delight-
ful sleep. Then he awoke dripping. The downpour
was leaking through the palmetto roof onto his bed.

"Shivering, he reached out his wet arm and rang.

"The pad of bare feet approached. 'What's wanted?'
snarled the landlord.

"'You must prepare me another room,' said the guest.
'The rain is leaking in here in buckets.'"

"And is that what you wake me for at this time of
night?" the landlord roared. "If you'd thought to look
you'd have found an umbrella under the bed. Use it,
man!"

[Copyright, 1909, by Estelle Klauder.]

Unnecessary Noises.

THE celebrated soprano was in the middle of her solo
when little Johnny said to his mother, referring to
the conductor of the orchestra: "Why does that man
hit at the woman with his stick?"

"He is not hitting at her," replied his mother. "Keep
quiet."

"Well, then, what is she hollerin' so for?"—[Success
Magazine.]

How Erastus Found Light.

ELECTION is over, and some of us are wondering
whether we voted wisely. Voting is something of a
hazard at times, if we do not happen to have the plain
guidance of the old dorky janitor in Princeton. Eras-
tus, being asked how he had voted, replied: "In the
mahnin', sah, I was inclined to de Republican cause, for
they gave me three dollahs; but in the afternoon de
Democrats gave me two dollahs. So, sah, I voted de
Democrat ticket straight, because dey was de leas' cor-
rup', sah—de leas' corrup', sah!"—[Success Magazine.]

Diagnosis.

INTO a general store of a town in Arkansas there re-
cently came a dorky complaining that a ham which
he had purchased there was not good.

"The ham is all right, Zeph," insisted the store-
keeper.

"No, it ain't, boss," insisted the negro. "Dat ham's
shore bad!"

"How can that be," continued the storekeeper, "when
it was cured only last week?"

The dorky scratched his head reflectively, and finally
suggested:

"Den mebbe it's had a relapse."—[Harper's Weekly.]

Why It Was.

A PARTY of northerners was touring Virginia, some
years ago, and as the crowded train was crawling
through Stafford county, near Fredericksburg, an old
and wizened woman, with a basket bigger than herself,
came aboard, and edged diffidently into the vacant place
beside one of the men. After a while her seat mate de-
cided that it could be no harm to draw her out a little
for the benefit of the rest of the party.

"This is very poor land that you have around here,
madam," he began.

"Mighty pore," she assented, humbly.

"I never did see such worthless soil."

"No, suh," with an air of deep dejection.

"Don't you ever sow any crops at all?" he kept on.

The ancient dame did not lift her head.

"Naw, suh," she drawled. "This hyer land around
hyer was sowed 'bout three foot deep with Yankees,
'long 'bout forty years ago, and we ain't been able to
raise nary crap since."—[Harper's Weekly.]

Young America.

LITTLE WILLIAM had planted some castor beans in
the back yard, and as usual they grew very rapidly.
Every day he would take note how much they grew.
One day while William, his father and mother were
seated at the dinner table, William became silent and
thoughtful, and after looking a long while at his
mother, then at his father, turning to both in turn, he
remarked: "Mamma, you're not growing; Daddie,
you're not growing, only me and the castor beans."

"Cyril," said his mother, as they sat down to the
breakfast table, "did you wash your face this morn-
ing?"

"Well, no—mamma," said he slowly, evidently cast-
ing in his mind for an excuse, "but," he added re-
assuringly, "I cried a little before I came downstairs!"

Helen's mother passed her the cake, and when the
little one went to reach across the plate for the largest
piece her mamma said: "Always take the piece nearest
to you, dear."

"Well, then, turn the plate around," was the answer.

Mrs. Browne was shocked beyond words to hear her
small son speak of little Jane Smith, who had spent the
afternoon at the house, as a "darned fool."

"Why, Charles," said his mother, "where did you hear
such talk? Come right to the bathroom and have those
naughty words washed out of your mouth."

After a thorough cleansing of the small mouth with
nasty soap and water, Mrs. Browne asked: "Now what
do you think of little Jane?"

"Just the same as I did before," was the reply, "only
I didn't say it."—[Delineator.]

FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERDS WATCH.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time
since the earthquake disaster...

The building as designed, cor-
plates a twelve-story, steel frame,
proof structure, besides a roof g
and two basements. The classic f
will be treated in granite, marble
limestone.

The House Beautiful—Its Flower Garden and Grounds.

FERTILIZING FOR FLOWERS.

EXPERIMENTS MADE AT THE MARYLAND EXPERIMENT STATION.

By Ernest Braunton.

THE professional flower grower who keeps abreast of the times (which is equivalent to saying that he is successful) carries on various experiments each year to determine the best methods in the different phases of flower culture. In none of these is there greater necessity for absolute determination of the best than in the practice of fertilization for results in size and number of blooms and stiffness of flower stem.

The Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station has for eight years carried on a series of experiments, mainly in the care and culture of chrysanthemums, that cannot fail to be of interest to all growers of "autumn's floral queen." For five years one plot was fertilized with cow urine supplemented with phosphates and gave good results. Another plot was given a solution of chemical fertilizers containing approximately the same amounts of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash found in the urine with slightly better results. A solution of sheep manure was tried on another plot for three years with results still better than either of those previously noted. In tests with special fertilizers to determine the effect of certain chemicals on length and stiffness of stem and size and number of flowers in chrysanthemums and car-

blooming period. Clean up the whole premises now, there is no better time for renovation than the present, for a number of good reasons. Because of recent rains the soil is in a good, friable condition and cannot be stirred too much for the good of coming crops of bloom. Every plant and every available space between plants should be worked over, pulverized and enriched—it cannot be done so easily or with such profit at any other time of the year.

Effect of Light on Germination.

A study was made to determine the effect of light and darkness, as well as of various colored lights, upon the germination of seeds of a number of species of plants. In the case of Veronica seeds 100 per cent. germinated under clear light and under yellow light in thirty days, while germination was retarded under orange, red, blue, and green light, in some cases less than 50 per cent. germinating in two months.

Moorland Heather.

Germany has more than 5,000,000 acres of waste moorland, and it may be interesting to some of our readers to note how the main crop of vegetation grows so that like conditions may, as nearly as possible, be provided for the plants in Southern California.

The upland moors are covered with Calluna vulgaris, ordinarily called heather, which, when in bloom, has the appearance of red clover. The plant is an evergreen shrub, growing about a foot high, with foliage like our

been carried on to determine which of the plants is able to American teachers are best adapted for the demonstration or investigation of the different physiological processes, and gives the results of the investigation of the transpiration of thirty species of plants. In this investigation was determined the actual amount of water lost by the plants growing under ordinary conditions in greenhouses, and at the same time determined the transpiration under various conditions which admit of comparison and repetition.

The first choice in respect to excellence of material for study falls on Chrysanthemum frutescens (common chrysanthemum), Tropaeolum majus (Nasturtium), Pelargonium domesticum (Lady Washington geranium), Fuchsia coccinea, Senecio petasitis, S. mikanoides, Pelargonium zonale (common geranium), Heliotropium peruvianum, and Pelargonium pelatum. These were found best for the study of the transpiration of water, are easily obtained at any time of the year, and may be readily grown in houses or in the greenhouse.

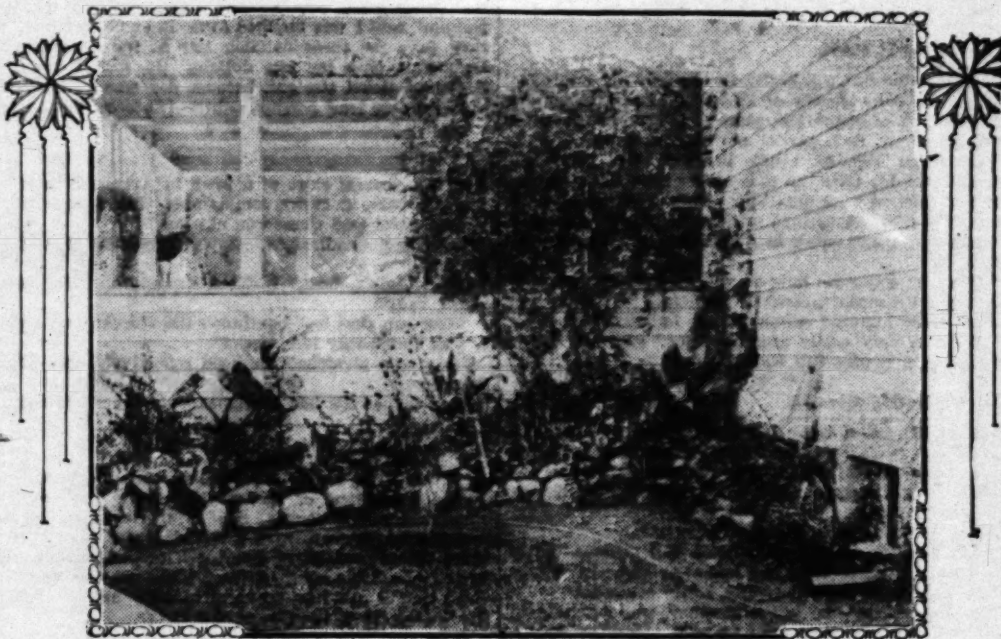
In the course of the study it was brought out that there are two daily extremes, a maximum about midday when the sunlight is most intense, heat usually greatest, and moisture in the atmosphere the least, with a good supply of water in the soil. The minimum occurs some time during the night, when the temperature is low, the atmospheric moisture approaches saturation, the darkness is complete.

Follow Nature in Planning.

To harmoniously arrange trees, shrubs, and lawns, plants, and at the same time adjust them to the needs of the place, to the architecture of the building, to the convenience of the walks and drives, is the task of the landscape gardener. As his guide and inspiration he takes Nature, and in so far as she is followed, his work is pleasing. Every successful attempt to beautify a city lot, a suburban place, or a park has a valuable influence upon the community in which it is situated, furnishes an object lesson which others will attempt to follow, and in this way it serves the useful purpose of stimulating in others a love for the beautiful in nature.

The Present Fashions.

Stella: Isn't it all you can do to dance in your gown?
Bella: Yes, but it's too tight to sit down in—
Inglton Post.



RELIEVING THE HARSH, MONOTONOUS LINES OF ARCHITECTURE.

nations a balanced or complete fertilizer was found to give the best general results, though some plots would excel in one or two points at the expense of others. In all soils and with all crops a balanced fertilizer will prove best if the same crop is grown on a plot for several years.

Mission of the Vine.

The mission of the vine in nature usually is to obscure but in gardening it seldom is planted for that purpose. Its use should be largely confined, in landscape work, to a delicate tracery in relieving the harsh and monotonous lines of architecture. For the same purpose we should plant shrubs and more lowly growths about the base of buildings. The right angle formed by ground and walls should be filled in to relieve the bar lines and harmonize, so far as is possible, the unnatural lines of buildings with the natural ones to be found in earth and sky and all that both contain.

Cleaning Stone Work.

A reader writes to ask how to clean stone and rubble and cement work so as to give it a rough and somewhat natural appearance and show the colors of the stones or rock, crushed, broken or used entire.

If one could afford it, the writer believes that one of the sand blasts now in use cleaning the iron work on our city bridges would produce splendid results (a bush-hammer effect), the cleaning to be completed by an application of muriatic acid of ordinary strength, afterward hosing the whole very thoroughly to stop the action of the acid. If the sand blast is too expensive, clean off all the rough of the cement with steel cold chisels and then give one or more applications of commercial muriatic acid until the stones or stone particles are clean. To prevent excessive etching by the acid wash with a 10 per cent. solution of sodium carbonate, finally washing off thoroughly with water.

Do It Now.

Roses which have not been pruned and have no new growths on them may be pruned at this time, as heavily as you wish, but the annual bloomers must be left alone. Especially must you refrain from cutting such as the Cherokee and Glazenwood, for these are about to bloom and all that you would prune off would carry away large numbers of flowers. Prune these sorts at the close of the

juniper or red cedar (Juniperus Virginiana.) Scattering birch trees and a few deciduous shrubs, in addition to the attractive bloom of the heather, make a pleasing scene and one which well merits the notice of the artist. The moors are immense beds of decayed mosses, among which sphagnum largely predominates, and are from six to fifteen feet deep. Underneath them, in some localities, is a stratum of sand, in others clay, and in still others lime rock. The several layers, which are easily traced when a section of the bed is made, indicate that different cycles of climatic conditions have attended the formation of this huge vegetable sponge. The entire mass is filled with water, and is impassable for large animals and nearly so for men.

Plant Native Trees.

Every year there comes a stronger demand for native plants as compared with days ago. If a good selection cannot be bought in our markets, try collecting young plants from the wilds, and if these cannot be found or your efforts to grow them prove disappointing, collect and sow seeds. To one at all used to gardening the latter method will prove both interesting and economical, also instructive. We have so many native plants of decided horticultural value that it is almost pathetic to note the vast sums each year expended for pampered exotics of far less value and necessarily much less adapted to our climatic and general conditions.

Choose Plants Now.

All available plants for this season are now in the market and the 1909 plant catalogues are being sent out. The planting season for all but tender growths is at hand and new gardening operations should be under full way. Do not send east of the Rocky Mountains for either seeds or plants, especially for use in Southern California. None are so well adapted to our local conditions as home-grown stock, and our seeds are famous the world over. Conditions are so entirely different with us that vegetation cultivated under other methods and environment are not so well suited to our gardens as those grown here. There is also another good business reason for patronizing local dealers—they are get-at-able in case you receive unsatisfactory stock.

Plants for School Study.

The Botanical Gazette records a series of studies has

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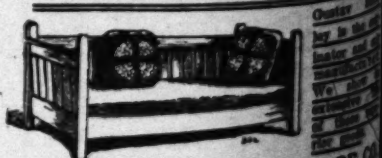
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The City Beautiful

TREE PRUNING.

NOW IS THE TIME WHEN THE TREE BUTCHER GETS BUSY.

ABOUT this time each year the tree butcher sallies forth to wage warfare on the innocent street tree. All trees with low, overhanging branches are now a menace to driver and pedestrian, for rains weigh them down until they impede traffic. It is as well to utter our annual note of warning, for under the name of pruning such butchery is practised that a student of the subject must often wonder by what devilish ingenuity man can make such an extremely ugly object out of what was once a passably respectable tree.

Some pruning is each year necessary to preserve "head room," the proper form; remove dead wood, or superfluous and abnormal growths; or to remove excessive top to promote health and vigor, but such work need not constitute vandalism, as is often the case. We badly need a city forest service consisting of a corps of competent pruners at the disposal of our forester. Every tree must be treated "according to his kind," and no one but a trained workman is competent to deal intelligently with this particular phase of horticulture. If every city, town, or community had one or more such men in its employ, though but for a short period each year, we should soon note an improvement in the general appearance of our now mangled street trees.

Clean Up Now.

The soil at present is in prime condition for weed pulling, plowing and working over in general. Vacant lots now covered with last year's crop of dried weeds should be plowed and harrowed smooth and kept free from weeds until the seeds have all started, after which they will need no care until next year. Parkways should receive similar treatment with hand tools. Weeds in gutters and at street sides will now pull with ease and should all be removed while the soil is soft from saturation by the recent rains. Do all such work now; do not leave it until the labor involved is much greater than at present.

Views for Street Planting.

For narrow streets or private drives several of the so-called yews, especially those known as Podocarpus, would make fine subjects, but in group planting they would prove unexcelled by any tree or shrub, especially at the base of larger conifers. Those of us who have made a deep study of the question and are familiar with the methods pursued in the planting of parkways along all world-famous streets and boulevards are fairly yearning for the time when Southern California will have something in the line really attractive to all visitors competent to judge—not those who have traveled much and seem nothing (for those who have eyes but see not are often globe trotters)—but for those of our own and other States and countries who have studied the question or have taken up the work both theoretically and practically.

We stand in sore need of avenues with parkways, either central or on the sides (or both,) from twenty to fifty feet in width. Where wide enough, conifers and other evergreens of pyramidal growth may be allowed to retain their branches down to the ground. Where space will not permit the lower limbs may be trimmed off and group planting or massing practised to cover up the naked trunks. Some large trees would spread their branches on the ground for a distance, over all, of forty or fifty feet while groups of shrubs or small trees to hide the stems would not require more than twelve to twenty feet. For grouping about the base of other conifers the yews of the New Zealand type would prove of unusual value.

Planting School Grounds.

Better methods should prevail in the planting of school grounds than those prevailing in and about Los Angeles. Proper preparation, proper planting, and proper after care are all needed, but are usually ignored with the consequence that trees and plants upon school grounds usually are the very poorest in the neighborhood. Sufficient attention is not given to details. Merely "planting trees" is by many considered a more simple problem than setting fence posts, though even in the latter some knowledge of the work and the principles involved is necessary to a satisfactory completion of the work.

The pupils should not only be allowed to assist in the work, but urged to do so, because they have, or should have, a deeper interest in the work than any other persons, but their participation should only be allowed under proper supervision by some one more competent than a horticultural point of view. Much planting on Arbor Day should have previously been planted and the planting during the day they should merely be placed in position and the roots covered, to be afterward planted by those who know how. Too many of our trees planted by self-constituted horticulturists (for Arbor Day only) have died from neglect or improper planting within a few weeks.

Though much of healthful sentiment surrounds Arbor Day celebrations, a great deal of the planting done in Los Angeles and surrounding towns, as witnessed by the writer, may properly be characterized as "fool's work" in that the term implies. Too many who take their names in print, but if justice could be done the matter they would receive would prove anything but flattering. These one-day-a-year enthusiasts should never be allowed to plant in our school yards or parks, but be forced to confine their pranks to their own possessions.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy with showers; light southwest.

Foreign. Recent Japanese paper of Yokohama, editorially advising Americans "not to annoy."

Three children rescued from the train of a passenger train, many more would have been killed. The freight was left to leave their train before escaped injury. The passenger train was shoveling coal.

For Angeles and
light west wind.
the vicinity;
light southwest

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Race Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

WEEKLY SURVIVORS COME TO AMEN

January 17, 1909.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

87

The City Beautiful—Its Avenues, Streets, Parks and Lakes.

TREE PRUNING.

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We need a revision of the methods usually pursued on this eventful day. In park, school ground and other public planting the properly-constituted officials should superintend the planting, and not the usual incompetent "Arbor Day Committee." Let our public planting be "for posterity" and not "for thirty days."

Inspiration Necessary.

A great deal of improvement work lags for the want of an inspiration on the part of some willing worker. And a large amount of effort is being expended from sheer force of will. Were it possible to combine inspiration and will and supply the combination on demand to every organization now struggling to improve its environment, what an impetus would be given to the movement in general.

For the Cemetery Beautiful.

Coming spring once more suggests the renewal of the campaign to limit the amount of the poorer work in our cemeteries. How to do this the most satisfactorily and appropriately for all interests concerned, ought to be the constant study of the superintendent in sympathy with modern ideas. No cemetery organization should tolerate a constant repetition of a poor work or design on its grounds, and every superintendent should strive so to control the lot owner's tastes as to secure work that will not, at least, be a detriment to the plot under his care.

The incongruous collection of comparatively cheap and



NEW ZEALAND YEW.

generally poor monuments brings discredit upon the vast majority of our small cemeteries, and checks the respect, latent in every human being, for the home of the dead. Although much attention is being given to the cemetery by local improvement associations, there is so much to be done, that constant urging must be credited to zeal in a good cause. An instant's thought would give force to the idea that burial in a garden is infinitely preferable to that in a stone yard, which is really what an average rural burial ground suggests, with the addition of metal rabbits, lambs and other creatures of wondrous designs.

Growth of School Gardens.

Not only in well-known centers, but in remoter localities the school-garden movement is taking root, and this suggests a satisfactory outcome, the result of which will be not only the higher culture of our future citizens, for there is nothing like an understanding and appreciation of nature to impart this culture, but it may also lead to a better distribution of our population. Once impart to the child a love of flowers and field, and the city cannot hold him unless it can give him a garden spot.

Reports from the principals and teachers where school gardening is in vogue have been most gratifying. They declare that without exception the influence of this work is refining and uplifting; that it especially appeals to boys; that it discloses the side of some boys' natures that they never dreamed of; that the children see a different phase of the teacher's nature. It brings teachers and pupils into closer and more sympathetic touch by their mutual love of the beautiful.

The Tramp and the Baby.

George Tobin doesn't pretend to be other than a genuine dyed wanderer. He says he has never killed any person, has never made a break that would be considered a burglary, has never deserted a wife and several children, is not addicted to the drink evil, and works only when he strikes a section where there are no hand-outs.

The other morning he was approaching Waterville from the sequestered village of Fairfield, intent upon

working his way to Lewiston on the bumpers. As he was passing the entrance on College avenue to Rowe street his attention was attracted to a house, and he swung into the street at a swift pace.

Tobin approached the back door of the house and was about to knock when the portal was thrown open with a bang, and a good-sized man yelled:

"Git out of this! We have fed all the hobos we intend to for the next ten years."

Tobin started in a conversation twice, but his words were blocked, as he was compelled, under the rapid fire from the rear, to get out toward the street. Reaching a safe point, Tobin yelled:

"Keep your grub, but you'd better take that baby out of that screen up there before it breaks its neck or chokes to death."

John Cayouette's boy of 2 years had managed to crawl partially through a broken screen in the window of the second story. The child was hanging head downward and was strangling.

Tobin watched the father yank the baby back to safety, and then poked off down toward the railroad yard. Telling the story to a group of yardmen who were intent upon frustrating Tobin's purpose of free transit, he said:

"There comes the old duffer now."

Cayouette came down the tracks toward the men, and as he neared them he discovered Tobin. Cayouette stepped up to Tobin and said:

"The baby's all right. Will \$2 do you any good?"—[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

The Last Civil War Survivor.

The "last surviving soldier of the Civil War" was depicted by George F. Bassett at the meeting of Old Glory Post 798 in the Masonic Temple. Mr. Bassett, who is past commander of Wayman Post 521, based his prophetic vision on insurance actuaries, and presented a word painting of the last living veteran of the Northern army and the attention that would be accorded him in the year 1950.

"According to insurance actuaries," said Mr. Bassett, "there will be 347 veterans living in 1930, in 1940 there will be 23, and in 1950 there will be 1."—[Chicago Tribune.]

The Longest Sentence.

The prize for the longest sentence ever written may fairly be awarded to the elder Dumas, who probably holds a further record of fertility of production. In the seventh of the twenty-nine volumes which compose the "Impressions de Voyage," there is a sentence describing Benvenuto Cellini which fills three pages, or 108 lines, averaging 45 letters apiece. The sentence is broken by 68 commas and 60 semicolons; but, as it contains 195 verbs and 122 proper names, the reader is somewhat bewildered before the end is reached.—[London Chronicle.]

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[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]

REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

The building was designed, plates a twelve-story, steel frame structure, besides a roof and two basements. The class will be treated in granite, limestone.

Practical Poultry Culture in the Southwest.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF STANDARD-BRED POULTRY AND THE PEOPLE WHO GROW IT.

A STUDY IN COMBS.

LARGE ONES GENERALLY INDICATE LIBERAL LAYERS.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

NOTE.—Short articles of a practical nature are cordially solicited from breeders and fanciers, relating their experience with poultry, giving their successes as well as failures. The writer will be glad, in so far as lies in his power, to answer inquiries of public interest bearing on any phase of an enlightened poultry culture, such as feeding and management, disease and its prevention, market conditions, fancy points, etc. The co-operation of utility breeders and fanciers is cordially solicited, to the end that the best thought and practice in an enlightened poultry culture may find a healthy expression in these columns.

EVERY kind of fowl possesses a fleshy enlargement on the head which is known as the comb. The combs vary more or less in shape, but in all cases answer to the same function. Usually in the males the comb is larger than in the females, why, we have never seen stated unless it has an attraction for the hen during the breeding season. As a matter of fact the comb

colder regions, while the higher combs belong to breeds in the Mediterranean class, which would seem to provide against freezing in the former case. Economically, combs and wattles possess little or no value in this country; in France, however the former are used as human foods, making, it is said, a palatable dish when skillfully prepared.

A Glossary of Poultry Terms.

Now that the show season is in full swing, the novice will hear the real chicken jargon of the showroom on all sides. Naturally, much of it will be "all Greek" to the beginner, and for his benefit we here give some of the more common expressions and their meaning:

A sitting of eggs usually consists of thirteen specimens, though there is quite a tendency among breeders to increase the number to fifteen.

A male chicken is called a cock; if under twelve months of age, it is known as a cockerel. A female chicken is called a hen; if under twelve months, a pullet. A male goose a gander; a male duck a drake; and

poor mother; she must be at least two years old, and if three, better. The breeder of the eggs will sell a mother, and she is worth \$5 to any amateur, because pullets do not sit well as a rule, and he can use this mother two or three years or, even more. A pure-bred like the eggs, he can breed her to the cockerel, and expect fine males. All her eggs she should be allowed to incubate the first year of her moulting; pullets' eggs do not make as fine chicks generally. The pullets' one gets while breeding for males are as few as few. An old mother hen is expected to throw mostly mated to a young sire.

The second year one can look over his stock and select the best cockerel in form and color according to the standard of perfection and the best pullet, and mate them. The inbreeding, where selection of the best is practiced, does not deteriorate the stock. Line breeding is started in this way, and no new blood brought in. One interested in line breeding should study the I. F. Felch breeding chart. Where one intends line breeding the start is of so much consequence, it is better to have a celebrated pair, and not wait to grow from eggs of a celebrated pair, or one's own. In thirteen eggs all hatched from the most illustrious ancestry, a really fine pair should not be expected. Much dissatisfaction arises with the amateur, if he does not get all the fowls in his first hatch, whereas if he gets one fine of either sex, he is very successful. The breeder, chosen from hundreds of fowls carefully considered when one is going to play with heredity and line. Again, be it to the comfort of the amateur all the birds of the hatch are good blood, and it is liable to tell in the next generation. All well-formed and colored eggs of fine stock are worth incubating, and full of promise.

There is a prejudice against inbreeding in amateur and with it one may secure two sittings of eggs of not related, of the same breed. To buy a sitting of eggs of one breeder to get males, and one of another to get females may make the nucleus of a good strain, but may not, each stock being superb. The line breeder fine fowls dreads to put in new blood, and will advise the amateur to buy two sittings or more of eggs of the same stock, and breed by careful selection of get.

Caught on the Wing.

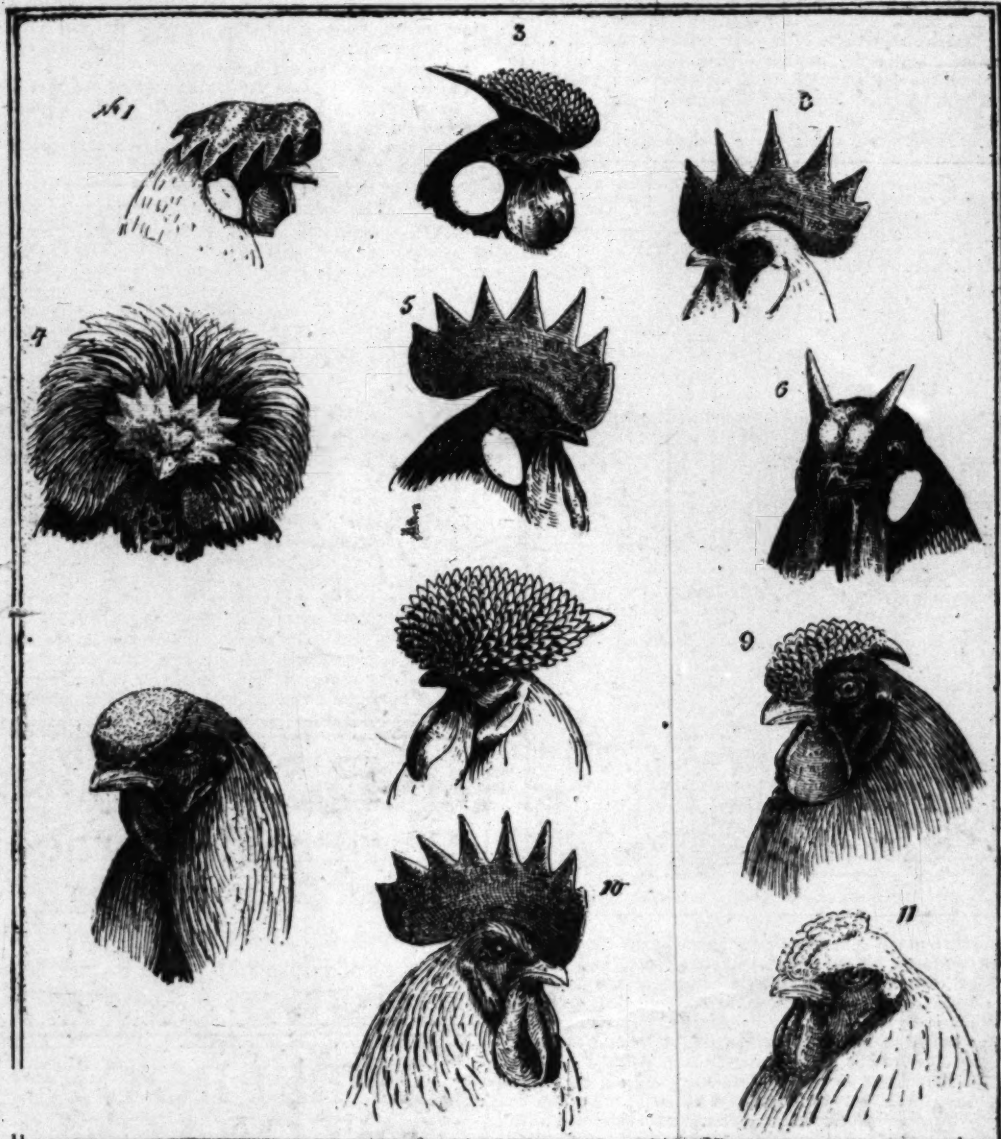
During the rains it is wise to put ground ginger in hot morning mash wetting, this to reach every part of the fortify against loose conditions and soft droppings. Nothing is more preventative of disease during rain than ginger.

Never throw celery tops into the poultry run, for the especial fowls will eat them promptly. Most birds will not, and to cut them up and boil in the water gets a nerve tonic to them. Cauliflower tops cut up will go as green at midday, while celery is too white unless fowls are starved for vegetable food.

Onion tops cut up go well for green, and a big worm cut into the mash wetting three times a week is a good worm remedy as well as nerve tonic.

An English poultry journal publishes a man's advice to give ground mustard in the morning mash to the old and young, stating that it is a good stimulant for the inactive ovary. Mustard from the kitchen garden ought to be good for hens, and this likely thing be so, and it suggests growing a row of mustard in the garden to feed as green to the hens. Young mustard plants make fine table "greens." If one lives in the land of wild mustard, he can use use of some of the beautiful waste. Pepper is a stimulant to the ovary, and bits of chili pepper with the mash wetting are ideal. There is a temptation to overdo stimulants of all kinds, and from depending upon them seriously wear out early. Poultry foods keep all animal life from needing stimulants, and we forget and get needy.

Salt should never be left out of the mash wetting, it is heart food, makes the fowls drink, and when a bird drinks pure water heavily, she must be laying.



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: SINGLE COMB LEGHORN, ROSE COMB, S. C. LEGHORN MALE LEAF COMB, HOUDAN, S. C. MINORCA, HORNED COMB, LA FLECHE, MALAY COCK, REDCAP COCK, WYANDOTTE COCK, DORKING COCK, PEA COMB, BRAHMA.

is brightest at this time; and in the female it is a proverb that the hen with a bright comb is usually picked out as a good layer. The comb also to a large extent denotes the age of puberty. As a natural sequence, so soon as she ceases production it shrinks and grows correspondingly dull. From these indications it seems fair to assume that there is some connection between the fowl's headgear and the reproductive organs. Going a step further it is noticeable that the large-combed breeds are usually recognized as the laying breeds, as for instance the Leghorns and Minorcas. To be sure the Dorking supports a large comb, but it is a big bird; compared to size its headgear is not so large as that of the Leghorn. Arguing from these premises, it is fair to assume that the bird well furnished with headgear is influenced to "shell out the eggs." Form seems to have no bearing; it is the amount of flesh in comb and wattles that seems to count. And by this is not meant monstrosities, but furnishings typical of the breed.

It is indeed interesting as well as surprising to note the different shapes in combs in the different breeds, all of which possess the ideal or standards by which they are judged in pure-bred birds. The accompanying illustration from a late issue of the Feathered World (London) gives a very good pen picture of our subject. It will be noticed that the heavy breeds, like Brahmas, Red Caps, Langshans, and Cornish possess low combs, known as rose combs, pea combs, etc., and are native to

a male turkey a tom. A capon is a male chicken deprived of generative organs to improve weight and flavor of carcass; a broiler is a bird weighing two pounds or less from six to twelve weeks old; a spring chicken a bird of about two pounds; a stew bird should go about three pounds; a roaster four pounds and over. A poult is a turkey in its first year; a trio is a male and two females; a breed pen a male and from four to ten females; in the showroom usually only four females.

Breeding from Eggs.

Breeding from eggs is the cheapest way to start in with poultry, fine or otherwise, but if it were not fraught with disaster, it would not be the cheapest; in many cases it has been found to be expensive. If one can buy thirteen eggs for \$5, put them under a good old mother hen, in a place suited to her, where nothing and nobody can startle her, and let her hatch out thirteen smart chicks, and care smartly for them, no poultry sequence can equal it. In a little while one would have fourteen valuable fowls; but things seldom go that way. The first hatch of eggs the writer used came from Theodore Sternberg, were of Silver Gray Dorkings, and every egg was fertile. An accident happened to one egg, which was the fault of the writer. He never had such a lot of eggs since, but the average breeder can give eggs where eight out of thirteen will hatch and be strong chicks. To get good virile eggs is not as hard as to get a good mother hen. There is nothing in sitting a

January 17, 1900.]

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Evolution of a Paradise.

GREATEST OBJECT LESSON IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARID LAND.

By a Special Contributor.

ABOUT half a century ago, when there was really a "darkest Africa," and long before Cecil Rhodes or the Cape to Cairo Road, or any other African road had been thought of, a dusky African potentate, with his suite, paid a visit to England, and while there had an audience with good Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle. He asked Her Majesty—so the story goes: "What is the secret of England's greatness?" Whereupon the Queen is said to have presented him with a handsomely-bound copy of the Bible. It is a pretty story—looking a little as if it might have been prearranged—and was of course played up liberally by the religious papers of that day.

If outer barbarians journeying to California from the storm-swept coast of the Atlantic ask: "What is the secret of Southern California's greatness?" the best answer you could give would be to buy them tickets to Riverside, which furnishes an object lesson of what has been done to transform this former semi-arid region of Southern California into a garden—a profitable garden. Here—with the exception of Anaheim, the Mother Colony, which had preceded it by nearly twenty years—was the first attempt at irrigation in Southern California on a large scale.

Strangers who visit Southern California should not fail to see Riverside. To visit Southern California without seeing Riverside is like going to Switzerland and not seeing the Lake of Lucerne. Unfortunately, the overland trains, on both the Santa Fé and Salt Lake systems, pass through Riverside at an ungodly hour, so that most of the eastern people come straight on to Los Angeles, and some of them don't visit the greatest orange-growing section of the world while they are here.

While the orange groves of Riverside are never visited by such severe frosts as occasionally devastate the groves of Florida, the lower part of the settlement is by no means free from an occasional touch of frost, and sometimes at night the growers have anxious moments, as they sit up watching the thermometer, and getting ready to set fire to their smudge pots. When Riverside was first settled, thirty-five years ago, little was known about orange growing in California, and the early settlers naturally set out their trees on the lower ground, where irrigation was more easy. Some fifteen years ago, after an exceptionally heavy frost, the writer of this article spent a couple of days at Riverside, investigating for The Times. In his carefully prepared report he recommended that the owners of groves in the lowest part of the settlement should cut down their trees and replace them with alfalfa. This, of course, aroused a storm of protest from some of the short-sighted exponents of what is supposed to be public opinion, but since then many have done just this thing, and to their financial benefit, for alfalfa today pays almost as well as orange growing. The new groves have mostly been planted in the higher part of the settlement.

When the early settlers came to Riverside it was a forbidding looking stretch of dry, sage-brush-covered land. You can see today what it was like, just outside of the outer ditch bringing the water that has worked all this transformation. The first idea in settling Riverside was to make it a silk-growing colony, but that was soon abandoned for orange culture. And the rest we know.

Geographically, Riverside is one of the large cities of the world, covering an area of fifty-six square miles, a large portion of which is now in orange groves. The architecture of some of the public buildings, such as the Courthouse, Public Library and Christian Science Church, is artistic and pleasing.

Riverside will soon have an imposing "Civic Center." Other cities have talked about this thing, but Riverside is the first city on the Pacific Coast to take up in earnest the idea of grouping its public buildings together. Public-spirited citizens contributed half the cost of a large lot in the heart of the city, upon which will be erected by the government a postoffice, to cost \$110,000. Opposite is the Glenwood Mission Inn, and in the next block is the exceptionally artistic public library. Nearby is a handsome brownstone church, and directly across from the postoffice will be built the new City Hall. In the immediate neighborhood there will go up a \$100,000 Y.M.C.A. building and a new Congregational church. The prevailing architecture of these buildings will be the mission style.

And all this, remember, where thirty-five years ago the coyotes, the jackrabbit and ground squirrel were the only living things to be seen amid the sage brush and cactus.

Riverside is also about to bring Magnolia avenue, one of the finest driveways in America, into the heart of the city, by extending that thoroughfare three miles, on an easy grade.

Riverside is said to be the richest city, per capita, in the United States. There are no extremely poor people, and on the other hand there are few millionaires, who have made their fortunes from the soil by the use of brains and diligence. Of late a few handsome residences have begun to come in and build Riverside is an exceedingly proper place. It has what would seem to be a surplus of churches. In a were, by actual count, thirty-four church notices. The first thing one notices in Riverside is the extreme cleanliness of the place—some would say, almost if they had been gone over with a scrubbing brush, as proved sage brush land looks as if it had been cared for with a broom and a rubbish wagon. It is no wonder that Riverside, when they visit Los Angeles, call this a dirty city.

The stores of Riverside are particularly bright, clean, neat and tasteful. There is no dumping of fruit and vegetables on sidewalk stands, to be impregnated with

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January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

89

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Riverside is an exceedingly proper place. It has a surplus of churches. In a recent Sunday morning, there were, by actual count, thirty-four church notices.

The first thing one notices in Riverside is the extreme cleanliness of the place—some would say, almost as if they had been gone over with a scrubbing brush, as they do in Holland. Even outside of the city the unimproved sage brush land looks as if it had been cared for with a broom and a rubbish wagon. It is no wonder that Riverside, when they visit Los Angeles, call it a dirty city.

The streets of Riverside are particularly bright, clean, and tasteful. There is no dumping of fruit and vegetable on sidewalk stands, to be impregnated with

dust from horse droppings, desiccated consumptive sputum, and other "matter in the wrong place." Even the butcher shops—or "meat markets" as we now call them, to get away from the idea of animal carcasses—are fixed up with palms and other potted plants in the windows, with the corpses little in evidence.

Riverside is quite a restful place, although even here the clang of the locomotive engine and the whirr of the electric car have penetrated. Some might consider it too restful, but for any one who has "nerves" it is a capital place to spend a week—say, from Monday morning until Saturday night. Unless you belong to the devout, Sunday might perhaps prove too restful.

As the city extends over such a large area, almost everybody has a buggy—unless he has an automobile, and there are many. Consequently, at church time, and on other special occasions, you may see long rows of buggies on the principal streets, the horses hitched to rails along the sidewalks, just like an old-fashioned eastern country town.

Next to the absolute cleanliness of Riverside the thing that strikes the stranger most is the network of magnificent roads that radiate in every direction. There are said to be two hundred miles of these splendid roads in Riverside. They are hard, flinty, and smooth as a top of a dining-room table. Yet they are inexpensive. They are macadam roads, made by building a foundation of small limestone chips, on which is placed a moderate amount of crude oil, the surface then being carefully rolled. This makes a surface that is far more enduring than asphalt, because the life of asphalt is only as long as the life of the oil it contains, and then it cannot be renewed, whereas these oiled macadam roads can be renewed from time to time, and so are practically everlasting. Yet they cost much less than our asphalt streets, which so soon give out. There is, of course, a commercial side to this proposition. Whether the members of the Riverside City Council are more public spirited than those of Los Angeles, or their contractors more conscientious, this deponent saith not. It does, however, certainly appear that if we have no suitable deposits nearer at hand, it would pay Los Angeles to import, by the trainload, this limestone, of which there are enormous deposits near Riverside, and fix up some good, inexpensive, lasting streets in Los Angeles, after the fashion of the orange city.

The best way to get a good general idea of Riverside is to climb Rubidoux Mountain, a big, solitary hill, covered with immense granite boulders, an object lesson of how the "everlasting hills" are continually melting away and being carried into the sea—and this without the aid of any "faith" on part of human beings. This mountain stands near the center of Riverside. It reminds one somewhat of the African "kopjes," on one of which Cecil Rhodes has his lonesome grave—only it is still more broken up and rugged.

You don't now have to plod up the sides of Rubidoux on foot—unless you wish to—for a magnificent driveway has been built, in a most scientific manner, around the slopes of the mountain, on an easy grade. There is one road to go up and one to come down, so that there is no fear of collision or the scaring of horses by automobiles. Then, on the other side of the road, a low rock wall has been built, to insure extra safety. This road was constructed by public-spirited citizens of Riverside, headed by Frank Miller. H. E. Huntington subscribed liberally to the fund, and so it has been named "Huntington Drive."

From the summit of Rubidoux Mountain Riverside and the surrounding country looks like a great relief map. The view is entirely unobstructed in every direction, being bounded on the north by the long line of the Sierra, snow-capped at this time of year. Riverside, with its mile after mile of dark green orange groves, looks like an emerald in a setting of brown velvet. One can here realize more fully what those brave pioneers of a generation ago accomplished, when they attacked this forbidding desert. Surely, "they bulldied better than they knew."

Another interesting sight the visitor to Riverside should by no means overlook is the Sherman Indian School. It is an inspiring sight to see these six hundred boys and girls, many of whose parents were murdering white men, women and children since these young ones were born, stand at attention at sunset, with their own sub-officers in front, and salute the flag, as it is gently lowered from the tall mast, their own excellent band meantime playing the "Star Spangled Banner." These boys and girls are being transformed into useful citizens. There is a big demand for their services—much greater than the supply.

These Indians come from all parts of the United States. They speak various languages, and are of all shades of color, some of them being almost as white as you and I. The law is that they must have at least 25 per cent. of Indian blood to secure admission to the school. Looking at the striking countenances of many of these young native sons—noble countenances, full of character, many of them—the writer was constrained to contrast these young people with the miserable, puny specimens of white degeneracy that one sees around the street corners of our cities, sucking at cigarettes and leering at the women who pass by. Yet it is a fact that the white female "help" in a Riverside hotel, who do not object to working alongside negroes, Chinamen and Japanese, refuse to work with these clean, comely and well-behaved Indian girls.

Surely, it is to laugh. The Glenwood Mission Inn is unique. There are larger hotels—although this covers an entire block—and more expensive hotels, but there is surely not one anywhere that so combines modern comfort with an old curiosity shop. It is full, from basement to roof, of varied artistic curios gathered in Europe and other lands, relics of the missions being specially prominent. The vine-covered pergola and the sweet-voiced bells on the roof carry one back to the days of the mission fathers, when every man's house was a hotel—but there were mighty few houses.

Fierce, All Right.

"Now," said the teacher, who had been describing the habits of bears, "what is the fiercest animal in the polar regions, Johnny?"

"Why-er-er," stammered Johnny. "The pole—"

"Come, don't you remember? The pole—"

"Oh, sure! The pole cat."—[Philadelphia Press.]

Australian Snake Farm.

NOVEL INDUSTRY THAT THRIVES NEAR SYDNEY.

From the London Globe.

Snake farming is not an attractive occupation, but it has more than one votary in the Australian commonwealth, and in the neighborhood of Sydney the industry has been carried on for several years by an individual, who, while disclaiming all knowledge of the snake-charming art, appears to have an extensive knowledge of the reptiles and their ways. In addition to the snakes, large numbers of frogs, and even toads, are carefully reared, partly as food for the reptiles and partly for scientific purposes. The snakes are caught in the bush, a work frequently necessitating many miles of wandering and long hours of patient watching, for the snake is a suspicious creature, generally more alarmed at the sight of a man than the man of it. The snake hunter employs a couple of forked sticks as a means of capture. With one the reptile is pinned by any part of its body to the ground, after which it is fixed by the neck with the other. This done, the captor with finger and thumb grasps the head at the side of the jaws, and thus has the reptile safe and harmless. The snake is thus dropped, tail first, into a sugar bag. All that is really necessary is a steady nerve, a straight eye and a firm hand.

A recent visitor was shown some large specimens of the tiger and diamond species, intended for the Sydney Board of Health, which is regularly supplied with venomous snakes from which the poison used in preparing "snake antidotes" is obtained by "milking." This is described as a most interesting performance. "Before milking time the snakes are well fed, afterward becoming excited when a glass similar to a watch glass, covered with the finest gutta percha, is put into the cage. The infuriated reptiles bite viciously through the gutta percha, leaving tiny drops of poison on the prepared glass." This "milking" is invariably performed during the summer months, when the creatures are most active and fierce and the poison most virulent. Numerous vicious specimens are kept in cages at the offices of the Sydney Health Department to be "milked," and when somewhat worn out are returned to the snake farm to recuperate. After the snakes have become useless for "milking" purposes they are sold to taxidermists or the Sydney Zoological Gardens. There is always a good market for new or rare specimens, as much as £6 being paid for a single snake. Several hundred snakes have been collected at one time on the farm, where they are kept in bags or boxes, the latter being covered at the top with small mesh wire netting. At the bottom of each receptacle is a little bran or straw, and occasionally a few old rags.

When the snake farmer began to keep the reptiles he found himself periodically attacked by a mysterious kind of influenza, or hay fever, which he subsequently discovered to be due to a poison exuded from the bodies of the snakes. In one respect the creatures resemble human kind—they are great sticklers for caste. "The black snake is considered the gentleman of the snake fraternity and lives much alone, seldom associating with other members of the tribe. The carpet snake is the loafer of the reptile world, while the diamond snake is a positive larrikin, stealing the other snakes' wives and swallowing their children. The tiger species is hard to get on with, being vicious and deceitful, and, like the tiger and cat tribe generally, plays with its prey before devouring it." The question of food is an important one. It necessitates ample supplies of frogs, rats, bandicoots, rabbits, eggs, etc. This has caused frog rearing to become one of the features of the farm. The reptiles are kept in large bottomless cages, placed on the grass, with some bush on one side and a small pond in the center. When in the open a bit of bush shelter is indispensable for snake and frog alike.

"In the hot weather," says the snake farmer, "when the frogs are sitting in the bushes, they are treated to a shower bath, an ordinary garden syringe being used for the purpose. Great seems their enjoyment, turning round and round, stretching out their legs and necks to the spray. But," he continued, "there's a fortune in frogs if we only had the French secret of feeding them. No matter how much water is about, in the dry weather they get together in crowds and hop away for miles from their old homes, looking for fresh marshy places with plenty of cover. Frogs carry water in their pouches, and when they come across a suitable hollow in a shady spot they fill it and make a pond for themselves." The venom obtained from the snakes is understood to be of great value, the quantity being extremely limited and rarely weighing more than a few grains. It rarely, if ever, loses any of its poisonous qualities, and has to be handled with the greatest care.

Reynard's Cunning.

While crossing an old field waist-high with withered mullein stalks, goldenrod and other weeds, I noticed a dog within forty feet. He was partly hidden by the grasses, but appeared to be a young, reddish-brown setter, pottering along, smelling at this clump and that bunch of weeds and gradually circling behind me. In a few minutes I heard a yell: "There goes a fox!" Sure enough, over the top of a neighboring hill, 100 yards away, went my "dog." It was a shrewd piece of work on his part to throw me off my guard by seeming indifferent, and when behind me and out of sight to streak it for cover. I had probably disturbed him during his afternoon siesta.

Many a fox have I hunted and killed, but this one fooled me completely. It forms a very pleasant recollection as an instance of brute sagacity.—[Forest and Stream.]

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake, a mass was said in the cathedral.

The building, as designed, plates a twelve-story, steel frame structure, besides a roof and two basements. The chancel will be treated in granite, limestone.

the train by Engineer H. B. Craig, many more would have been injured and possibly killed. The train crew of the freight were fortunate enough to leave their train before the crash and escaped injury.

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ry 17, 1906

two years old, and eggs will sell such any amateur, be e, and he can un even more. Being her to the fact er eggs she should of her mating as s generally. The males are as good ed to throw male

his stock and according to the pullet, and m on of the best h ock. Line blood brought in study the L K ends line breeding is better to buy from eggs a c-eggs all hatching really fine job satisfaction often not get all the gets one fine bird The breeders are fully considered, ty and line used, fear all the birds able to tell in the colored eggs from of promise. ing in amateur, a sitting of egg another to p od strain—but a line breeder of and will advise ore of eggs free selection of

nd ginger in the every foul and soft droppings e during m- try runs, un- ly. Most fresh in the wetting ver tops cut up y is too white. food. and a big ome week is a grand

a man's advice g mash to be g that it is a Mustard ground od for hens, if growing a new green to lay- table "green." t, he can make pper is also a le pepper of e is a temper- and, four d- early. Proper stimulants, but

Food try find the r-ain will not tains, only the t-akes, allow and not get results. For

odders Standards of time even the. One of s. Main

Co. eles, Cal.

BATORS

Farming in California—The Land and Its Products.

CONDUCTED BY J. W. JEFFREY, STATE COMMISSIONER OF HORTICULTURE.

FIELD NOTES.

Modern Business Methods.

I HAVE a letter from one of the leaders of agricultural thought in relation to an article I wrote for this department for the magazine of December 13. The letter is valuable not so much for its commendation of what was said, as for its approval of the matter in the way of further agitation. It is the question of agricultural education brought to a new field. For many years I have wondered why our commercial schools and universities have given no attention to instruction in the business of selling agricultural products; to the study of supply and demand as they affect the farmer or to the proper distribution of the crops that are annually congested in the main markets of the country and each man's portion thereof brought into unnatural competition—in short, why these schools do not have instruction in the business of selling things that are grown upon the farm.

The letter from our friend reads: "We must all agree that the first step in the betterment of farm conditions lies in the introduction of modern business methods into every phase of farm life. In this connection I wish that you would through the far-reaching columns of The Times call the attention of all the local business colleges to the necessity of a course dealing strictly with the business of the farm. Take for instance a typical forty-acre farm, open a set of books dealing with every phase of the work incidental to its successful management—a debit and credit account for each undertaking such as stock, crops, etc. Use the terms appertaining to such matters in place of the old stereotyped forms of merchandizing, draying, storage, etc. This would cause many of the coming generation of farmers to appreciate the value of better business methods, and would enable them to tell, without referring to the amount of money in their right-hand pants pocket whether the year had been profitable or not."

This subject was introduced to the last State Fruit Growers' Convention in the President's address, and its importance was shown in the fact that it cropped out in some form almost every hour of the four days' session. However, we must appreciate the difference between the executive management of a farm, and the business of selling the products raised thereon. Of course these ought to be one in the administration of the farm. But they are not. We often see the most careful business methods observed up to the time the products leave the farmer's hands and then utter incompetency, or neglect in providing for their proper sale. The new economics must teach the producer to be his own business manager in some form clear up to the disposal of the products to the consumer.

The Petaluma Monopoly.

IN answer to the query "What is the biggest hold-up?" a subscriber to a contemporary replies: "The Petaluma hen this cold weather." Yes, eggs at 5 cents each are rather expensive. But the farmer must have an occasional lining of profits or he would become extinct. In the summer time he sells tomatoes often at 20 cents a crate, and I have paid at the same time 25 cents for three slices to a restaurant man. This beats the hen into a "frazzle," as a celebrated hunter would remark. I tried to get some light upon the immense difference in the per-crate and the retail prices of table supplies, but few were able to account for it. One of the largest commission men in the State says it is the risk the stall man and peddler take in selling the stuff before it decays. But the restaurant man takes little risk. The discrepancy is too great.

Christmas Trees to Burn.

THE annual slaughter of trees for Christmas festivities has not excited much comment this year. Gifford Pinchot estimates that 4,000,000 embryo trees were sacrificed this season, and again the agitation is heard favoring the cultivation of Christmas trees for the trade and not invading the forests further for these supplies. We will hear no more of it all till next Christmas. The waste of cutting so many trees that are never sold is really the most serious feature. I saw a whole place so covered with trees for sale this year that one could not get along the sidewalk. If the proprietor sold only one-fourth of them at the prices he asked it would be like finding money. But after the holiday hundreds were carted away to a brush heap and burned. No one wishes to curtail the use of fir tops for this purpose, for probably most of them come from lands where it doesn't matter. Yet it seems a waste of material to allow so many trees to be made leaderless to supply in wholesale where the demand is so limited. At least the Forest Service should see that this wholesale cutting is not done upon the reserves.

Valuable Publication.

OCCASIONALLY one is justified in giving special notice to a trades catalogue. Ordinarily a nursery catalogue is a list of the things the nurseryman has to sell, with some descriptive matter attached to each variety to induce the public to buy. But when a propagator of plants adds to his list of stock offered a compendium of horticulture he deserves some recognition of his enterprise. George C. Roeding's catalogue is just out, and it is worth a place upon your table even if you do not expect to buy a tree this season from any one. This treatise on horticulture and incidental list of what the

Fancher Creek Nurseries has to sell is a large, finely-printed and illustrated book of 120 pages. It is worth while, and I presume you can get it by sending to Fresno. It was printed by the Kruckeberg Press, Los Angeles.

Heavy Citrus Planting.

THE immense acreage of new orange groves now being planted in the Lindsay district does not seem to alarm the growers of oranges elsewhere. The Lindsay district now has 7000 acres of oranges and about 2000 acres additional will be planted this year. Trees are now selling at \$1.10 each delivered, and the nurserymen are happy over the vast increase of the industry. While there is no alarm over this increase of citrus planting it is the cause of curiosity, inasmuch as it does not seem to be raising the total output of fruit perceptibly. For the last eight years there has been a strange consistency in the number of carloads of citrus fruits raised in the State, in spite of the extraordinary increase of new acreage. The average number of carloads per year for eight years was 27,267, the highest number 32,729 and the lowest 19,180. Four years ago 31,422 cars were produced, the following year 27,610, and the next year 29,820. Only last season was the crop raised materially above the 30,000, it being 2729 cars in excess of that number. Eight years ago the output came within 2800 cars of the average of the last eight years.

What have the older groves been doing during these years of vastly increased planting? Certainly not very much in the line of production, or we would have easily 40,000 carloads by this time. One man writes me from Chicago that his grove had produced only one-half a box to the tree. The same average was maintained the year before, and the trees sixteen years old at that. This is a sample of several dozen similar complaints I hear annually, and of hundreds I see in traveling about the State. Now it is not safe to risk one's reputation as a prophet by claiming that the output of oranges will not be materially increased for years. But it is safe to say that unless a general improvement is made in the older orchards there will not be an overplus of fruit very soon. The extraordinary plantings of the very early 90's doubled the output in 1898, but no such increase is now noticed from the immense plantings of later years.

Farm Labor.

A GOVERNOR-ELECT of an eastern State recently boasted that his farm employees were of six different nationalities. He finds that they become good citizens as fast as they learn the language. Unintentionally the Governor has arraigned the whole system of farm labor. Why have to employ foreigners? Where are the American boys? I wish we could think they had gone west to get farms of their own, and help to breed up a race of American farmers to intermingle with the good blood of the foreigners. To be able to speak English is not necessarily a qualification for citizenship—it is only one qualification. Employing foreigners exclusively on his farm this Governor thinks there is "a decided trend from city toward country life." At one hearing of the Bailey farm life commission the condition of the average American farm laborer was set forth in words that told plainly the story of neglect and deprivation. Until we have a continuous tenure of land in the same family, the gradual building up of a rural "plant" for growing crops and the gradual accumulation of comforts and pleasures and homelikeness all through the American farm will not be the ideal we would wish to see it. The mere willingness to work is but one item. There is not enough work intermingled between the farms. If absolute isolation will craze a man, comparative isolation will not strengthen him. Of all the States, ours is suffering the most from the absence of American farm labor, with little prospect of improvement.

Selecting Nursery Stock.

IT is the same old story this winter in the planting of orchard trees—ground in preparation, varieties discussed, adroit agents on hand and decision about made to go East for the trees. I recently persuaded a planter to make the rounds of the California nurseries before ordering, even if he had to order from the other side of the continent finally. The decision in this case had turned on the inability to get a certain variety from the home nurseries. He expects to plant twenty acres to apples in a mountainous district, and I convinced him that he should visit the orchards already in bearing in that locality, talk the matter over with the growers and then decide what kinds to plant. Hasty decisions are often fatal to success, and where a planter is to invest in nearly 2000 trees, it is worth while to investigate every point in soils, varieties and source of nursery trees before making the venture.

I wish to speak freely against the practice of buying largely of new varieties. It will not pay to accept the record of a variety made in another State. Where is it growing in California, under what conditions, and what does the grower and the trade think of it here? These are paramount questions, and a planter of ten or twenty acres should spend a hundred dollars or so in investigation before he makes the plunge, and should see all the home nurseries before making his purchase. There is not one particle of home sentiment in this advice. It is just common sense, and those who follow it are far better off in the end. Do not buy a pig in a poke.

TREES

Peaches,
Apricots,
Walnuts,
Figs,
Grape Vines

OF ALL SORTS

Experimental Farm, Plant.....No. 1—840 Acres
Nursery and Propagating Dept..No. 2—130 Acres
General Nursery, Plant.....No. 3—840 Acres
Citrus Nursery and Citrus Orchards.....100 Acres

CALIFORNIA HORTICULTURE
THE FRUIT GROWERS' GUIDE
120 pages, fully illustrated, mailed for 25 cents
in stamps. Annual price catalogue sent free.

FANCHER CREEK NURSERIES

GEO. C. ROEDING, Pres. and Mgr.
1225 J Street, Fresno, California.

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Bulbs
Plants
Trees

New 1909 Catalogue

116 pages, fully illustrated; contains information of value to planters.
General facts about seeds, plants, bulbs, trees and trees; when and how to plant, the best tools, etc. Sent free on request.

California Native Flower Seeds

Fifteen varieties. Regular price for the 15 packets \$1.35. Our introductory offer,
50 Cents

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TREES

New and Rare Fruits

And standard sorts. Beautiful and beautiful ornamentals described in our

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
CATALOGUE
48 pages illustrated, mailed on request.
Largest stock in the south.

ARMSTRONG NURSERIES

ONTARIO, CAL.

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A new method sack—invented and perfected by lifelong growers. Efficient orchardists pronounce it perfect. Those who have tried it say they would not be without it. Actual tests show that a man can pick twenty-five per cent more fruit with it and with greater ease. Sack forms semi-circle about picker's body—is supported by straps over both shoulders and held tight by belt around body. The picker can thus work with ease either on ground or ladder. When full it does not extend below the hips. A great feature of the Sack is the patent gate (see illustration), WHICH FACILITATES EASY BRUSHING. Simply unfasten a hook—the gate drops—and the fruit can be quickly but very gently poured out. The Sack holds as much fruit as the old-style sack. Made in two grades.

Regular Picking Sack grade, sent express prepaid, in two sizes. Special extra quality—that will outlast two ordinary Picking Sacks. Made in two grades.

SIERRA MADRE SACK CO., Sierra Madre, Cal.
—Express prepaid, \$1.75.

We want reliable men in every locality to sell sack and act as our agents.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS, Raspberry, Blackberry, Ganberry, Phenomenalberry, Dewberry and other Blackberry plants. Also Crimson Winter Strawberry plants. G. H. HOPKINS & SON, San Francisco.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy; light southwest wind.

January 17, 1909.]

Gardening in

Cultivating the Rose.

AMONG all the flowering shrubs that grace the garden or add to the beauty of hall or conservatory, none can compare to the rose. Of diverse color, and character of foliage, of endless design and color of blooms, it lends itself to a wider range of decoration than any other single group of plants, being equally desirable as pot plants, for garden culture, and for cut flowers. When to these qualifications are added ease of culture and quick and ample responses in flowers, it is explained why the rose has been aptly termed "The Queen of Flowers." In our collection of flowering and ornamental shrubs it occupies first place; hence we have been careful to always have on hand a large stock of only the most vigorous plants, and only those sorts producing freely of blooms possessing good substance and strikingly individual characteristics. All our roses are field grown, thus insuring plants of strong constitution and robust growth. Some objections have been expressed to budded roses, owing to the fact that plants are apt to sucker. This is readily overcome by setting the junction of the bud with the stock under ground. Planters will observe to do this, much of this difficulty will be removed. These shoots or suckers are easily distinguished by their rampant growth and thorny and coarse like appearance. They should be removed as soon as they appear. Budded roses grow far more vigorously than those on their own roots and are longer-lived, so that the slight additional expense incurred to begin with is more than compensated for in having superior plants.

The aim has been in giving descriptions of the different varieties to be conservative in statement and clear in expression, preferring at the same time to be modest in opinion rather than to overpraise. In habit of growth, blooming qualities, vigorous root development and plants are the delight of rose lovers and home gardeners. The inexperienced are advised to study the cultural directions, which are based on California conditions, and hence will be quite sure to afford satisfactory results if carefully followed.

Planting.—The best season of the year for planting roses is from December 1 to March 15, with the recommendation in favor of early planting. In planting, the same care should be observed as with any other tree or shrub, the ground should be spaded thoroughly, and if well-rotted manure is available, it should be worked into the soil. Dig the hole large enough to receive the roots. Prune the top, cutting back the branches at least one-half, and thinning out those that are too thick. The roots should also be cut back one-half, and all bruised roots removed. After planting settle the soil around the plant by watering freely.

Pruning.—No definite rule can be laid down for pruning roses except that Teas and their allied families do not require as severe pruning as the Hybrid Perpetuals and others of equally as vigorous growth. There is one rule, however, on the Pacific Coast, and that is never to allow roses to go unpruned. The best time is from December 15 to March 1. The first winter after planting, thin to three main shoots and cut these back at least two-thirds. In after years with the framework branches established, the laterals should be thinned out to prevent overcrowding, and those allowed to remain should be cut to spurs of about four buds each. If this method is followed regularly each season, a properly trained plant will have the shape of a deer's antlers. Against the wall in the shape of a fan, not leaving more than three to four, and these should be cut back severally the first two seasons to promote vigor and steadiness of growth. In after years shorten in the laterals and thin out sufficiently to prevent overcrowding, otherwise the plant will be a mass of dead wood and twisted branches and its vigor will become seriously impaired.

When the roses have stopped blooming in the early summer the faded buds should be cut and the plants pinching-back, which will have the effect of making them respond with a bounteous bloom in the summer and fall.—[George C. Roeding.]

No More Greened Vegetables.

CHIEF GOULD of the local United States Food and Drug Laboratory has received instructions from the Department of Agriculture that after January 1, 1909, no fruit or vegetables to which a green coloring has been imparted by the use of sulphate of copper, or any other form of copper, must be refused importation. This is in support of a circular issued by the Department May 7 last, which permitted the importation of crops which had been prepared or was being prepared might not be a loss to the producers.—[Fruit Grower.]

Types of Lettuce.

LETTUCE is represented by four distinct classes or types: by the thick-leaved, smooth-edged cabbage, type; the curly and thin-leaved, tight-heading type; the curly and thin-leaved, bunching or non-heading type; and the cos or celery type. There are early, medium early, and late varieties of each type, as well as those especially adapted for greenhouse, hotbed, winter, spring, summer, and autumn uses. There is so great a difference in localities in regard to the value of lettuce that a uniform rule for culture cannot be adopted. For the ordinary house garden it is desirable to use one variety of each type, and several

My annual report for the department, Florence Maybrick declares she will devote her life to prison reform in this country.

Foreign. Recent Japanese paper of Yokohama, editorial to Ambassador, advising Americans "not to annoy" three children.

the train by Engineer many more would have been possibly killed. The freight train before it escaped injury. The passenger train was shoving coal and

Forecast for Los Angeles and vicinity:
Monday, Jan. 17: Light west wind;
clear; light southwest;
Tuesday, Jan. 18: Light southwest;
clear; light southwest.

KILLED IN WRECKS

Says They, Themselves, Must Settle
Rude Question by Becoming In-
dispensable to Community.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
AUGUSTA (Ga.) Jan. 17.—Introduced

Jan. 17, 1909.

January 17, 1909.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

91

Gardening in California—Flower and Vegetable.

Planting the Rose.
Among all the flowering shrubs that grace the garden or add to the beauty of hall or conservatory, none can compare to the rose. Of diverse color, of diverse character of foliage, of endless design and color of flower, it lends itself to a wider range of decoration than any other single group of plants, being equally decorative as pot plants, for garden culture, and for cut flowers. When to these qualifications are added ease of culture and quick and ample responses in flowers, it is not surprising why the rose has been aptly termed "The Queen of Flowers." In our collection of flowering and ornamental shrubs it occupies first place; hence we have been careful to always have on hand a large stock of the most vigorous plants, and only those sorts producing freely of blooms possessing good substance and individual characteristics. All our roses are well grown, thus insuring plants of strong constitution and robust growth. Some objections have been expressed to budded roses, owing to the fact that plants are apt to suffer. This is readily overcome by setting the junction of the bud with the stock under ground. The grower will observe to do this, much of this difficulty is removed. These shoots or suckers are easily distinguished by their rampant growth and thorny and coarse appearance. They should be removed as they appear. Budded roses grow far more vigorously than those on their own roots and are longer-lived, so that the slight additional expense incurred to buy them is more than compensated for in having superior plants.

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When the roses have stopped blooming in the early spring the faded buds should be cut and the plants should be given a light pruning, or more correctly a "back-cutting," which will have the effect of making the plant compact with a bounteous bloom in the summer months. —[George C. Roeding.]

New Ground Vegetables.

THE U. S. DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE has received instructions from the Department of Agriculture that after January 1, 1909, no fruit or vegetable to which a green coloring has been imparted by the use of sulphate of copper, or any other form of copper, must be refused importation. In support of a circular issued by the Department, Jan. 7 last, which permitted the importation of such goods as colored until January 1, in order that the goods which had been prepared or was being prepared for export should be a loss to the producers. —[Fruit Grower.]

How to Grow Lettuce.

LETTUCE is represented by four distinct classes or varieties: the thick-leaved, smooth-edged cabbage, the curly and thin-leaved, tight-heading, the curly and thin-leaved, bunching or non-heading, and the cos or celery type. There are early, medium and late varieties of each type, as well as those especially adapted for greenhouse, hotbed, window box, summer, and autumn uses. There is a great difference in localities in regard to the value of lettuce that a uniform rule for culture is not adopted. For the ordinary house garden it is desirable to use one variety of each type, and several

plantings should be made to secure a succession. The seed should be planted in rows eighteen inches apart, as early as possible, and the young plants of cabbage varieties should be thinned to four inches apart. Varieties that do not head may be left quite thick, and when fairly well grown, those thinned out may be used. —[Rural Californian.]

California Tomato Culture.

TOMATOES do best on light, warm, not overrich soil, and success depends upon securing a rapid, vigorous and unchecked growth during the early part of the season. Sow in hotbeds from six to eight weeks before they can be set out of doors, which is when danger from frost is past.

When the plants have four leaves transplant into shallow boxes or cold frames, setting them in rows four or five inches apart, and one inch apart in the row. Even a slight check while the plants are small will materially diminish their productiveness.

Set them out of doors as soon as danger from frost is over, but before doing so harden off the plants by gradually exposing them to the night air and by the withdrawal of water until the wood becomes hard and the leaves thick and of a dark green color. Transplant carefully and cultivate well as long as the vines will permit. —[Rural Californian.]

Smyrna Fig Garden.

IN handling figs in Smyrna women do the first selecting. They sit around large quantities of fruit, selecting four sizes, which they put in separate baskets. While selecting the fruit they pull it by the stem through the palm of their hand, thus giving it a long shape, called macaroni, which demonstrates size and makes the fig easier for the packer to handle. From the selection-rooms boys carry the baskets to the packing-rooms and place the proper sizes before the packers according to the quality they are packing. There are five kinds of packing: Layers, locums, pulled, macaroni or Colonna and natural. The packing in layers is the most popular. The fig is split open underneath, flattened and given a certain shape before being placed in the box. One layer of figs is put on top of another until the box is filled. Layer figs measure in width from one and a half to two and three-quarters inches, according to grades. The locum is practically the same packing, only done more carefully. The fig is given a kind of die shape instead of cushion, and the idea is to fill the box perfectly, leaving no space whatever between the fruit, which makes this packing the hardest and most expensive.

The natural packing means figs placed in their ordinary shape in bulk, either in quarter or half-hundred-weight bags. Generally the common grades and also the refuse, which means the figs that cannot be used for packing, are put in bags in their natural state, and are bought by grinders for baking and confectionery. Since a few years, however, large quantities of fine grades are imported as naturals in fifty-pound boxes and are repacked here, either in baskets or jars. Some also are imported in macaroni or Colonna for the same purpose. This packing consists of putting the fig in the boxes, as prepared by women, one by the side of the other, and all the stem ends one way. All fig packing is done by hand, and there is no process or machinery used. The packers wash their hands in brine while packing, but this is only done to prevent their hands from getting sticky, salt water being used as fresh water would injure the fruit. The sugar generally noticed on the figs comes through the skin of the fruit from the saccharine matter, after the natural fermentation which occurs after the fig is packed.

Fig packing is one of the principal industries of Smyrna. Thousands of people find employment during the end of August and the months of September, October and part of November, more than \$500,000 being paid in wages during that time.

The demand for figs has increased considerably during the past two years. Some years ago a crop of 75,000 to 80,000 camel-loads was considered large, and difficulty was found in disposing of the goods. With the increasing demand new plantations have been started, and the crops of the last two seasons have been enormous, in 1906 reaching 120,000 loads. Notwithstanding this the goods find a ready market, and, with the exception of very short crops, at higher prices than were ever realized before. —[London Globe.]

The Names of Dogs.

Spaniels were so called because the original breed of this type came from Spain. The Blenheim spaniel got his name from Blenheim Palace, where this dog first gained popularity in the time of the great Duke of Marlborough. In the same way the King Charles spaniel owes its name to the merry monarch. Fox terriers did not gain their names from a likeness to the fox, but from the fact that formerly they were used in hunting foxes. Many years ago they were sent by their masters down the fox's burrow to draw and kill their quarry. It was in those days a saying that a good fox terrier never came out of a burrow without the fox. He either brought out his prey dead or never came out alive himself.

The bulldog used to drive cattle, and was trained to meet the rushes of his enormous charges by gripping them in their most vulnerable spot—the nose. Thus in time he became known as the bulldog. The dachshund is a German dog, and, as his name indicates when translated, was used for hunting badgers. Hence his name—

badger dog. Among hunters in the Fatherland this breed is still popular, although, as a rule, they are now too delicate to face such a ferocious fighter as the badger.

Spitz dogs are so named owing to their sharp noses. This is also a German name, spitz meaning sharp pointed. Another name for this breed is Dalmatian dog, because his native home was in Dalmatia. —[Chicago News.]



Why not send for our new photo illustrated Rose Book? It's a little the finest thing ever published on the rose in the United States, and as well, we are the largest growers of this line in the world. GOOD ROSES, good varieties, ROSES WORTH GROWING, cost you no more than "any old thing" grown and handled in any old way. (Note our guarantee in catalogue.) For the money, labor, etc., judiciously invested nothing in the floral line will yield such satisfactory returns as the ROSE. REMEMBER, WE PAY THE EXPRESS and charge you no more than our neighbor who comes to our place for his roses.

CALIFORNIA ROSE COMPANY, POMONA, CAL., Los Angeles County. (Incorporated 1901.)

WINSEL'S GARDEN CALENDAR

JANUARY

FRUIT TREES. Ready for delivery. Oranges, Lemons, Peaches, Almonds, Pears, Plums, Apples, Quinces, Loquats, Apricots, Figs, Mulberries, Persimmons, Grapes, Strawberry Plants, Guavas, Currants, Loganberries, Blackberries, Dewberries and Raspberries.

ROSES. 50 varieties to select from; two-year-old field grown plants. Select your trees and plants at our nursery, S. W. Corner of Washington and Figueroa streets. Take Washington or University cars.

VEGETABLE GARDEN. The following seeds may be sown this month: Yorkshire Hero, American Wonder and Gradus Peas, Broad Windsor Beans, Beets, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Turnip, Carrots, Lettuce, Onions, Radish, Parsnips, Parsley and Spinach.

Roots and Sets of Rhubarb, Horseradish, Onion Sets, Cabbage, Cauliflower and Asparagus Roots all ready to transplant.

STRAWBERRY PLANTS. Brandywine, Klondyke and Lady Thompson. These plants are from Michigan last Spring. Price 50c per 100, large lots on application.

LAWNS. Put in your lawn with our best Kentucky Blue Grass and White Clover seed. Come in and see the test of Blue Grass in our display window, also our Commercial Fertilizer for lawns and plants.

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Flowering plants ready for delivery: Pansies, Stocks and Carnations.

Sow now: Pansies, Sweet Peas, Stocks, Cosmos, Snap Dragon and Sweet Alyssum.

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We shall be glad to send you our Nursery Catalogue free. It contains a long list of ornamental Plants, Shrubs, Trees and Roses, with prices. The descriptions are accurate and instructive. The hints upon lawn-making and gardening are also of value.

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Redlands, - - - - - California

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Pasadena, Cal. Phone—Home 2520, Main 549.

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Offers and recommends for planting WISTARIA; grafted plants will flower this year; purple, white, double, pink and multi-jug. GIANT BAMBOO, BOUGAINVILLEA LATERICA, true, red, CEDAR DEODORA, and LEBANNI, Palms, Ferns, etc. LANDSCAPE WORK. Communicate your wants and we will recommend honest, reliable parties to carry out the work satisfactorily.

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walnuts,
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the freight were fortunate enough to
leave their train before the crash and
escaped injury.

I groped about and found two
boxes of figs, some onions and a jar of
water. We ate and drank very little
because we did not know how long we
would be there. Then I found some
matches and by the light we found

PRINTING OF \$500,000.
FIRST MASS SAID.
SHEPHERDS WATCH.
[ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.]
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time
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Care of the Body,

(CONTINUED FROM 92ND PAGE.)

...are worse, from a hygienic point of view, than ordinary wines, beers and spirits. Among others it is known as "near-beer," said to contain only 2 per cent of alcohol, and therefore legal, has become very popular in Georgia, where there are said to be 200 dealers in the product, which is made at the regular brewer's price as the regular beer.

...in Savannah refuse to convict anyone of "blind pigs," and Gov. Hoke Smith has threatened to send State troops to that place to run the liquor off to earth.

Following is an article from the Washington Star reproduced a few days ago in The Times:

"In Georgia," said Mr. M. Block of Macon at the Belvoir, "there is considerable dullness in the cities, which may attribute to the passage of the prohibition law."

"I am not in the liquor business, and hence am without bias, but, candidly, I do not think that prohibition has been a success in our State. The loss of revenue has been a great hardship in such towns as Atlanta, Augusta, Macon and Savannah, and, furthermore, there has been no important diminution of the evils complained of; the men who crave stimulants will always manage to get them in one way or another in spite of the statutes that may be passed. The only difference is that in the clandestine traffic carried on to escape the penalty of breaking the law the drinking public is made to get the vilest and most injurious kinds of liquor. The stuff had from the blind tigers or the bootleggers would kill a mule. This semi-enforcement of prohibition is sure to cause a reaction; even now many are favoring abolition of the rum business are inclined to think it would be better to substitute high license and the most stringent regulation, and so it would be no wonder if Georgia were eventually to make an end of the prohibitive experiment."

The fact is clearly established by the history of the States that man absolutely will have some kind of stimulant, and that if he is denied access to any particular stimulant, he will either obtain it by stealth, or he will now be doing in the Southern States—take the case of the States that are more injurious to his health than the stimulant which he has been forbidden by law to use.

...Name Providence.

...dispatch announced that plans are already being considered for the rebuilding of Messina and ...

...olly! Well did Puck say: "What fools these mortals be." As an American preacher recently observed in his Sunday sermon, it is unreasonable to attribute to make "Providence" responsible for such catastrophes as these, when men continue to build on the ruins of volcanoes or in earthquake belts, where disasters of this kind occur more or less regularly several times in each century.

Why would it not be a good idea to charter a few of our trans-Atlantic immigrant vessels, to carry thousands of these Sicilians to the Southern States, where they might find employment in raising cotton and rice, and other crops? Some of them might also find employment in this State, where, during the harvest season, our farmers are often hard pressed for help.

...Water and the Skin.

...people complain that when they use hard water after bathing it causes an itching of the skin. In such cases it is due to some abnormal condition of the blood, and, of course, the same water would produce the same effects on everybody. Outward applications can only temporarily alleviate the symptoms. Get your skin in good condition.

At the same time, hard water is not good, either for internal or outward application. If your water contains a large amount of mineral, use rain water, or if you can't get that, distilled water.

...Cure by Natural Methods.

...frequently stated here, it is not only false, but exceedingly cruel, to say that "every lump in a woman's breast is a cancer." It would be true to say that every lump on a woman's breast may become a cancer, but not always, however. Especially at the period of a woman's life "lumps" often appear in the breasts, and these are not cancerous.

It has also been shown here, by the testimony of eminent surgeons, that only one in 200 operations for cancer may be expected to prove permanently successful. It is after an operation the disease is apt to come back in a more malignant form.

Following are extracts from an article by Dr. J. H. Tillman in a Standard Club for January:

"This week a lady came to my office seeking relief. She had been for some time suffering from a lump in her breast for cancer. The operation was as perfect as any skill could perform it; the incision was carried down the axilla and the surgeon removed every gland in the breast. The operation was strictly according to the highest surgical skill; but now the victim remained in the hospital, with the entire chest wall from the armpit to sternum, in front, to the spine behind, and down the axilla above to the floating ribs below and down the outer half of the left arm, a mass of indurated, cancerous tissue. The flesh covering the ribs is as hard as stone. The patient is suffering with a slight fever, showing that important nerves are being irritated by pressure. What did the surgeon do for her? He could do no more. Such phenomena do not awaken the surgeon's ambition; they certainly cool the ardor for the moment. He kindly, gently and sympathetically

told her to return home and he would write a letter of advice to her physician. The extent of the prescription was: 'Rub the arm,' a thing she had been doing for weeks, because there was so much pain she was compelled to rub to get any relief.

"Why surgeons will continue to cut breasts off for the purpose of curing cancer I can't understand—nobody will know. It isn't because these cases do not turn up often enough to refrigerate their consciences, if they have any, and no one has any right to accuse any one of being without conscience and a desire to do good. It can't be accounted for other than it is a mania to cut.

"If these cases are taken in time and put onto a right basis of life, and they will follow it, it is reasonable to believe that nature will eliminate the tendency for building these diseases."

Cancer is due mainly to the eating of more food than can be properly assimilated, and especially of flesh food. Cancer is said to be practically unknown among vegetarians. In all cases, therefore, to make a cure permanent, attention must be devoted to the all-important subject of diet. Prolonged worry may be a contributory cause. There may be hereditary predisposition to the disease.

When not too far advanced, cancer may be cured by natural methods.

The late Dr. Dewey showed that a malignant tumor may be absorbed into healthy brain tissue by a prolonged fast, the brain not losing any of its substance during a fast.

Here is a letter received recently by the editor of the Care of the Body from a young woman teacher in an Arkansas college, the editor having in this case violated his rule about personal communications. Do not, however, expect that he will do so again:

"I have waited in sending you my thanks for your prompt, full, and sympathetic letter in response to my appeal to you in my distress, until I could 'report progress.'"

"I thought the suggestion of a fast was very reasonable, and as my work is nearly all of the brain, and as no one here could possibly object to the course, I thought that was the proper one to pursue. I had already a bushel of apples on hand, and I thought that these eaten sparingly would not harm in the absorption of a tumor. Beside these apples I have practically eaten nothing for two weeks except a head of lettuce every day or so. I understand this leaf has absorbing qualities. Of course I have lost much flesh, but those who examined the tumor before I began fasting say it is smaller, and I feel certain it is. The pain has entirely ceased, also, and every appearance of malignancy has disappeared. I anticipate that the last portion will be absorbed more rapidly. I shall drink grape juice freely as my first food.

"I have noticed no feeling of exhaustion through the day, and I teach seven periods. In going to town a few days ago, I met the matron (a meat eater,) weary and leaning on the arm of her husband, while I who had eaten three apples and half a head of lettuce that day, and had taught seven periods, was going leaning on my own 'understanding,' and at a brisk pace. We exchanged significant smiles as we passed.

"My sister in Los Angeles sends The Times to another sister in Michigan, and the latter tears out your pages of it and sends to me. This week the article was headed: 'Why Eat Flesh?' All of which I heartily endorse. I loaned the sheet to the professor of science here, who has not yet reported, but I shall have the matron read it also.

"Perhaps you would be interested in some facts I can furnish. I once asked the meat merchant if the liver I was buying was pork liver (I was an abstainer then merely from pork.) In a burst of confidence he said: 'We never put the liver of the hog in the market; it is almost always diseased.' What, then, about the rest of the animal?

"In our town in Michigan a steer had been driven in from the country for miles. It was a hot day, and the animal had been hurried and worried until it seems that it actually went mad. No one could come near him. Some one shot him for public safety, and the carcass with foaming mouth and wild eyes was taken to the house of slaughter and there dressed for the market, and actually sold.

"I take it for granted that my cure will be complete. I cannot thank you enough for your sympathetic letter and one written with fullness of direction when I know I was encroaching upon valuable time, and it was 'against orders' to ask for such advice. When the doctor here pronounces the tumor entirely gone I will write you, and then if you like you may do whatever you wish with the information."

The statement made by the correspondent that "lettuce has absorbing qualities" is incorrect. The leaf of the lettuce is specially rich in organic salts. It is a true medicinal food, that tends to purify the blood, and keep it in good condition.

Here is another letter from a Los Angeles woman:

"This long-deferred letter I hope will be kindly received, as it will tell how I was cured of a lump in my breast through a remedy read in your paper years ago in the columns of 'The Care of the Body.'"

"I have been a subscriber and reader of The Times for the past eight years. When I first came here I read an account of some queen-being cured of a cancer in the throat by applying hot bandages that had been dipped in hot water with violet leaves in.

"I had been under a doctor's treatment for some time. He was trying to reduce the lump through the system, but it got no smaller, and at times was very painful. The lump came from a hit on the breast made accidentally. When I read of the remedy I omitted the violet leaves and simply used hot water. I got a deep basin, and three or four times a day I leaned over the basin and put the whole breast in as hot water as I could stand, and let it remain in the hot water as long as I could, also greased a cloth with either hot lard or

(CONTINUED ON 94TH PAGE.)

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Grover's Soft and Easy Snocs



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DO YOU HEAR WELL?

Deaf or partially deaf people may now make a month's trial of the Stolz Electrophone at home. This personal practical test serves to prove that the device satisfies, with ease, every requirement of a perfect hearing device. Write for particulars at once, before the offer is withdrawn, for by this personal test plan the final selection of the one completely satisfactory hearing aid is made easy and inexpensive for every one.

This new invention, the Stolz Electrophone (U. S. Patent No. 763,575,) renders unnecessary such clumsy, unsightly and frequently harmful devices as trumpets, horns, tubes, ear drums, fans, etc. It is a tiny electric telephone that fits on the ear and which, the instant it is applied, magnifies the sound waves in such manner as to cause an astonishing increase in the clearness of all sounds. It overcomes the buzzing and roaring noises and, also, so constantly and electrically exercises the vital parts of the ear that usually, the natural unaided hearing itself is gradually restored.

Write to or call (if you can) at our Los Angeles office for particulars of our personal test offer and list of prominent endorsers who will answer inquiries. Physicians cordially invited to investigate aurists' opinions.

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Free Booklet on treatment and diet. Read it and you will fully understand your case and cure yourself quickly. Call at any of the Sun Drug Co.'s stores or write to

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May be accompanied with PERFECT VISION and no AP-PARENT eye discomforts. Its effect may be manifested in some REMOTE part of the system. Leading physicians now claim 95 per cent. HEADACHES are caused by eye-strain. Read my article on Eye-Strain, pp. 23, Times Magazine, June 14th, 1900. We fit glasses PROPERLY. Consult at 449 Broadway Bldg., City. Home Phone 4418. DR. FRANK LAMB WILLSON, Optical Specialist.

Toric Kryptok Lenses

The greatest invention of the age, giving perfect vision for all distances. No confusion of sight by lines or cement of the old style. They cost a little more than the ordinary glasses, but their elegance and comfort to the eyes far exceed the price. If you desire a guarantee for a perfect fit, by the latest method, call on Dr. A. Polasky, Oculist and Optician, 317 W. Third St. Phone Main 6011.

Sanatorium for Tuberculosis

BANNING, CAL. Altitude 2300 feet. Climate dry, account of close proximity to desert. Good, conscientious care given all patients suffering from tuberculosis. GOOD, WELL COOKED, NOURISHING FOOD, DAINITY SERVED. PERSONAL INTEREST IN EACH PATIENT. REASONABLE TERMS. For further information write MRS. JOHN THOMSON, Matron.

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH.
(ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.)
REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time

The building as designed, center plates a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone.

Care of the Body

(CONTINUED FROM 93D PAGE.)

hot vaseline and let it remain on the lump. It was hardly any time until the lump was gone, and it has never returned. That was seven years ago.

"I have seen several inquiries in regard to lumps in the breast, and I have wanted to write and tell you how I was cured through reading of their remedy. Although I used my own way in carrying out the results, still I give you the credit.

"As you say, all lumps in the breast are not cancers. Even if they resulted in the end in a cancer, I believe hot water bountifully applied would cure them.

"I had quite a lump come on the back of my hand from lifting heavy cooking utensils. After getting remedies from several leading drug stores I resorted to the hot-water plan, and it cured it.

"I am a great believer in hot water for both external and internal use. Nine times out of ten it will give good results."

Jimmie's Politeness.

"JIMMIE, your face is dirty again this morning," exclaimed the teacher. "What would you say if I came to school every day with a dirty face?" "Huh," grunted Jimmie, "I'd be too polite to say anything."—[Circle.]

No Garbage-Fed Hogs for Los Angeles.

CITY HEALTH OFFICER DR. L. M. POWERS opposes the proposed hog-feeding contract, to which reference has been made here. Dr. Powers is to be congratulated—also Los Angeles people who eat hog flesh. The Mayor is also against the proposition, and it is said that even members of the County Medical Society have at length arrived at the conclusion that garbage is not a wholesome food for human beings, even after it has been passed through the body of a hog.

Races and Ruin.

IT may seem to some that there is no connection between the subject of gambling at race tracks and the care of the body. There is, however, for a man who takes to this, or any other form of gambling, is almost certain to solace himself for losses—or to celebrate his winnings—by taking to drink or drugs.

Gambling is the most dangerous vice that curses poor humanity. There is hope for the drunkard, for the user of drugs, for the lecher, but there is little hope for a man when the gambling fever has got a good grip upon him. Such a man will barter his own honor—or that of his wife.

California is about the last foothold for the race-track swindlers. A strong effort is being made in the present Legislature to eliminate this evil. There is some fear that a majority of the legislators may "fall down." If the matter shall not have been decided by the time that this number of The Times is published, then let every California reader of the Care of the Body, who thinks right on this subject, appeal to his Assemblymen and Senators to vote in favor of the anti-race-track bill.

Doctors and Locomotive Engineers.

DR. R. W. CORWIN, division surgeon of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company at Denver, read a paper before the New York and New England Association of Railway Surgeons, at the Academy of Medicine in New York, on November 17, in which he declared that many of the railroad wrecks are brought about by railroad employees' love of women, drink and gambling. He went further, and declared that the railroad employees have six moral defects—"gambling, jealousy, drinking, smoking to excess, domestic troubles, and social ambitions."

In its January number, the Locomotive Engineer's Monthly Journal devotes a leading editorial to a criticism of Dr. Corwin for this uncompromising, unkind, and altogether too sweeping statement. To stigmatize an entire class of men in this manner is neither reasonable nor just. As the Journal says, the railroad man cannot bury his mistakes, as doctors do. It also criticizes the system of making railroad, hospital departments kindergartens for medical students, to learn their business at the expense of the trainmen.

Regarding the charges against the trainmen, the Journal says:

"There are nearly 64,000 engineers, members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and they are classed in a body by Dr. Corwin as moral degenerates. The charge is such a gross misrepresentation of fact that we are almost ashamed to dignify his statement by discussing it; but he claims to be a railroad surgeon treating the men he condemns and who doubtless contribute to his salary, and who, in all probability, would be better off without his services."

The Journal is right. As a body, the American locomotive engineers are a fine set of men. If, occasionally, they break a little loose when off duty, as sailors do when on shore, can you be surprised, when you consider the strain of their calling—the awful responsibility and risk which they are under, almost every minute of the time, while they are on duty? Then, again, their hours are often unreasonably long. During the rush times, a few years ago, engineers have been known to be on duty in Los Angeles for thirty-six hours at a stretch, without any chance for rest or refreshments. Is it, then, at all surprising that they occasionally take a stimulant?

As to the doctors, the less they accuse other classes of bad habits, the better it would be for them. It is admitted that the use of morphine is alarmingly prevalent among members of the medical profession. May this, to some extent, account for occasional cases we read about, where surgical implements are overlooked,

and sewn up in the bodies of patients, or where, as the Journal above quoted says, mistakes are buried?

Diagnosis by the Stars.

AN osteopathic physician of Goldfield, Nev., objects to a criticism of astrology, in a review published here recently. He says astrology is a science, and that he often uses it in diagnosing the diseases of his patients.

Astrology is just about as much of a science as shaking dice. The correspondent's patients are to be pitied, if he relies on the stars in diagnosing their ailments.

Is it not really astonishing that people who are apparently sane should harbor such peculiar superstitions?

There may be other physicians who diagnose disease by the stars—or by the moon—judging from the mistakes they frequently make in guessing at what a person is suffering from. Better study the diagnosis from the face and the diagnosis from the eye, which are sure and simple. With these you will not have to do any star gazing.

"Mazdaznan."

A CORRESPONDENT writes that David Ammann, a Swiss, who formerly had a picturesque home at Hollywood, and became an enthusiastic disciple of the "Mazdaznan" cult, going to Germany to undertake missionary work for the cause, is expected shortly in Los Angeles, where it is said, he will try to put fresh vigor into the Mazdaznan movement and promote the erection of a temple.

He Misunderstood.

DOCTOR: It's a bad case, Hans, but I think we can cure you. I will try something new that is all the rage now.

Hans: Vot is it?

Doctor: We call it the Bier Treatment.

Hans: Ah Gott, vy didn't I come to you before.

Rats, Cats, and Rat Catchers.

FOLLOWING is from an East Los Angeles paper:

"Five thousand cats sailed recently from San Francisco for Japan, which is becoming overrun with rats. The recent treaty or agreement between the United States and Japan seems to have overlooked cat immigration or importation, and there is reciprocity along that line, that is, along the fe-line. These cats, if encouraged, will multiply almost as rapidly as the rats, and will save Japan a great deal of money. Here in Los Angeles and other Coast cities, the bamboozled and befuddled authorities employed the doctors to kill the rats, and it cost each of the Coast cities from \$25,000 to \$30,000 to finance a ridiculous rat hunt, which a cargo of cats or rat terriers would have accomplished in half the time and at 90 per cent. less cost."

Well, of course, these Federal health inspectors have to live—or at least, they seem to think so, although Talleyrand, when an office seeker once expressed that opinion to him, cynically replied: "Je ne sais pas pourquoi."—"I do not know why."

Diet and Disease.

A STRONG man, in the prime of life, died a few weeks ago in Riverside. His disease had been diagnosed as typhoid fever, although a post mortem showed that it was an ulcer on the liver.

However, the point is that as he was beginning to recover, they gave him to eat—what do you suppose? Fried salmon. Yes, just that. Fried salmon requires about five hours for digestion in a vigorous healthy stomach. Think of putting such a food into the interior of a man supposed to have typhoid fever, with a consequently inflamed and ulcerated skin surface of the bowel!

It is an absolute fact, as heretofore stated in these columns, that of those who die in sick beds, ninety-nine out of a hundred are killed by unnecessary food, poisonous drugs, unnecessary and dangerous surgical operations, and lack of fresh air, for every one who dies as the result of disease. For disease is merely an effort of nature to restore health. Medical "science" and fool relatives do their best to interfere with her.

Surgical Legerdemain.

SEVERAL criticisms have been received upon the doings at the Washington University, in St. Louis, as reported in The Times of December 27, in an article reproduced from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, telling how surgeons have been amusing themselves by cutting off dogs' heads and grafting them on the bodies of other dogs, transposing their hearts, etc. Daniel Ham-mack writes as follows:

"I note that some surgeons have decapitated two living dogs and planted the head of one on the body of the other, and the remade animal lived some half-hour, etc.; also that the dog seemed to take an interest in the proceedings after his head was attached to his mate's body, dodged a blow, and wagged his tail—or the other dog's tail—in response to a pat on the head.

"Conceding the report to be true, the thing that occurs is, what good will it do? Will some fellow consent to have his head taken off and thrown away in order that the sound head of another man who happens to have a frail body may be placed on his decapitated trunk? This will beat the sacrifice in the skin-grafting friends all hollow. It is scarcely likely that any one will want his head grafted on some unfortunate dog's body.

"Yet I know some dogs who might vastly improve the character and agreeableness of some bipeds of the animal kingdom could they bestow their disposition with their heads by implanting the said organ on the human

(CONTINUED ON 95TH PAGE.)

DR. ADOLPH PETTER, Physician and Orthopedic Surgeon

INDUCES THE CURE OF ALL HUMAN ILLS

RUPTURE FALLEN WOMEN DEFORMITIES

and all Male and Female Weaknesses, and we will

TRUSSES

If you prefer them to a cure, we will contract to refund your money if unsatisfactory.

The now famous NatureAID system embraces all known carefully selected and proven utility and safety first of all for preserving the health, as well as known, carefully selected and proven method gained from all rational systems of healing, excepting drug, surgery, the stomach or its injection direct into the blood for promiscuous destructive surgery. "Just do a NatureAID and she will do a lot for you."

Like the gardener who persistently makes good conditions for growth he thus induces Nature to do by "We treat by mail, in our institute or in your home."

Oldest establishment in Southern California, and only one of its kind in the world. Tell what she can do for you and we will try and send you a copy of our NatureAID magazine bearing upon the subject of your ill.

Address NatureAID, 217 Mercantile Place, Los Angeles, Cal. Home phone 77102.

Rheumatism Cure Free

One Week's Free Treatment Sent By Mail To Any Sufferer From Rheumatism.

If you are suffering from rheumatism, whether muscular, sciatic or in any other form and have tried other remedy without success, don't give up, but try Standard Remedy. It is not a new treatment, but a tried remedy (never advertised), which has cured the worst cases, cases which have been given up by physicians as hopeless. They tried our Standard Remedy and were cured.

P. I. Denison, Denver, Colo., Railroad Conductor, writes: "It would take me a week to tell what I have done for forty days at Hot Springs, Ark., and twenty-four at Boulder Hot Springs; had rheumatism for twenty-five years, was unable to do a stroke of work for seven months. Case attracted a great deal of attention, the first but not the last. I am now working every day."

Our Standard Remedy is not a nauseating liquid, but made of Koota, Barks and Herbs in tablet form, easy to send your name and address and we will mail you a treatment free. Write today. H. Plagemann & Co., 414 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco.

DENT'S

Toothache Gum

not only stops toothache instantly, but cleans the cavity, removes all odor, and prevents decay. Keep a supply and save many a dentist bill.

There are imitations. See that you get Dent's Corn Gum. At all druggists, is sent, or by mail. Dent's Corn Gum. C. S. DENT & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Pains in the Foot

When buying Supporters, remember that the bones of the arch of the foot MUST be firmly held in position until the weakness of the muscles and ligaments has been overcome. This is impossible if the appliance has any springs, or springs under the arch when walking, for, by doing so, the condition is aggravated from the joints being allowed to shift over the weight is placed upon the foot. For example, if you have a weak arch, with springs, or springs under the arch, the arch of the foot is a bridge, and there is a pain in it. It is nature's way of advising you to break down, and if neglected will result in complete paralysis which requires years before the arch is restored to its normal position. DR. SEATON'S SUPPORTS are made of correct and properly fitted to each foot. See made in each shoe.

Consultation Free. Hours 9 to 5. 406-407 Union Trust Bldg., 4th and Olive Sts., Los Angeles.

Permanent cure guaranteed for Improving Nails, Feet and Evils-smelling Feet. Corns removed. 2c each.

OUT OF ORDER It's No Use Talking

Don't Be a Slave

To the liquor or tobacco habit, LENE has cured and will cure the severe cases; no bad after effects, little detention from business; no results quick and permanent. Send testimonials and information, call or write.

Tonalene Liquor Cure

Rooms 400-401 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles. Phone F 1825.

Sierra Madre Villa Sanitarium

Oldest Health Resort of the Valley. Society of Experienced attendants. Osteopathic treatment. Terms. Mental, Nervous, Epileptic, Asthma, Senility—Specialties. Sierra Madre care is Villa Sanitarium. Suburban 175. Los Angeles College Osteopathic School. B. S. Weymouth, Sec., Laramie Park, Shaw, 315 Clay St., Pres.

TRUSSES THAT

Wheel Chairs for sale and repair. Professional Supply Co., 1000 Broadway, New York.

Opposite Central Park, 415 W. Fifth St., New York.

FORECAST—For Los Angeles and vicinity: Cloudy; light west wind. For San Francisco and vicinity: Cloudy with showers; light southwest wind.

January 17, 1909.]

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 94TH PAGE.)

shoulders. Such a change would be conducive to peace and comfort in many families.

"We come out where we started. What good will it do if this cruel experiment is truthfully reported?"

The following communication on the same subject comes from Leota McKee:

"I have read with much interest your articles in the health columns of the Times magazine. I also see that you are opposed to vivisection and other senseless things that are being done these days. It was with profound horror that I read this article in the Sunday Times of the 27th, and I have not gotten over the effects of seeing (in my mind) that poor dog, or dogs, as there were two, cut up alive and without even anesthetic to deaden their intense sufferings. What could be more inhuman? Is there no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in St. Louis? I would like to know also what would be gained by Dr. Guthrie trying to make new kinds of animals. Has not God made enough varieties to suit this doctor? What heartless wretches of physicians will be turned loose upon the world if they are going to follow this learned (?) doctor's teachings and example. Can you not in the name of God and common sense say something or use some influence to put a stop to such horrible and unnecessary sufferings of these poor animals?"

Instead of cutting up and torturing dogs, it would be far better to study their hygienic habits, from which more valuable lessons could be learned than from all the tortures inflicted on suffering animals during the past century. For instance, when a dog is sick, nothing can tempt it to eat. It will go in a corner and lie down. It may chew some coarse grass—just as you might, with advantage, chew a little lettuce and celery and water cress for the sake of the organic salts—but you could not induce it to swallow foods, much less nauseous drugs.

About Kissing.

C. P. HOLT of Santa Ana takes exception to remarks made here recently in a review of a booklet on kissing. Mr. Holt is strongly in favor of kissing—and of kissing on the mouth. Being over 70 years of age, Mr. Holt has doubtless had a considerable amount of experience. Still, the editor of the Care of the Body must insist that kissing on the mouth, while pleasant, is exceedingly unhygienic. It is true that "bugs" cannot pass you, if your blood is in good condition; but how many people have their blood in thoroughly good condition? Consequently, it is not wise to needlessly risk such direct contact. As stated in the article referred to, it would be difficult to imagine any more effective method of spreading germs of disease than by the contact of moist lips.

The little Los Angeles boy was cuddling his mother in bed one morning recently when she remarked that she must get up to cook breakfast, to which the youngster replied that it was not necessary to cook breakfast—that you could live on kisses. At this mamma demurred, but the youngster insisted, saying: "Well, Mrs. Brook doesn't cook any breakfast. She lives on kisses, doesn't she?"

Here is a little skit on kissing. It is from Puck: "Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged, tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It's hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."

A Newspaper Without Bad Suggestions.

MRS. EDDY'S school of religion and healing has become rich and important enough to start a daily paper. It is true that a good many people who are neither rich nor important do the same thing. It should prove a financial success from the start, as all the faithful will doubtless be required to read it, as they are required to read "Science and Health," and other literature emanating from Christian Science headquarters.

"The Christian Monitor" is the title of the new venture. It is published in Boston. It is a seven-column eight-page paper. The price is 2 cents. The last page, of three wide columns, is devoted to editorials, in large type.

The special aim of the Monitor is to avoid making prominent such news as murders, outrages, and other crimes, which is certainly an excellent idea. It is true that the people demand all the news, but there is no harm in the world as if the main things happen and horrible accidents. Perhaps, now that Mrs. Eddy has led the way, other papers may gradually fall into the same groove. There is no need to go to such an extreme as some have, in trying to run a paper "as Jesus would." That is an impossible folly, and bound to fail. There is, however, as stated, a good opportunity to eliminate some of the bad suggestions with which American papers, as a rule, are too much filled up.

Typographically, the Monitor is exceedingly neat. There are no "scare" heads, yet the headings are plain and distinct. The contents are readable, and not "mammy pambly." A half-page is devoted to athletics, with a picture of a Rugby football player.

Not Asking for More.

URCHIN: Five cents' worth of castor oil, please. And say, don't give me too much, 'cos it's me wot's got to drink it.—[Exchange.]

For Los Angeles and vicinity: light southwest

KILLED IN WRECK.

...themselves, must settle the question by becoming responsible to community.

...the earthquake disaster of December 25, mass was said here today.

...the building as designed, contemplated a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone.

17, 1900.

January 17, 1900.]

LOS ANGELES TIMES.

95

Care of the Body.

(CONTINUED FROM 94TH PAGE.)

...Such a change would be conducive to peace and comfort in many families.

"To come out where we started. What good will it be if this cruel experiment is truthfully reported?"

The following communication on the same subject came from Leta McKee:

"I have read with much interest your articles in the health columns of the Times magazine. I also see that you are opposed to vivisection and other senseless things that are being done these days. It was with profound interest that I read this article in the Sunday Times of the 15th, and I have not gotten over the effects of seeing it. I am alive and without even anesthetic to deaden the intense sufferings. What could be more inhuman? Is there a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in St. Louis? I would like to know also what would be gained by Dr. Guthrie trying to make new kinds of animals. Has not God made enough varieties of all this sort? What heartless wretches of physicians will be turned loose upon the world if they are paid to follow this learned (?) doctor's teachings and amuse. Can you not in the name of God and common sense say something or use some influence to put a stop to such horrible and unnecessary sufferings of the poor animals?"

Instead of cutting up and torturing dogs, it would be better to study their hygienic habits, from which we can learn lessons that could be learned from all the animals inflicted on suffering animals during the vivisection. For instance, when a dog is sick, nothing is so simple as to let it eat. It will go in a corner and lie down. It may chew some coarse grass—just as you eat, with advantage, a little lettuce and celery or water cress for the sake of the organic salts—but it will not induce it to swallow foods, much less medicine.

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The California Lion.

(CONTINUED FROM 94TH PAGE.)

map located the next animal, the cowboys explained that more often than not the unlucky beasts that became fast in the river mud, unless discovered and pulled out, fell victims and died at the "hands" of lions and coyotes. He was describing the sufferings of the helpless beasts under the paws and jaws of their assailants in his excitable, gesticulative Spanish way, when we pushed out through a runway in the "carrisa" and came upon as graphic an illustration as ever narrator was given for his tale—the second of the two steers killed and eaten to the mud line by voracious carnivora.

A solitary coyote skulking back into the tules was the only sign of life apparent beyond the circling buzzards; but some great four-inch tracks, still preserved in the firm mud of the upper bank, gave clue to the real perpetrators of the murder. The lower steer was saved by the fact that he had worked himself out from the shore, leaving twenty feet of clear water between his bloating sides and his enemies. For the next few days a patrol was sent out along the river to report on any further trouble, and one morning a vaquero rode in with a great yellow, inert mass lashed on behind his high-seated Mexican saddle, from which a tawny tail dangled along the ground was settling the pony on his tiptoes with nervous excitement. The man had come upon the animal sneaking through the "carrisa," and after failing in an endeavor to rope it, had dropped it with one shot from his deadly "Luger."

I once, inadvertently, gave a cougar ample chance for an attack had it been so minded, and though I would not care to go through the experience again, I have no doubt that the result would be the same. My ideas on the subject were not so firmly fixed as they are now, and as a consequence I experienced a very bad quarter of an hour. It happened over in Oak Creek Cañon, Arizona, in the spring of 1898, just at the time when the last of the season's storms come in rains in the valley, hail and sleet in the foothills and lower spurs, and solid snow above. I was camped in the cañon, well inside the boxed-in stretch. The cook had deserted a week before, and my companion, an amateur botanist of some note from Massachusetts, had gone out to Jerome for a few days to settle by telegraph some business that needed his attention in the East. I was alone and enjoying a splendid time with rod and reel in the pools and riffles of this splendid trout stream.

Late one afternoon the air became close and stuffy; the breeze died out, and great black clouds came wheeling down from around the summit of Mount Franklin. Soon the thunder began to roll and rumble among the crags and echo with deep reverberations through the cañon, while the lightning flashed with vivid glare and shot in zigzag lines from cliff to cliff. Then the rain came in torrents. I retreated, supperless, into the tent, which was under the tallest and thickest pine on a little bench at a bend of the river. The thunder roared louder than ever, and pulling in the tent flap, I looked out. The lightning was leaping from pole to pole and the heavens were fairly ablaze. Suddenly it occurred to me that lightning always struck the tallest trees, and, grabbing my arms full of blankets, I rushed out into the rain, not stopping till I was in a clear space, well beyond the range of the big pine. Then I rolled up in the blankets—there must have been half a dozen in all—one after the other, making a big, half-soaked bundle, almost as high as it was long. My arms, head and shoulders were out of the main bundle, but I protected them somewhat with the loose end of the last blanket.

In half an hour the rain ceased and the heavens began to clear, but the thunder and lightning were still busy, and I was afraid to trust myself in the tent. I was just getting ready to unroll, congratulating myself on not being wet through, when out of the darkness beyond the end of the blankets came an ear-splitting yell. I had never heard the cougar's voice up to that time, but I wasn't deceived in it for a second. It is at this stage in the story-book tales of cougars that the lone but kind-hearted traveler usually starts out with the condensed-milk can to succor the distressed child. Brute that I was, I felt no such impulse. I knew the distressed child was there all right, but I also knew that it was wrapped eighteen inches thick in the best product of the American Woolen Company, and I was loath to expose it to the elements.

Twice more sounded the cry, and twice more I had to restrain myself from going on the errand of mercy. It seemed to be coming nearer, though the first time I could have sworn that it had its nose to my feet when it yelled. Again the shriek; this time so near that I thought the blankets vibrated in sympathy, though a moment later I discovered that my knees were responsible for the latter phenomenon. Then for several minutes I waited and trembled. I wondered if he would begin at my feet and eat me up by inches, or mercifully kill me first by beginning at my head. At last my ears, strained to catch the slightest sound, detected his step as his cushioned feet were drawn, one after the other, from the sticky mud. Then he crept into my range of vision. "Thank heaven, it will be my head," I thought, and waited for him to come. I could scarcely make out the dark outline of his body, so that the fiery, vitreous eyes seemed moving all alone. Now they passed behind me, and out of my range of vision, but still the spring was not made. Now they gleamed on my right, still moving around me in a circle. Now they disappeared beyond my horizon of blanket and I realized that the worst was to happen—I was to be eaten from the feet upward. Then the overwrought nerves gave way and the whole chestful of air I had been holding for so long went ripping out through my tensed vocal chords in one wild yell. That was the true cry of the distressed child. Would no one come to its aid?

As if in answer to my cry I heard some one breaking

through the brush at top speed, and my heart beat high with hope. Then I perceived that the sounds were retreating. My preserver had seen the lion and had turned back. All I suffered in the next ten minutes is beyond words to describe, but at length, reassured by the silence, I rolled out from my blankets and found myself alone. The cougar had evidently had no idea that the funny-looking bundle contained a man, and must have fled at the sound of my voice. The beast certainly missed the chance of its life by its flight, for I doubt very much if a young, fairly fat and altogether eatable man was ever laid out quite so helplessly under the nose of a hungry cougar.

As to hunting the cougar in California, or anywhere else for that matter, the only satisfactory method is to run it down with dogs, tree and shoot it. Even this can hardly be called satisfactory, for unless the hounds can be put on a hot trail, they will usually lose it for that of a bob cat, coon, or coyote. Most of the cougars killed on a regular hunt in California have been run down while the dogs were out on the scent of a wild cat or coyote. Some few have been ambushed and killed by mountain ranchers, and a number have been slain by quick snapshots in chance encounters. They are found more generally through the State than any other kind of big game, and though their killing is encouraged by a heavy bounty, they are holding their own better than the deer, protected as the latter are by the most stringent laws. If there ever comes a time when the game of the country is extinct, it will be pretty safe to venture that the cougar will be the last species to succumb.

LEWIS R. FREEMAN.

Expensive Funs.

Mrs. Maud Pepon, wife of Henry Pepon, a farmer on Blue Clay Creek, Arkansas, got up one morning and at once proceeded to search her husband's pantaloons, as was her usual custom, but instead of finding the usual collection of small change she grasped a giant bullfrog.

Her wild shriek awakened her husband, who leaped from his bed, intending to tell her it was all a joke, but she already had rushed out of the door and into the adjoining woods, still screaming in her fright.

Pepon pursued her, and both might have been running yet had not their wild flight been suddenly halted by a big black bear rushing furiously at them from the opposite direction.

The Pepons whirled instantly and rushed for their dwelling, the bear still after them and gaining in the run.

Just as they neared the clearing, they noticed that their house was on fire, probably due to overturning a kerosene lamp in their hasty exit.

In order to escape the bear both jumped into a well, from which they were rescued, more dead than alive, after neighbors shot the bear. The dwelling was burned to ashes.

Pepon is too excited to admit that he put the frog in his pocket to break his wife of a bad habit. He, however, has coined a moral like this:

"It's cheaper to let your wife search your pockets than to scare her with a bullfrog."—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

Dr. Adolph Petter's Vital NatureAIDing Talks

On Health and the All-wise Laws That Cure All Physical, Mental, Moral, Domestic and Public Pains, Ills or Diseases.

Fellow Creatures, know that these things are simply the result of your own inconsistent neglect of your own self. Listen: Ever own an expensive automobile or other machine? You will never think of working it until you carefully look it over and adjust its parts carefully, because that costs money, but your money-making free body machine is never looked over, never adjusted, never cared for, simply because it is free. Costs you no money—on the contrary, constant abuses are heaped upon it by yourself until Nature—that is, your Vital-Nature—cries out with pain, ill, disease, which is simply your own merciful safety valve telling you to let up and get busy before your Vital-Nature fires of life have burned too low to be again rekindled. If you can't help yourself, why? Just as there are learned practicing lawyers of perverted man-made laws so are we learned practicing lawyers of God-Natures, infinitely wise, all-creative, all-governing, like destroying laws. Hence, we defy the world to prove higher laws or to disprove our right to practice them and our NatureAID Health Magazine is simply our legal brief of natural laws, so tell what ails you and we will try and send you a copy bearing upon the subject of your ill free.

We NatureAID physicians practice what Mr. Brock teaches. Namely, first prevent, else cure naturally. We treat by mail in our institute or in your homes, all human ill and weaknesses, including ruptures, fallen womb, deformities and all weakened organs or works. We also manufacture trusses, deformity apparatus, belts, braces and every conceivable health inducing utility.

DR. ADOLPH PETTER, Physician and Orthopedic Surgeon. General Manager, 217 Mercantile Place Los Angeles, Cal.

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FREE!!!

Write us a postal and we will mail you two treatments of ORMSBY'S wonderful CATARRH remedy, with valuable book telling how CATARRH can be cured and not one drop of medicine taken internally.

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Have You Read

"SOLUTION OF THE SEX PROBLEM?" Nothing like it. YOU need it. Priceless in every home. It brings a new light to parents and saves the children. 100 pages. Paper bound, 50c. Cloth, \$1. (No stamps.) Address The Publisher Press, Long Beach, Cal.

DO YOU KNOW

How to select, combine and prepare your food to give to the body all the chemical elements it needs to maintain or restore HEALTH? If not, write or call upon HELEN SCOTT CARSWELL 430 CUSTER AVENUE, LOS ANGELES. Graduate of Eugene Christian's School of Applied Food Chemistry. Mondays and Fridays, 86 E. Colorado St., Pasadena, from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

FIRST MASS SAID.

SHEPHERDS WATCH. [ASSOCIATED PRESS NIGHT REPORT.] REGGIO, Jan. 17.—For the first time since the earthquake disaster of December 25, mass was said here today.

...The building as designed, contemplated a twelve-story, steel frame, fireproof structure, besides a roof garden and two basements. The classic facade will be treated in granite, marble and limestone. The building is to be equipped with...



...Maudie...
...to Waltz with...
...Morning Find...
...Dancing With...
...Handsome...
...ayer, While His...
...Augusta, Waite.

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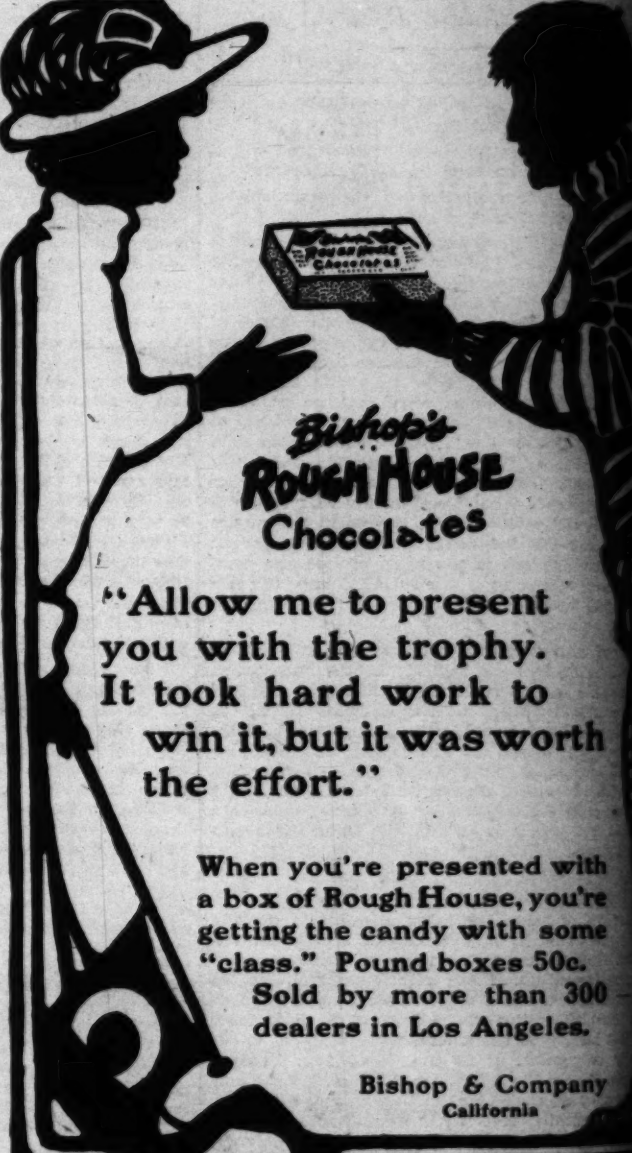
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...TO THE TIMES...
...Jan. 17.—[Exclu...
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...be the most mag...
...number of hand...
...ected by the va...
...order.

"Say BIS-BIS"



Bishop's Biscuit
5c a Package



**Bishop's
ROUGH HOUSE
Chocolates**

"Allow me to present you with the trophy. It took hard work to win it, but it was worth the effort."

When you're presented with a box of Rough House, you're getting the candy with some "class." Pound boxes 50c.
Sold by more than 300 dealers in Los Angeles.

Bishop & Company
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**HAWAIIAN
Blend
COFFEE**



To any one sending us ten
**COCOA NAPTHA
SOAP Wrappers**

with 2-cent stamp for postage on or before Feb. 20, 1909, we will send free of charge one pack of playing cards of excellent quality. Only one pack will be sent to one address. Mail the Cocoa Naptha soap wrappers to

PREMIUM DEPT.,

Los Angeles Soap Co.,

638 E. 1st St.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Try Cocoa Naptha Soap—At all grocers.

CAST—For Los Angeles
cloudy; light east
for San Francisco and
clear with showers; light
clouds.
Sunrise, 6:30; sunset, 5:10;
Jan. 17, Tuesday.
YESTERDAY—Maximum, 75
deg.; minimum, 55 deg.
Sun, 75 deg.; northeast, 11
deg.; west, 4 deg.;
midnight the temperature was 54
deg.
TODAY—At 2 a.m. the tempera-
ture was 53 deg.; clear.
[The complete weather report
including comparative tempera-
ture will be found on page 3.]

The O.C.H.

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18. Photo, Photo, Photo of Women
19. News of Los Angeles County
20. Death of the Tobacco
21. The City in Brief: Vital Record

POINTS OF THE NEWS IN TODAY'S ISSUE

The City.

Police at last compelled to raid no-
man's-land street gambling den
made but three prisoners. Struck
after they are taken to Central station.
Probable that San Pedro will be
a hard case, as well as army head-
quarters.

San Pedro's fearful fall from high
city at Chutes Park witnessed by
thousands of women and children; his
wife may prove fatal.

Chicago's program arranged for
one of All Nations, to be opened
at Turner Hall for the benefit
of Italian earthquake sufferers.

Southwestern Pigeon and
Chick exhibition closed; list of
winners.

Dead at South Broadway hotel
may escape asphyxiation while taking
a bath.

Barry and wife's man across Japanese
land, at point of revolver
compel him to open safe; robbery
not in vain.

House man, believing himself murdered
and pursued by detective, jumps
from third-story window but escapes
with a sprained ankle.

Southern California.

San Gabriel valley epidemic
possibly in connection with
the west, reported as spreading
to Sacramento.

Break in to Salt Lake desert
by coach; Southern beauty reports
of a woman's suicide.

Meeting of National Highway
commissioners adopted
resolutions.

San Pasadena syndicate buys
five acres within city limits.

Association with uncertain Los Angeles
Newspaper Association; American
newspapers claim to have acres of
land.

San Bernardino Teachers' Institute
will be held at El Centro in March.

Board of Anaheim Savings Bank
re-elected.

President of Redlands T.N.C.A. calls
for a year's work.

San Bernardino miners who have worked
for year in tunnel without taking out
their worth of ore, expect to strike
large ledge this week.

Volunteer photograph taken by Coast
guard in Gulf of California are
sent to Santa Cruz at 4 a.m.

Public right to roads up Live Oak Canyon
near Lordsburg, safeguarded by action
of supervisor.

High School debaters win
against Ontario in contest for Spring
cup.

San Bernardino crowd campers of Monrovia,
taking advantage of summer weather.

Hospital fire at San Bernardino mysteri-
ous; laborers robbed of dollars.

Die policeman at work at Sawtelle; new
one appointed.

Winter opening at Venice attracts
large crowd.

Green Park Trustees asked to submit
bearing rates question to popular vote.

Los Angeles-Pacific and Santa Monica
roads may be able to settle differences.

Heavy half million dollars expended in
San Diego improvements last year.

San Diego man puts curse on Texas
woman because she has not accepted cash
for condition to "gold-lined" island in
South Sea.

The Indian girls who ran away from
Indian institute are captured near Co-
rona.

Pacific Slope.

Paramount at Pahrslight, Nev., and
his wife and child.

Hidden bodies of Seattle attorney, his
wife and daughter, found in bathroom by
heart of young woman.

San for woman's suffrage faces defeat
when it reaches State Senate; new game
law advocated and money asked for
San at Pacific.

Push for Senatorship in Oregon
reaches new stage.

Twenty-five men marooned on treacherous
Sierrita Valley when floods sweep
downward, drowning three.

General Eastern.

San switch near Little Rock causes
train in which one dies and many suf-
fer; six-up of electric sends train
crashing together in Kansas, injuring
twenty-three.

San Diego goes ashore on Long Island
and crew is drowned to a man.

Center of customs has record-
breaking wedding cake, weighing nearly
a ton, made for marriage
of daughter.

San horrors and loss of life under-
mined on increase; year starts off
with two bad mine accidents.

San Francisco at Atlanta hall fasci-
nated by Georgia "possum" and
singer to Augusta waiting two
days while he dances until 2 o'clock
every morning.

Street thinks Harrison's recent
loss in railway war but a bluff to force
San to traffic agreement.

San Francisco society woman gives away
her city marriage.

Country-wide jealousy aroused over
"possum" and each section names some
candidate to beat it.

Washington.

San Francisco forester, makes public
report for his department.

San Francisco Mayor declares she
will devote her life to prison reform in
this country.

San Francisco Japanese paper of Yokohama,
editorial to Ambassador.

San Francisco Japanese paper of Yokohama,
editorial to Ambassador.

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